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Sir M. A. Shee, P. R. A. pinx.t L. A. Dean, sculp.t

LIEUT. GENERAL SIR THOMAS PICTON, G.C.B.

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MEMOIRS

OF

BRITISH GENERALS

DISTINGUISHED DURING

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY JOHN WILLIAM COLE,

H.P. 21st FUSILIERS.

"Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes."—Livy.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."—Collins.

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MEMOIRS

OF

PENINSULAR GENERALS.

No. VIII.

SIR THOMAS PICTON.

"Oh! give to the hero the death of the brave,
On the field where the might
Of his deeds sheds a light
Through the gloom which o'ershadows the grave."

T. Moore, *Elegy on the Death of Picton.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR THOMAS PICTON, G. C. B., &c.

Born 1758. — Killed at Waterloo 1815.

THE veterans of the Peninsula are hourly dropping away from us, like the falling leaves of October; but amongst the few survivors, the names of Picton and the "fighting" third division are still "in their flowing cups freshly remembered," and "familiar in their mouths as household words." Forty-one years have elapsed since the last shot was fired at Toulouse in the long struggle which carried an English army from the banks of the Tagus to those of the Garonne. The present generation remember the deeds of their fathers, and the recollection of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and St. Sebastian, has animated the stormers of Sebastopol. We have seen that want of practice is not accompanied by any deficiency in noble daring. There is much in the career of Sir Thomas Picton for the young soldier to study with advantage. His rise was slow; he encountered many difficulties; he was the subject of a violent persecution, which for a time cast a cloud upon his name and prospects; by steady perseverance he surmounted opposition, arrived at distinguished command, and fell gloriously in the greatest battle which the blood-stained pages of

history have ever recorded. He was unassisted by powerful interest or connection, and forced his way through innate energy of character. There were several points of strong resemblance between Picton and the celebrated Indian general Nott, the defender of Candahar. The promotion of both was tardy, and won by personal merit rather than accidental advantages. Each served in subordinate capacities above twenty years, before attaining the rank of regimental major; both were in the autumn of life when they became generals; both were plain-spoken, frank, and unpretending in manners, independent in spirit, and fearless in the expression of their opinions and feelings; both were energetic in action, ready to act when permitted, and utterly divested of any nervous dread of responsibility, if called upon by circumstances to decide promptly on their own discretion. Both were unpopular with the superior authorities, because they were sometimes prone to think and judge for themselves, rather more than coincided with implicit subordination. A commander-in-chief asks for and listens to opinions, but is not particularly pleased when suggestions are volunteered by inferiors. He views with equal mistrust the proceedings of a lieutenant who exceeds his orders, and those of another who falls short in their execution. Either, though from an opposite impulse, may mar profound combinations. Picton and Nott were respected, and cheerfully followed by the men under them, though severe disciplinarians; for the soldiers felt and knew that with such leaders there was little apprehension of defeat. The prestige

of success has more attractive influence than long pedigrees, illustrious ancestors, stars, titles, and decorations. Picton was descended from an ancient family of condition and property; Nott from a race of yeomen. Both were younger sons, and, becoming soldiers at a very early age, improved a defective education by constant study and reading. Carmarthen has reason to be proud of two such townsmen, and has erected statues and columns in their honour with patriotic exultation.

Thomas Picton was born in August, 1758, at his father's residence of Poyston, in Pembrokeshire. The same year gave birth to Nelson. It was one fertile in warlike achievements by sea and land. Frederic of Prussia won Zorndorff, lost Hoch-kirchen, and took Schweidnitz; Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick gained Creveldt; Admiral Pocock fought two indecisive naval battles; Sir Edward Hawke drove a French fleet on shore at Aix; Louisburg, Cherbourg, St. Malo, Goree, and St. Louis on the Senegal, were taken by the English; while at Ticonderoga they were defeated with heavy loss by the Marquis de Montcalm. There was severe fighting too in India, and no quarter of the world was unvisited by the devastations of war. The era was suitable to usher in the birth of future warriors. Picton had an elder brother, but the reversion of his mother's fortune, which was secured to him on her death, rendered him independent, and made the profession he might select a matter of choice rather than necessity. His earliest inclinations were for a military life, and no attempt was made by his parents to counteract a pre-

possession so strongly developed, that opposition could tend only to its increase. From a preparatory country school he was sent to a military academy kept by a Frenchman named Lachecé, where he principally acquired mathematics, and an insight into other studies connected with the science of war. In his fourteenth year he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 12th foot, then commanded by his uncle, Lieut.-Colonel William Picton. There is nothing unusual in this early appointment. In those days, not only school-boys, but even infants in arms appeared in the army list as commissioned officers, and some have actually been gazetted before they were born. Every one has heard the anecdote of the major crying for his pap, which has been often quoted, and is by no means a solitary illustration. With the establishment of the Military College, the late Duke of York abolished all these abuses of patronage, and introduced a better system, which has gone on progressively to the late improvements, and the necessity (as in all other professions) of a qualifying examination.

There were other anomalous arrangements existing in the service at that time, through one of which young Picton received no pay during the first six years of his holding the rank of an officer. For two of these he was allowed leave of absence to pursue his studies, and grow to man's stature. Towards the end of 1773, he joined his regiment at Gibraltar. In 1777 he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and in January, 1778, not expecting active service where he was, he applied for an

exchange into another corps, and, assisted by the interest of his uncle, was gazetted a captain in the 75th. During his residence at Gibraltar he acquired a competent knowledge of the Spanish language, which he afterwards found of inestimable advantage, and his long hours of leisure in this period of uncourted inaction, enabled him to study in all its branches the profession to which he had devoted himself, but in which his advance to eminence was destined to be slow, painful, and distant. Within a few months after his departure from Gibraltar the memorable investment of that fortress began, and lasted for three years and a half. He thus lost the opportunity of participating in one of the most important sieges recorded in modern history, and in which his first regiment, commanded by his uncle, bore a distinguished share. His mortification was increased by his being condemned during five monotonous years to the dull routine of home duty in provincial towns and garrisons. In this manner passed the brilliant period of his youth and early manhood. His intimate friends knew that he possessed sterling talents, but they were lost for want of opportunity. The chance for their exercise appeared to be still more remote at the peace of 1783, when his regiment was ordered to be disbanded. They were at that time quartered in Bristol, and Captain Picton, as senior officer present, held the temporary command. He assembled the men in College Green Square, read the instructions he had received, and called upon them to obey without hesitation. At first they seemed disposed to submit quietly, but no sooner had

the officers retired, than a mutiny broke out, and the soldiers assembling together, bound themselves by oath not to give up their arms or yield obedience to the order for dismissal. There were other battalions at that time in the city, and the inhabitants dreaded the contagion of example, and the consequences if a disorderly soldiery should be let loose upon them. Some of the officers quickly repaired to the spot, and endeavoured to reason with the malcontents, but they were met by clamour and loud threats of personal violence. Affairs had reached a crisis before Captain Picton was made aware of any disorder having occurred. He hastened quickly to the scene of tumult, and singling out in an instant the most vociferous of the mutineers, drew his sword, rushed in and seized him, dragged him forth from amongst his comrades, and handed him over as a prisoner to some non-commissioned officers who had followed their commander. This decisive act daunted the rebellious body, who saw their companion led off to the guard-house, but remained silent and passive. A few words from their captain, spoken in a tone which admitted no remonstrance, sent them at once to their barracks. By this prompt resolution and daring intrepidity, which on every perilous emergency mark the character and fortunes of superior men, Picton quelled a dangerous mutiny, averted disastrous consequences, and carried out the disbanding of the regiment without another murmur. For this spirited conduct he received the royal approbation, communicated through Field-Marshal Conway, the then commander-in-chief,

with a promise from that officer of the first vacant majority. But the promise, like the greater portion of the prayers of the heroes in the Iliad, was shuffled off, and dissolved into empty air.

For twelve years Captain Picton remained upon half-pay, living in retirement and privacy with his relations in Pembrokeshire, and wasting the best portion of life without the hope of employment or promotion. Nearly the whole of Europe was at peace during this long interval, and to his constant applications for something to do, he received the cold official response that his claims would be considered on the earliest vacancy. But the vacancy never came, and he was compelled to seek consolation in field sports, studying the classics, and perfecting himself in the higher branches of military science. He felt that within him which would win the way to fame, and resolved not to be wanting when "time and the hour" might present a favourable conjunction. Towards the end of the year 1794, being then in his thirty-seventh year, he repaired to the West Indies to seek his chance for employment, with no better immediate prospect than a slight acquaintance with Sir John Vaughan, who had just been appointed commander-in-chief in that quarter. This step proved the turning-point in his future career. Sir John at once appointed him to a full-pay company in the 17th foot, made him his confidential aide-de-camp, promoted him on the very first opportunity to a majority in the 68th, and added the appointment of deputy quarter-master-general, which entitled him to the brevet rank of lieutenant-

colonel. The suddenness of his rapid advance atoned for the long segment of time during which he had been condemned to the inactive obscurity of subalternism. In 1795 he lost his friend and patron, who died at Martinique in the August of that year. But his successor, Sir Ralph Abercromby, was not slow to discover the merit of Colonel Picton, and when he found that he had been superseded in his staff appointment by General Knox, and thought of going to England, requested him to remain in his own family, "hoping," as he observed, "to give him an opportunity of going home in a way more agreeable." Here, then, commenced Picton's first acquaintance with active service in the field, although he had been a soldier more than twenty years, and had reached a period of life at which many illustrious men, both of ancient and modern history, had closed a long career of brilliant achievements. He had no official station in the force under Sir Ralph Abercromby, but attended him and was attached to his family as a volunteer aide-de-camp. The veteran leader warmly testified his approbation of Picton's judgment and intrepidity. He was present in the different engagements that took place on the capture of St. Lucia and St. Vincent's, received from Sir Ralph without solicitation the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 56th regiment, and after a very brilliant campaign accompanied his chief to England. In less than two months they returned once more to the West Indies, and the renewed operations commenced with the capture of Trinidad. Almost the first act of Sir Ralph Abercromby, on taking possession

of the island, was to appoint Colonel Picton civil governor and military commandant, with full discretionary power to execute *the Spanish laws as they stood in force as well as he could;* and to do justice in all cases according to those laws and his own conscience. The situation was as arduous as it was honourable. He had to deal with an ill-disposed set of people, a population of between seventeen and eighteen thousand, mostly composed of refugees, desperadoes, fraudulent debtors, escaped slaves, and stealers of slaves; and to control the ill-assorting mass, his garrison only amounted to five hundred and twenty effective men. The appointment was awarded without request or recommendation; and when he waited on Sir Ralph to express his acknowledgments for the distinctions conferred upon him, the answer of that noble chieftain was equally creditable to both. "Colonel Picton," said he, "if I knew any officer who in my opinion would discharge the duties annexed to the government of Trinidad better than you, to him would I have given it; there are no thanks due to me."

This free, unbiassed selection, is a sufficient guarantee that Picton was utterly undeserving of the calumnies afterwards so malignantly heaped upon him. Sir Ralph Abercromby possessed too much clear penetration to mistake the character of a man who had formed a member of his own family, with whom he had lived in habits of the most intimate intercourse, in long voyages by sea, and in many operations on shore. From March 1797, to July 1802, he continued to govern the

colony with satisfaction to all under his charge, except the criminals and malcontents, to the manifest improvement of the island, and to the full approbation of his Majesty's Ministry, expressed in flattering letters, in the increase of his salary, and in his appointment to the rank of Brigadier-General, in October, 1801. At that period Mr. Pitt, who had been nearly eighteen years at the head of the administration, resigned office, and was succeeded by Mr. Addington, afterwards created Lord Sidmouth. The new premier thought the government of the West India islands might be improved by removing the single functionaries and appointing commissioners, in the form of a triumvirate, to represent in their united capacities the blended powers of civil, naval, and military legislation. The first of these selected commissioners was Colonel Fullarton, an officer of the Indian army; the second, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Samuel) Hood, of the navy; and the last, and junior in authority, rank, and remuneration, Brigadier-General Picton. The position to which this arrangement reduced the former governor and commander-in-chief was undoubtedly one which he could not feel otherwise than as a degradation and an insult; yet, with strange inconsistency, the same official notification which superseded him, contained a positive assurance that his conduct, from the time when the island was first placed under his charge, had obtained for him the confidence of his Majesty and his advisers. General Picton determined to resign the appointment to which he was now nominated, as soon as his coadjutors arrived,

and he had given them such information as his sense of duty convinced him he was bound to afford, derived from experience, which they, as strangers, had no opportunity of acquiring. Colonel Fullarton soon assumed the entire control of affairs, and began to manifest hostile feelings towards Picton. Whether he was secretly instructed from higher authority to inquire into the conduct of the latter, or acted upon his own prejudices and personal ill-will, is a question very difficult to decide, and respecting which, much contradictory evidence has been produced. But that Picton, from whatever cause or source, was made the object of a bitter and unjust persecution, is the conclusion that unbiassed minds cannot fail to arrive at, who examine dispassionately all that has transpired on the subject. A short time after General Picton resigned the commissionership, he was superseded in the military command of Trinidad by Brigadier-General Maitland. He repaired to Barbadoes, and finding the expedition against St. Lucia and Tobago on the point of sailing, volunteered his services to General Greenfield, the commander-in-chief, who most readily accepted them. These islands were taken with little difficulty, and Picton was appointed, without solicitation, commandant of Tobago. Within a few weeks he received notice that Colonel Fullarton and his associates had sailed for England, to prosecute a string of formidable charges against him, equally affecting his honour and humanity. Fullarton had previously preferred no less than thirty-six criminal processes against his predecessor before the Council of Trinidad.

The public mind is easily excited, and opinions unfavourable to General Picton began to be so freely expressed, that his friends pressed him to return home at once, and face the storm. He lost not a moment in attending to their suggestions, and reached London in the month of October, 1803. Soon after his arrival, he addressed a letter to Mr. Addington, on the defence of the kingdom against the threatened invasion. The communication embraced some sound military reasoning, and indicated a mind that had well studied the subject; but it was not likely to receive much attention, and was merely acknowledged as one amongst many others of the same class. In the beginning of December, General Picton was arrested by a King's messenger, and held to bail in the enormous sum of *forty thousand pounds!* The charge against him was "for the application of torture, with severity that almost produced death, to a young girl named Luise Calderon, for the purpose of extorting confession of a robbery." After a delay of more than two years, the cause came on for trial in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Ellenborough and a special jury, on the 24th of February, 1806. In the meantime, the commission-government of Trinidad, after the experiment of a few months, proved a lamentable failure, and having nearly involved the colony in rebellion, was broken up, and the members removed. Colonel Fullarton published pamphlets containing the essence of his charges against Picton. The general value and veracity of his statements may be estimated by a selected instance. He asserted that, in consequence of the sys-

tematic cruelty of the government of his predecessor, a great body of the Spanish inhabitants and other foreigners abandoned the colony, which, in consequence, became threatened with absolute depopulation. In direct opposition to this, the official returns made by the government surveyor showed that, in the year 1797, when Colonel Picton commenced his administration, the number of inhabitants was 17,718. In 1802, a short time before he retired, it amounted to 28,427. An increase, instead of a diminution, of 10,709 in five years. The counter-statement was as weak as it was unfounded, and has not even the praise of ingenuity for a falsehood so open to immediate disproof.

The parties upon whose depositions the proceedings against General Picton originated, were all proved, by evidence collected in Trinidad, to be of disreputable character, and two of the number, from previous convictions, not to be believed upon oath. One of them, Pedro Vargas, swore that he was a Spanish lawyer, and was produced to expound the Spanish law; but he prevaricated and contradicted himself so grossly, that the court was upon the point of committing him for wilful and corrupt perjury. Mr. Garrow, as counsel for the prosecution, taking the utmost latitude in pleading which the freedom of the bar allows, exhibited to the jury a coloured drawing representing the process of the imputed torture, simply, as he said, to explain the matter, and without the slightest view of inflaming their passions or forestalling judgment. The judge on the bench reproved him, in strong language, for "these

tricks," as he designated them, and expressed a hope that no use would be made out of doors of the obnoxious illustration. There was abundance of false evidence throughout the trial. The witness Vargas, named above, swore point-blank that the old Castilian laws, which justified the process of "picketing" to extort confession, were not in force at the time of the conquest of the island by Sir Ralph Abercromby, and, consequently, that punishing any offender under that code was unlawful. His testimony on this point was received, and the jury found a general verdict of guilty. On the 26th of April, Mr. Dallas, as counsel for General Picton, moved, upon strong grounds, before Lord Ellenborough and three other judges, for a new trial, which was granted on the hearing, and according to the legal phrase, "the rule was made absolute."

During these judicial proceedings, the Privy Council examined into the long list of enormities charged against Governor Picton by Colonel Fullarton. The inquiry lasted for nearly four years; neither expense nor patience were spared, and every available shadow of proof was raked up to give weight to the accusations. In January, 1807, the members of the select committee made their report, to the effect that there was no foundation whatever for further proceedings on any of the numerous charges brought forward by Colonel Fullarton against his predecessor.

Shortly after this first report of the Privy Council, a second appeared, with reference to joint misdemeanours committed by Picton and Sir Samuel Hood, while the

latter acted as a commissioner of Trinidad. This report was even more satisfactory to the accused parties than the former one. The characters of both came forth without a stain.

In February, 1808, Colonel Fullarton, the personal enemy of Picton, died of an inflammatory cold which settled on his lungs. Much of the outcry which he had excited died with him; but the prosecution being instituted at the suit of the King, the demise of Fullarton in no way affected the proceedings of the law. During the interval between the two trials, Picton was promoted to the rank of Major-General, as appeared in the Gazette of the 25th of April, 1808: a conclusive testimony that in the opinion of the high military authorities his name and character were unimpeached. His professional advancement was most opportune, and consoled him for many mortifications. Another incident occurred, about the same time, which showed him that public opinion was not universally poisoned, and deserves to be named whenever the subject is discussed, as reflecting credit on the generous feeling of a nobleman who has not, in the course of a long life, afforded much opportunity for eulogistic mention. The late eccentric Duke of Queensberry, though personally unacquainted with Picton, had carefully watched all the circumstances of his case, admired his character, and looked upon him as a persecuted man. Through Colonel Darling, a mutual friend, he made him an offer to become his banker, and advance any sum he might require, up to ten thousand pounds, to enable him to meet the

expense of future proceedings. Picton declined the proposal with the warmest expressions of gratitude, astonished at such munificence from a total stranger. While thanking the duke, he declared frankly, that he would have availed himself of his disinterested liberality, had not his uncle generously lent him his fortune to defend his character. The matter did not end here. Two days before the general departed for the Peninsula, the Duke of Queensberry called at the Grosvenor Coffee-house, and sent in his card, requesting to see Picton, with an apology that infirmity prevented him from leaving his carriage. Picton came out to the door; the old nobleman shook him warmly by the hand, congratulated him on his appointment, and requested that, when he had leisure, he would write to him now and then, with an account of the proceedings of the army. General Picton promised compliance, and faithfully kept his word. Whenever a letter arrived, the duke was accustomed to say, "Ah! this is a letter from Picton; now we shall have the truth." He died in December, 1810, and left the general, as a mark of his esteem, a legacy of five thousand pounds.

It should also be mentioned here that after Picton was removed from the government of Trinidad, the principal inhabitants of the island subscribed a sum of money to present him with a handsome sword, and humbly requested the Duke of York to be the medium of conveying to him this testimonial of their esteem. His Royal Highness assented most readily to their desire, and accompanied the gift by a flattering expression of his

own personal approbation. While the subsequent prosecution was in full activity, and public opinion in England seemed almost unanimous against the accused, the people of Trinidad again came forward with a second and large subscription of four thousand pounds, which was remitted to England, with a respectful but friendly entreaty that General Picton would accept and use it to assist in defraying his expenses, and to enable him to obtain justice while engaged in resisting the libellous charges to which he was exposed. He received the gift as it was offered, with a reciprocal spirit of confiding attachment. Not long after, a dreadful fire broke out in Port D'Espagne, the capital of the island, destroying much property, and inflicting heavy loss on the poorer classes, many of whom were thereby reduced to utter destitution. Immediately on being made acquainted with this calamity, General Picton remitted the whole amount of the subscription he had accepted, for the relief of the sufferers.

On the 11th of June, 1808, the second trial came on, again before Lord Ellenborough and a special jury. The evidence was gone through even at greater length than before. The testimonials given to the character and abilities of General Picton were as unanimous and conclusive as any ever produced in a court of justice. After a protracted hearing, the jury returned the following special verdict:—"That by the law of Spain torture existed in the Island of Trinidad at the time of the cession to Great Britain, and that no malice existed in the mind of the defendant against Luise Calderon

independent of the illegality of the act." The concluding sentence refers to the question, which was left to the decision of the judges, whether, as a British governor, he should have allowed such a punishment to be inflicted? The answer was, that he was instructed to administer the laws of the island as they existed at the time of the capitulation, and that he had no power to annul or alter them. The punishment actually inflicted on the girl was much exaggerated, and appeared in evidence to have been comparatively slight, neither endangering her life nor disabling her from walking. Had the law of England as it then stood been put in force on the criminals, she and her accomplices in robbery would have incurred the penalty of hanging, according to the statute, which made it a capital crime to steal in a dwelling-house above the value of forty shillings. Another long interval elapsed before any other step was taken in these apparently interminable proceedings. At length, on the 10th of February, 1810, an argument was heard on the special verdict, when the Court directed "the defendant's recognizance to be respited until they should further order." And with this, a most extraordinary prosecution finally terminated. No judgment was ever given in the case, which virtually amounted to an acquittal. The report in Howell's State Trials concludes with the following note:—"It was thought by the bar, that had the opinion of the Court been delivered, judgment would have been given against General Picton, but that upon a consideration of the merits, it would have

been followed by a punishment so slight, and so little commensurate with the magnitude of the questions embraced by the case, as to have reflected but little credit upon the prosecution; and I have been informed that it was by the advice of one of the learned counsel, who greatly distinguished himself in arguing the questions which arose, that it was not again agitated."

The brief account we have here given of this vexatious incident in Picton's life, is principally based on the more elaborate statement contained in the biography by Mr. Robinson, a writer who has taken great pains to ascertain the leading facts, and has represented them in a clear chain of reasoning. The "law's delay" is in itself a heavy infliction, and becomes doubly burdensome when attended by unmerited obloquy and inevitable waste of money. Picton was exposed to this accumulated wrong for seven years, which dipped into his pocket to the amount of as many thousands, while the expenses of his prosecutors were all defrayed by the government. But he might console himself with the reflection that the close of the preceding century had witnessed a somewhat similar case, of more unmitigated hardship. The trial of Warren Hastings lasted for nine years, and his acquittal left him expenses to pay amounting to seventy-one thousand pounds. There was yet another point of similarity between the two supposed criminals. At the commencement of the prosecution against each, an unreasonable clamour existed to their prejudice. Long before sentence was pronounced on either, public opinion, with its characteristic fickleness, had veered round, and began to

speak of both with sympathy, as ill-used and deserving men, victimised by party feeling, and persecuted through private jealousy.

During the long interval throughout which General Picton was condemned to professional inactivity, and most reluctantly compelled to defend his character at home, his old associates in arms were winning laurels and reputation in every quarter of the globe. Bitterly did he sigh over his apparently extinguished prospects, and the *anni recedentes*, which an ardent spirit at his period of life could ill bear to feel, were gliding by without produce, and could never be recalled. At length, in 1809, he applied for active employment in any service that offered. The Duke of York, who always thought highly of his abilities, at once complied with his request, and obtained his appointment to a command in the great expedition then fitting out for operations at the mouth of the Scheldt. The force employed was unprecedently great. Thirty-nine sail of the line, thirty-six frigates, and, including soldiers, seamen, and marines, one hundred thousand fighting men. But all was paralysed by the selection of a commander proverbial for indolent incompetence. Why was he chosen? It has been said because his fortune was embarrassed, and this lucrative command would enable him to discharge his debts. If this be true, when did a nation ever pay so dearly for such a sacrifice of public principle to private interest? The Duke of York was not then commander-in-chief (it happened during the short interregnum while his post was filled by Sir David

Dundas), but, to the credit of his judgment, he protested strongly against the enterprise and all its details. The project emanated from Lord Castlereagh alone; to him is exclusively due the shame and mischief of the failure, together with the folly of disturbing the Earl of Chatham from his slumbers and his turtle. It is a well known fact, that on the day of the surrender of Flushing, when the French garrison and the besieging troops were under arms from an early hour to carry out the transfer of the fortress according to prescribed etiquette, they stood looking at each other until long after mid-day, waiting the arrival of the British commander-in-chief to be present at the ceremony. Even on such an occasion, it was impossible to rouse him from his constitutional torpor, or shake him out of bed earlier than usual. After the taking of Flushing, General Picton was appointed governor, but the fever attacked him, and in a few hours he was reduced to extremity. A strong constitution and good medical attendance enabled him to surmount the danger, and as soon as he recovered strength enough to bear a removal, he was ordered to return to England. He had no expectation of success in this ill-planned undertaking, and the result proved that his doubts were well founded. Meanwhile great events were rapidly succeeding each other in Spain, where Napoleon, by the termination of the Austrian war, was enabled to concentrate such an overwhelming force, that nothing remained for the English army under Lord Wellington, after the brilliant though abortive campaign of Talavera, but to retire

upon the frontiers of Portugal, and prepare for the protracted defence of that weak, exposed, and apparently indefensible kingdom. Early in 1810, General Picton, while yet suffering from the remains of the Walcheren fever, received orders to join the army in the Peninsula with as little delay as possible. He obeyed the summons with alacrity. To an old and esteemed friend he wrote with the inherent frankness of his character, that he had at last attained his utmost wishes, and saw before him a field in which there was ample room and opportunity for all who desired to distinguish themselves. "The service," he said, "was one in which no man could fail to attain honour if he only did his duty."

When he reached Portugal, he found the head quarters at Viseu, and was immediately appointed to the command of the Third Division, then quartered in the neighbourhood of Celerico. From that time forth the names of "Picton" and the "Third" became identified, and will descend to posterity together as long as human records exist to perpetuate the acts of daring men. There was not much expectation at home that the projected defence of Portugal would be accomplished; the embarkation of the English army at Lisbon was looked for as the most favourable result; and croakers were abundant even amongst the officers of higher rank, who prophesied that they would be cut off before they could reach the coast. Of this class there are always "enough and to spare," who predict the failure of every thing, and condemn every measure adopted or proposed by every body. Lord Wellington alone knew

his own plans, confided in his own resources, and waited patiently for time to prove that he was right. Picton until now had never seen large armies in the field, or formed any practical acquaintance with war on the grand scale. The Walcheren expedition, although such numerous forces were employed, could scarcely be called a campaign, and there he had no opportunity of showing whether he was capable of directing the movements of a division. Although in his fifty-second year, he was a novice compared to many generals younger in age and standing, who had fought in pitched battles, and conducted complicated movements. During the next five years he placed his name as high as that of any on the list.

Lord Wellington, having determined on the plan of campaign, held his advanced posts as long as he deemed it desirable to do so, and kept General Craufurd in front with the light division, on the opposite bank of the Coa, certainly in an exposed position, but with orders not to fight on that side of the river, and to retire if vigorously attacked. Nevertheless Craufurd did fight with desperate resolution, where he was, and against an overwhelming force; but the particulars of the combat on the Coa, which took place on the 24th of July, have been more properly discussed in our memoir of that dashing officer. What we have to do with here, is a circumstance connected with the action, in which General Picton is concerned. Sir W. Napier's history is universally and justly considered the great book of reference on the Peninsular war. Few admire the work more than the writer of these humble pages, who

once heard an enthusiast pronounce on the author an encomium which for elegance and terseness has never been surpassed: "Polybius," said he, "is the Napier of antiquity." But neither of these eminent historians is quite infallible, or invariably right in his opinions and conclusions, or in the premises on which they are founded. A history without an error either in judgment or fact would be as great a miracle as a general who never made a mistake or overlooked an opportunity.

Sir W. Napier winds up his account of the action at the Coa with the following passage:

"During the fight General Picton came up alone from Pinhel. Craufurd desired the support of the third division; it was refused; and, excited by some previous disputes, the generals separated after a sharp altercation. Picton was decidedly wrong, because Craufurd's situation was one of extreme danger; he durst not retire, and Massena might undoubtedly have thrown his reserves by the bridge of Castello Bom upon the right flank of the division, and destroyed it between the Coa and Pinhel rivers."

With reference to this passage, Mr. Robinson says, in his Life of Picton, "We have been favoured with an introduction to an officer who belonged to the third division, and who was actually with General Picton at Pinhel when the battle was being fought at the bridge. This officer bears a high and distinguished name in the service; it was, as he himself observes, his good fortune to hold an appointment on the staff of Sir Thomas Picton; 'but,' he adds, 'I also enjoyed his

friendship, which I shall ever esteem as the greatest happiness and honour of my life.' To this high-minded individual we are indebted for many interesting particulars of Sir Thomas Picton, and especially for the following facts connected with the affair of the Coa. 'We were quartered in the neighbourhood of Pinhel,' observed this officer; 'General Picton's head-quarters being at that place on the 24th of July. We heard firing in the direction of General Craufurd's position; but as this was so common an occurrence, it was thought but little of. General Picton was, during the whole of this time, either in Pinhel, or occupied with some of his usual duties; and as to riding out alone, it was a thing which he scarcely ever did, and certainly not on this day; he was generally accompanied by myself and several others of his staff: but of this I am quite certain, that he did not ride out on this day in the direction of the bridge of the Coa; neither do I think that he was half a mile from Pinhel during the whole time. And, further, I can state, that the first intimation which we received at Pinhel of the serious affair which had occurred at the bridge, was by the body of an officer who had been killed there being brought back on the following day: this officer had left us early in the morning of the 24th, and was brought back dead on the 25th, having fallen during the fight. Any attempt to bring up the third division in time to support the light division (unless information had been sent to General Picton when General Craufurd commenced falling back), would have been ridiculous, as the country could not

have been traversed by infantry in less than three hours. With regard to any personal ill feeling existing between Generals Picton and Craufurd, I can only say that I never knew the former to express himself in any but the most friendly terms of General Craufurd. I certainly, upon one occasion, heard him observe, 'that d—d fighting fellow Craufurd will some day get us into a scrape;' but this was not uttered at all in an unfriendly tone; on the contrary, I think he had a great respect for the daring courage in General Craufurd's character, at the same time that he always regretted his want of prudence and consideration.'"

Sir W. Napier, in answer to this authority of Robinson's, whose name is not given, produces letters from Colonel Shaw Kennedy and Colonel William Cameron, in direct evidence that Picton *did* come out of Pinhel on the 24th of July; that Craufurd and he *did* meet during the action on the Coa; and that the alleged dispute *did* take place between them.

In a late compilation from his own work, Sir W. Napier, repeating the dispute between Craufurd and Picton, says, "This altercation, though public, and known to the whole division, has been ridiculously denied by the writer of Picton's life."

Readers must adopt their own opinions as to which of the two statements they may choose to receive on this particular point. The weight of testimony is clearly with Sir W. Napier; but he goes on to say, that if either of the generals in question "had even comprehended the profound military and political combinations their leader was conducting, the one would have care-

fully avoided fighting on the Coa; and the other, far from refusing, would have eagerly proffered his support."

This censure applies with more justice to Craufurd than to Picton. The position of the former was not so desperate that *he could not retire;* for retire he did, and brought his division off, without molestation, after the firing ceased, about four o'clock in the evening, to Carvalhal, whence, on the following morning, he dated his report to Lord Wellington, in which he makes no allusion whatever to his having asked for the support of the third division. If Picton had complied with the request of General Craufurd, he not only (as far as we have positive proof) would have acted against orders, but the movement, in all probability, would have brought on the event which, at that particular crisis, Lord Wellington was above all things anxious to avoid — a general action. The result might have driven the whole army rapidly back upon Lisbon; and thus the combinations of the commander-in-chief would have been more fatally miscomprehended and controverted than could have ensued from any probable loss that Craufurd's division might have sustained. Lord Wellington's letters and dispatches show positively that Craufurd was ordered not to fight beyond the Coa. It seems most improbable that, in the event of his disobeying these instructions, which could scarcely be speculated on, any other general should be directed to support him. It cannot be supposed for a moment that Picton refused to help his brother-general from personal spite; that, in fact, he was glad to see him in a scrape, and left him to get out

of it as he could. Robinson charges Napier with implying this; but, as the latter has remarked in answer, such an extreme conclusion is not borne out either by the letter or spirit of his statement. At all events, whatever might be the motive which influenced Picton to refuse support, the course of subsequent events proved that his decision was right. Almeida fell into the hands of the French more suddenly than was expected; accident and treachery combined to produce the loss of that important fortress. Massena advanced, and Lord Wellington retired; but on the mountain ridge of Busaco, the English general drew up in order of battle, thinking it a good place and opportunity to check the enemy, and prove the stamina of the Portuguese troops. The position was so strong, that several officers expressed a fear that the French marshal would not attack. Wellington felt convinced that he would, and, in answer to some expressed doubts, added, "If he does, I shall beat him." The English army, posted on rugged heights, extended along a front of nearly eight miles. Picton, with the third division, occupied the centre; and this may be considered the first opportunity he had of distinguishing himself under the command of Lord Wellington. He was immediately opposed to Reynier, who was well acquainted with English troops from previous experience in Egypt and Calabria. Junot and Loison also knew them well; but hitherto, to Ney and Massena, they were as perfect strangers. There was no want of renowned names on the French side in this battle, but of great generalship there was little display. Massena

might have attacked with advantage on the 25th and 26th of September, which he suffered to slip from him by delaying until the 27th. Ney, Loison, and Reynier led the French columns of assault, principally directed against the light and third divisions of the British, which were skilfully handled by their own generals, Craufurd and Picton. The enemy were beaten back at all points, and lost nearly five thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The casualties of the Anglo-Portuguese army scarcely amounted to thirteen hundred. The smoke and tumult of modern warfare, together with the extended line of operations, renders it difficult for any individual to distinguish clearly more than what passes in his own immediate vicinity. The general-in-chief himself cannot always see everything as it occurs at the moment, and is compelled to trust to the reports of staff-officers. We must therefore be prepared to find that eye-witnesses and participators differ much in their descriptions of the same event; and while we compare conflicting accounts, we should be very cautious in suspecting intentional misrepresentation. General Picton, in a private letter to the Duke of Queensberry, written a few days after the battle of Busaco, and in compliance with a promise which we have noticed before, gave his correspondent a brief relation of the affair, principally confined to the operations of his own corps, and touching but casually on the brilliant share sustained by the light division. By some inadvertence, or undue officiousness, this letter (as most letters do when intended to be strictly

private) found its way into the public papers, and was rapidly copied from one to another. General Craufurd and his division expressed their annoyance at the slight way in which they were mentioned, and the subject was freely discussed throughout the army. Picton felt highly indignant at what he considered a breach of confidence, while, at the same time, he acquitted the duke of any share in the proceeding. So many rumours and contradictory opinions arose in consequence, that he felt himself called upon to draw up the following detailed report for the satisfaction of the commander of the forces. We have here his own statement of his own proceedings, to weigh with others on the same subject, in which he has been either unnoticed altogether, or reduced to act a part of less prominence:—

"Cadacena, Nov. 10th, 1810.

"My Lord,

"In consequence of an extraordinary report, which has been circulated with a good deal of assiduity, it becomes necessary that I should make a written detailed report to your Lordship of the circumstances which preceded and attended the action that took place upon the heights of Busaco on the morning of the 27th of September, inasmuch as they relate to myself and the troops I had the honour of commanding on that occasion.

"Major-General Lightburne, with the fifth and eighty-third regiments, was detached to the left, and did not act under my orders.

"On the evening of the 25th, by orders from your Lordship, I occupied that part of the Sierra de Busaco which is immediately connected with the pass of St. Antonio de Cantara, with Colonel Mackinnon's brigade, consisting of the 45th, 74th, and 88th regiments, amounting to about one thousand three hundred rank and file; and with the 9th and 21st Portuguese regiments under Colonel de Champlemond; upon the whole about three thousand men. All the movements of the enemy during the 26th indicating a determination of attacking the position early on the following morning, I made what dispositions I judged necessary for the defence of the post that evening; and there being an unoccupied space of considerably above a mile between my left and Sir Brent Spencer's division, immediately after sunset (when it could not be observed by the enemy) I detached Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, with the 88th regiment, to take up an intermediate position, and communicate with the hill of Busaco and the main body of my division at the pass of St. Antonio.

"The troops in the immediate neighbourhood of the pass were visited by me on their respective posts by daybreak; and, immediately after, Colonel Mackinnon returned from visiting the 88th regiment, and reported that the enemy was collecting in the ravine, opposite to the position occupied by that battalion; in consequence of which I immediately detached Major Gwynne of the 45th regiment, with four companies, to reinforce that post. A few minutes after, when the day began to clear up, a smart firing of musketry was heard on

the left, apparently proceeding from the point where the 88th had been stationed; and after a short suspense, a violent cannonade opened upon the pass of St. Antonio, and at the same time a heavy column compelled the advanced piquet of the division to fall back, and, pressing forward with great impetuosity, endeavoured to push up the road and force the pass. The light corps of the division, unable to resist such a superiority of numbers in front, was most judiciously thrown in upon the flank of the advancing column by Lieutenant-Colonel Williams; and it was received with so steady a fire by the 21st Portuguese regiment of the line, and three companies of the 74th regiment, that moved up to their support on the left, that, after a long struggle, and repeated desperate attempts to effect their object (during which they suffered much from the well directed fire of the Portuguese artillery, under Major Arentschild), they were ultimately under the necessity of desisting, though a severe firing of cannon and musketry still continued.

"About this period, the fire on the left appearing to increase and draw nearer, I directed Colonel Mackinnon to take the immediate command of the troops at the pass of St. Antonio, and rode towards the left, with the assistant Adjutant-General, Major Pakenham; leaving my aid-de-camp, Captain Cuthbert, and the assistant quarter-master-general, Captain Anderdon, to bring up as fast as possible one battalion of the 8th Portuguese regiment, and the five remaining companies of the 45th regiment.

"On reaching the high rocky point about half-way

between the pass of St. Antonio and the hill of Busaco, I found the light companies of the 74th and 88th regiments retiring in disorder, and the head of the enemy's column, already in possession of the strong rocky point, deliberately firing down upon us, and the remainder of a large column pushing up the hill with great rapidity.

"Whilst endeavouring to rally the light infantry companies with the assistance of Major Pakenham, I was joined by Major Smith of the 45th regiment; and we succeeded in forming them under the immediate fire of the enemy, not more than sixty yards distant. Major Smith most gallantly led them to the charge, and gained possession of the rock, driving the enemy before him; but, I am concerned to say, fell in the moment of victory, for which we were chiefly indebted to his animating example.

"The assistant quarter-master-general having fortunately brought up a battalion of the 8th Portuguese regiment, commanded by Major Birmingham, at this critical period, I personally led and directed their attack on the flank of the enemy's column; and we completely succeeded in driving them in great confusion and disorder down the hill and across the ravine.

"Not being able to discern any enemy upon the ridge to my left, I immediately returned to the pass of St. Antonio, where the firing of musketry and cannon still continued with little apparent abatement. On my arrival I learned from Colonel Mackinnon that the enemy had not been able to make any impression during my absence.

"At this moment Major-General Leith's aid-de-camp came to report the arrival of that general and his division; upon which I rode from the post of St. Antonio to the road of communication, and directed the leading regiment of the brigade to proceed without loss of time to the left, as I had no occasion for assistance. General Leith's brigade in consequence marched on, and arrived in time to join the five companies of the 45th regiment, under the Honourable Lieut.-Colonel Mead, and the 8th Portuguese, under Lieut.-Colonel Douglas, in repulsing the last attempt of the enemy.

"Your Lordship was pleased to mention me as directing the gallant charge of the 45th and 88th regiments; but I can claim no merit whatever in the executive part of that brilliant exploit, which your Lordship has so highly and so justly extolled. Lieut.-Colonel Wallace of the 88th, and Major Gwynne, who commanded the four companies of the 45th engaged on that occasion, are entitled to the whole of the merit, and I am not disposed to deprive them of any part. I was actively engaged at the time in repelling the attack upon the post with which I was principally charged, though I provided, as far as the means I had at my disposal would allow, for the safety of every part of the position within my reach; and the moment I could with propriety and safety to the service quit the principal point of my command, I immediately proceeded to the post where my presence was most necessary, and was at all times found where His Majesty's service and my own honour required that I should be. I shall not

say any thing of the conduct of the troops under my command during the whole of the trying service of the day; it was beyond eulogy, and can receive no additional splendour from my feeble praise.

"With many apologies for troubling your Lordship with such long details, in which I am necessarily so much concerned,

"I have the honour to be, with high respect,

'Your Lordship's very faithful, humble servant,

"THOMAS PICTON.

"To Lieut.-General Lord Viscount Wellington,
"Commander of the Forces, &c., &c., &c."

This letter contains two remarkable features; first, a very clear account of what it purports to describe (although its accuracy has been denied); and second, a disinclination on the part of the writer to receive credit to which he is not exclusively entitled. On this point there can be no dispute. Lord Wellington in his official dispatch to Lord Liverpool, had said that General Picton distinguished himself generally, and gave him moreover the exclusive praise of having personally directed the gallant charge made by the 88th and 45th.

It is needless here to recapitulate in detail the occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras by the British army, the astonishment and mortification of Massena, when he found that his career was stopped by an insurmountable barrier, his retreat to Santarem, and finally, to the frontiers of Portugal. The fruitless invasion cost him thirty thousand fine troops, and a per-

manent loss of character, less from his failure than from the unrelenting cruelty with which he devastated the country he was unable to subdue. A general idea of the enormities committed may be collected from the subjoined harrowing description of an eye-witness, Sir W. Napier, and will also impress upon unmilitary readers the wide difference between the stern realities of war and the glittering ceremonies of a parade.

"I pass over the destruction of Redinha, Condeixa, Miranda de Corvo, and many villages on the route; the burning of those towns covered the retrograde movements of the army, and something must be attributed to the disorder which usually attends a forced retreat; but the town of Leiria and the convent of Alcobaça were given to the flames by express orders from the French head-quarters; and although the laws of war, rigorously interpreted, authorise such examples when the inhabitants take arms, it can only be justly done for the purpose of overawing the people, and not from a spirit of vengeance when abandoning the country. But every horror that could make war hideous attended this dreadful march! Distress, conflagrations, death, in all modes! from wounds, from fatigue, from water, from the flames, from starvation! On every side unlimited violence, unlimited vengeance! I myself saw a peasant hounding on his dog to devour the dead and dying; and the spirit of cruelty once unchained, smote even the brute creation. On the 15th of March, the French general, to diminish the incumbrances of his march, ordered a number of beasts of burden to be de-

stroyed: the inhuman fellow charged with the execution hamstringed five hundred asses, and left them to starve, and thus they were found by the British army on that day. The mute but deep expressions of pain and grief, visible in these poor creatures' looks, wonderfully raised the fury of the soldiers; and so little weight has reason with the multitude, when opposed by a momentary sensation, that no quarter would have been given to any prisoner at that moment. Excess of feeling would have led to direct cruelty. This shows how dangerous it is in war to listen to the passions at all, since the most praiseworthy could be thus perverted by an accidental combination of circumstances."

The French plundered by rule, on the most scientific and approved method. Every soldier carried his tools for the work, as a portion of his regular kit. Another writer (Southey) says: "Whenever the enemy bivouacked, the scene was such as might rather have been looked for in a camp of predatory Tartars than in that of a civilised people. Food and forage, and skins of wine, and clothes and church vestments, books and guitars, and all the bulkier articles of wasteful sport were heaped together in their huts with the planks and doors of the habitations which they had demolished. Some of the men, retaining amid this brutal service the characteristic activity and cleverness of their nation, fitted up their huts with hangings from their last scene of pillage, with a regard to comfort hardly to have been expected in their situation, and a love of gaiety only to

be found in Frenchmen. The idlers were contented with a tub, and if the tub were large enough, three or four would stow themselves in it."

But it must not be supposed that our own troops were perfectly immaculate, and did not occasionally become inoculated with the spirit of unjust appropriation. In this exercise some distinguished themselves more than others, and particular regiments in Picton's corps obtained an unenviable notoriety. He used himself to say, half jocularly, that they were very active in gleaning up whatever might be left within their reach by the light division. On one occasion, while heading a charge, he addressed them with these flattering epithets: "Come on, you plundering, fighting blackguards!" But he repressed pillage with a stern, strong hand, and had occasionally to make severe examples. A military writer, describing the sacking of a wine-store in Portugal and the consequent intoxication of the men, thus expresses himself:—"The first Sunday after the outrage already related, when the chaplain left his station, General Picton took his place, not to pray but to give us a sermon. This was the first time he had addressed us. I felt anxious to examine the features of a man who had been so much the public talk on account of his reputed cruelty at Trinidad. I could not deny that I felt a prejudice against him, and his countenance did not do it away, for it had a stern and gloomy expression, which, added to a very dark complexion, made it anything but prepossessing. But when he opened his mouth, and began

to pour forth a torrent of abuse on us for our conduct, and his dark eye flashed with indignation, as he recapitulated our errors,

'Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed, farewell.'

"But General Picton was not the character which we had been led to think him. Convinced of the baneful effects of tolerating plunder, he set his face sternly against it, but in other respects he was indulgent; and although no one could blame with more severity when occasion required, he was no niggard of his praise when it was deserved. Nothing could surpass his calm intrepidity and bravery in danger; and his presence in battle had the effect of a talisman, so much had his skill and valour gained upon all under his command."

The author of "The Hussar" relates the following incident, which shows that our men were quick and intelligent where they scented lawful sport. A French detachment was retreating not far from a body of English cavalry. "Some of the dragoons, with a quarter-master, immediately mounted and followed the enemy, who were now approaching their goal, and took little notice of these few horsemen. The quarter-master, however, saw an opportunity of doing a little business: observing, amongst those who lagged in the rear, one man with a ledger in the sling of his knapsack, he naturally concluded that such gear in the French, as in our service, belonged to those who carried the purse, and, on the strength of this analogy, he by degrees approached him of the ledger, and returning his sword, and advancing at speed, he pounced upon his

prey, and seizing him by the collar, shook the musket out of his hand, and bore him off. He proved to be a paymaster's clerk, and carried sixty doubloons, then worth about five guineas each."

A rollicking Hibernian of the light division was once trudging leisurely along the road with a pig in a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by General Craufurd. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, Giniral?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round to him with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Why, that pig you have got behind you, you villain." "Well then, I vow and protest, Giniral," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard, wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that *baste* to my cartouch-box!" The general could contain his risible faculties no longer, struck spurs to his horse and rode on.

Stealing bee-hives was found by the soldiers to be a very profitable recreation, and in this they indulged whenever there was an opportunity. Very stringent orders were issued in consequence, in which bee-hives were specially protected, and heavy penalties denounced against their abduction. The commander-in-chief himself, riding out one morning, saw a soldier of the 88th, at a little distance, running rapidly in another direction

with a bee-hive on his head. He gallopped after him, shouting aloud, "Stop, stop, you rascal!" The thieving apiarist had partly covered his head and ears with his great coat to prevent the bees from stinging him, and could neither see nor hear exactly who was pursuing, nor the words that were addressed to him. He thought it was one of his comrades, and kept trotting on, while Lord Wellington followed after. "Where did you get that bee-hive?" roared he, in a voice of thunder, as he approached. "I got it behind the hedge, yonder," replied the interrogated, still without halting or looking back; "there are plenty more there; but, bedad, I'd advise you to make haste if you want one, or they'll all be gone."

During the retreat of Massena from Portugal, Picton and the third division were amongst the foremost in pursuit; they were principally employed in long and fatiguing flank marches to turn the enemy's position, but portions of them participated in the actions at Redinha, Condeixa, Guarda, Sabugal, and at other points where the enemy drew up in order of battle, and from which they were as constantly dislodged. In his private letters, the general pays a just compliment to the skill of Marshal Ney, who conducted the rear-guard of the French with a mastery of science which excited the admiration of friends and enemies. "All his movements," says General Picton, "afforded a perfect lesson in that kind of warfare. Marching at all times upon his flank, I had an opportunity of seeing every thing he did; and I must be dull in the extreme if I

have not derived some practically useful knowledge from such an example." There can be no doubt that the personal activity and exertions of Picton during all these operations established for him a high character, and won the confidence of the great leader under whom he served, and of the soldiers who followed him. The actual loss of Massena between Santarem and Ciudad Rodrigo scarcely exceeded six thousand men. Lord Wellington, restrained by many powerful political reasons, refrained from striking heavy blows on several occasions; but with all his transcendent abilities, it has been admitted that vigorously following up a defeated or retiring enemy was never one of his leading characteristics. In this he differed from Cæsar and Napoleon, who pursued success with the rapidity of lightning, and never allowed a beaten foe a moment of time to breathe or recover. But neither of these mighty masters in war was fettered by three wavering cabinets acting in perpetual opposition to each other.

General Picton had a peculiar habit of riding with a stick in his hand, and even in the heat of battle he sometimes retained it. When the firing commenced he might be observed tapping the mane of his horse at measured intervals, in proportion to its rapidity. As it became quicker, and the fight grew warmer, this movement of the stick increased both in velocity and force, until at length the horse would become restive; but still seldom drew the general's attention, as his firm seat saved him from all apprehension of a fall.

On the 3rd and 5th of May, 1814, the actions took

place which are usually known under the combined title of the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. On the second day, there were advantages gained at first by the French, which, if Massena had been the great general he was supposed to be, might have enabled him to crown his unsuccessful invasion of Portugal with a wreath of laurel; but Lord Wellington, although compelled to give ground on the right, and change his front, held the village of Fuentes against all attacks, and foiled the object of the enemy in the relief of Almeida. The French leader, as a matter of course, claimed a victory; but subsequent events soon demonstrated the slender grounds on which he erected such a pretence. There were very dangerous moments, during this hotly contested fight, when the destinies of England trembled in the balance, but in the end the genius of Wellington prevailed. The enemy never had such a superiority of numbers on any given point as on this occasion. According to a note in the "Memorandums of Operations in 1811," drawn up by the British general himself, they had about five to one of cavalry, and more than two to one of infantry engaged. During the battle, Picton's division, in conjunction with the first, occupied a position in the rear of the village of Fuentes d'Onoro, the light companies being in the houses and defensible posts in front. Much of the hardest fighting fell to their lot. The French corps opposed to them was commanded by Drouet, who was considered by Napoleon as one of his readiest executive generals. The village was held by three British regiments, the 71st, 24th, and 79th; but

the attacking troops being continually supplied with fresh numbers, the defenders were severely pressed, when, after a desperate combat, a bayonet charge by the 88th decided the question. It was a most splendid affair, led by Major-General Mackinnon and their own colonel, Wallace, and was spoken of with the warmest admiration by Picton, in a letter to his uncle. In the "Eventful Life of a Soldier," we find the following anecdote with reference to this particular charge:—"General Picton had had occasion to check this regiment for some plundering affair they had been guilty of; when he was so offended at their conduct, that, in addressing them, he told them they were the greatest blackguards in the army! But as he was always as ready to bestow praise as censure when it was due, when they were returning from this gallant and effective charge, he exclaimed, 'Well done, the brave 88th!' Some of them, who had been stung by his former reproaches, cried out, 'Are we the greatest blackguards in the army now?' Picton smiled, as he replied, 'No, no; you are brave and gallant soldiers! This day has redeemed your character.'"

Soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, the third division were marched to the south to assist in the siege of Badajoz, which Lord Wellington resumed after the sanguinary fight at Albuera. He was limited to time, and still more crippled in means. Such was the scanty supply of batteries, cannon, and engineering materials, that the men employed jested upon their own deficiencies. General Picton observed with keen

satire that Lord Wellington was reduced to sue the place *in formâ pauperis;* and was answered that, instead of *breaching,* the operations appeared more like *beseeching* Badajoz. The hour was not yet come when that important fortress was destined to form one of the English general's proudest trophies. He was compelled to raise the siege, and in concluding his dispatch, observed, "Major-general Picton directed the operations on the left of the Guadiana, and Major-general Houston on the right; and I am much indebted to these officers."

On the 25th of September, 1811, an action was fought at El Bodon, during which several regiments of the third division were in imminent danger of being cut off by the superior cavalry of the enemy; but Picton extricated them with admirable skill, and his efforts were nobly seconded by the steady valour of his soldiers. In the "Reminiscences of a Subaltern" (written by one who was present) we find the following account of this sharp combat: —

"Montbrun, at the head of fifteen squadrons of light horse, pressed closely on our right flank, and made every demonstration of attacking us, with the view of engaging our attention until the arrival of his infantry and artillery, of which latter only one battery was in the field; but General Picton saw the critical situation in which he was placed, and that nothing but the most rapid and at the same time most regular movement upon Guinaldo, could save his division from being cut off to a man. For six miles across a perfect flat, with-

out the slightest protection from any incident of ground, without artillery, and I might say without cavalry (for what were four or five squadrons to twenty or thirty?) did the third division continue its march, during the whole of which the enemy's cavalry never quitted them. A park of six guns advanced with the horse, and taking the third division in flank and rear, poured in a frightful fire of round-shot, grape, and canister. Many men fell in this way, and those whose wounds rendered them unable to march were obliged to be abandoned to the enemy. . . . . .

General Picton conducted himself with his accustomed coolness: he remained on the left flank of the column, and repeatedly cautioned the different battalions to mind the quarter-distance and the 'telling off.' 'Your safety,' added he, 'my credit, and the honour of the army are at stake; all rests with you at this moment.' He had reached to within a mile of our intrenched camp, when Montbrun, impatient lest we should escape from his grasp, ordered his troopers to bring up their right shoulders, and incline towards our column. The movement was not exactly bringing his squadron into line, but it was the next thing to it, and at this time they were within half-pistol shot of us. Picton took off his hat, and holding it over his eyes as a shade from the sun, looked sternly but anxiously at the French. The clatter of the horses and the clanking of the scabbards were so great when the right half-squadron moved up, that many thought it the forerunner of a general charge. Some mounted officer called out,

'Had we not better form square?' 'No,' replied Picton; 'it is but a *ruse* to frighten us, but *it won't do.*'"

In this action the English lost three hundred men, while the enemy suffered more severely. In one of the horse combats, an incident occurred which recalled the days of chivalry and the politeness of Fontenoy. A French officer, in the act of striking at Colonel Felton Harvey of the 14th dragoons, perceived that he had but one arm, and with a rapid change brought down his sword to a salute, and passed on.*

A short time before this, Picton had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in the Peninsula.

The next affair of importance in which he was personally engaged was the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. The breaches being reported practicable, the task of carrying them by storm was assigned to the third and light divisions; while General Pack with a brigade of Portuguese, co-operated by a feint attack on the opposite side of the town. The right or great breach fell to the third division; the left, or smaller one, to the light. On a cold winter evening, the 19th of January, 1812, this gallant feat of arms was performed. The hour fixed was seven o'clock; there were stars in the heavens, and a young moon contributed its faint and silvery light. The deep bell of the town clock sounded, and the storming parties issued from the trenches. One forlorn hope was led by Lieutenant Mackie of the 88th, the other by Lieutenant Gurwood of the 52nd. Picton and Mackinnon rode up, dis-

* Napier.

mounted, and placed themselves at the head of the division. Long harangues are unusual in the British service, and on such an occasion would have been more than ever out of place. Picton addressed a few animating words to the different regiments as they passed on. To the 88th he said simply, "Rangers of Connaught! it is not my intention to expend any powder this evening; we'll do the business with the cold iron!" The word "forward" was given, repeated in undertones; and in awful silence the forlorn hope, the storming party, and the serried column passed on to the attack. The enemy were on the alert, and as the assailants mounted they received them with a storm of fire, and sprang some mines they had prepared, by which many brave men were destroyed. After a short but desperate struggle, both breaches were won. Pack converted his feint into a real assault, and in less than an hour the fortress was in our possession. The two gallant leaders, Craufurd and Mackinnon, fell on the ramparts they had surmounted. The former lingered in his wounds until the 24th: it was at one time thought he would survive, but the hope proved fruitless. The latter was killed instantaneously by the explosion of a mine. Above one thousand of the stormers were slain or wounded with their generals. On the following morning, Picton issued the division orders, of which a copy is subjoined. The document will be read with stirring interest by the sons and successors of the noble warriors therein named, who have recently distinguished themselves in a service of equal daring.

DIVISION ORDERS BY LIEUT.-GENERAL PICTON.

"Zamora, January 20th, 1812.

"By the gallant manner in which the breach was last night carried by storm, the Third Division has added much to its military reputation, and has rendered itself the most conspicuous corps in the British army.

"The breach was first entered by the 5th, 77th, and 94th regiments, most ably supported by the flank companies, Major-General Mackinnon's brigade, the 45th, 88th, as well as other regiments of the division. It is much to be regretted that this brilliant achievement has been obtained at the expense of so many valuable officers and brave men; but they have fallen nobly, doing their duty to their country, and they will be dear to the recollection of every true Briton.

"Every officer and soldier of the division will join the Lieut.-General in heart-felt sorrow for the loss of that able, gallant, and illustrious officer, Major-General Mackinnon, who fell in the moment of victory covered with laurels. The commanding officers of regiments will be pleased to communicate to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of their respective corps, his high admiration of their gallantry on this occasion, and assures them that he considers the command of the brave Third Division as the greatest honour that his Majesty could confer upon him.

"Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, commanding the right brigade and 94th regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Dunkin, commanding 77th, and Major Ridge, 2nd battalion, 5th

regiment, are particularly entitled to the thanks of the Lieut.-General, as having led and carried the breach; as is Major Maurice, 74th regiment, who volunteered the storming party; and Captain Milne, of the 45th regiment, for the able support of the attack. The spirit evinced by all the other corps of the division was equally conspicuous; and there is no doubt, if it had been their lot to lead, they would have merited equal honour.

"The Lieut.-General promised the flank companies one guinea a man, in case they were the first to carry the breach; but as, from unforeseen circumstances, it fell to the lot of the above regiments, already mentioned, the sum, which would have amounted to about three hundred pounds (300*l.*), will be divided proportionally amongst the British regiments of the whole division, who will do the Lieut.-General the honour to drink to the future success of the Third Division.

"Lieut.-General Picton requests that Lieut.-Colonel O'Toole, commanding the 2nd Caçadores, will accept his thanks, and communicate them to that corps, for the spirited manner in which their attack was conducted. The Lieut.-General also received high satisfaction from the strong report that was made to him of the exemplary conduct of the Hon. Captain Powys, and the light company 83rd regiment."

The order was signed by Sir Hercules Pakenham, at that time assistant adjutant-general of the division. Accident had prevented the storming of the great breach from being carried out according to the plan laid

down. This order distinctly points out to whom, as events were realised, the merit was actually due, and should settle many disputes and some claims which have arisen on the subject. It also clearly proves with what injustice Picton has been accused of feeling coldly towards his gallant companions in arms, and of slighting the services which so materially contributed to make his own personal reputation.

As soon as the assault was over, and Ciudad Rodrigo had surrendered, the soldiers abandoned themselves to indiscriminate pillage, in defiance of all discipline and subordination. Picton was seen every where, endeavouring to stop this licence, calling with a voice of thunder upon the men to remember that they were English soldiers, not savages! He and his officers incurred much danger from the wild fury of their own people, and finally succeeded in reducing them to order. On the morning after, an officer of the 88th in his "Reminiscences" says, "We were about to resume our arms when General Picton approached us. Some of the soldiers who were more than usually elevated in spirits, on his passing them, called out, 'Well, General, we gave *you* a cheer last night, it's *your* turn *now!*' The general, smiling, took off his hat, and said, 'Here then, you drunken set of brave rascals, *Hurrah! we'll soon be at Badajoz!*' A shout of confidence followed; we slung our firelocks, the bands played, and we commenced our march for the village of Atalaya in the highest spirits."

Picton was greatly grieved by the death of General

Mackinnon, both as an esteemed friend, and one of his trustiest brigadiers. The memory of this brave officer deserves a passing tribute, although we have not been able to collect enough to make him the subject of a separate biography. That material he would certainly have afforded, had his career been prolonged. Whenever he was employed, he eminently distinguished himself, and was personally thanked on the field after the battle of Busaco.

General Henry Mackinnon was the younger son of the chieftain of Clan Mackinnon. He received his military education at a college in France, entered the army at fifteen, served three years as a lieutenant in the 43rd, raised an independent company, and exchanged into the Coldstream guards. During the Irish rebellion of 1798, he was brigade-major to General Nugent, and served in the campaign of Holland in 1799, in Egypt, and at Copenhagen. In 1809, he joined the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, was present at the passage of the Douro, and had two horses killed under him at Talavera. At Busaco he was particularly conspicuous, also in several sharp affairs during Massena's retreat, and led the last charge, which decided the day, at Fuentes d'Onoro. In addition to all the qualities of a perfect soldier, he combined high intellectual endowments with a gentle and amiable disposition. Married to a woman worthy of a brave man's love, his passion for military glory had allowed him small leisure to cultivate the pleasures of domestic life. A command was offered to him, which he eagerly accepted, and left home, burn-

ing to return with added honours and an established name. Severe illness compelled him to leave the Peninsula. During a period of comparative inactivity, and in search of renewed health, he visited England for the last time. Walking one evening in the garden, his wife led him to a spot, where, with all a woman's pride, she had planted a laurel to commemorate every victory in which her beloved partner had participated. Mackinnon, deeply affected, turned away, whispering, "Alas! love, the cypress will be wanted soon!" No leader was ever more adored by his troops. They dug a grave within the breach on which he fell, and there hastily entombed the body of their gallant general. Some time after, the officers of the Coldstream guards raised his honoured remains and interred them with military honours at Espeja. The intention evinced regard, but the act was a mistake. The rampart on which he perished was a more suitable resting place. It has been generally supposed that Mackinnon was killed by the bursting of a mine. So said Lord Wellington and Picton in their dispatches and private letters. The immediate cause of his death appears doubtful, yet he had no visible hurt. An officer present thus speaks of this catastrophe in the "United Service Journal:"—"I saw General Mackinnon lying dead. He was on his back, just under the rampart on the inside, that is, on the town side. He had, I think, rushed forward and fallen down the perpendicular wall before spoken of, probably at the moment of receiving his mortal wound. He was stripped of every thing except his shirt and blue panta-

loons; even his boots were taken off. He was a tall, thin man. There were others dead near him, and he was not on the French side of the traverse neither. It is said that he was blown up; I should say decidedly not. There was no appearance indicating that such had been his fate. Neither his skin nor the posture in which he was lying led me to suppose so. When a man is blown up, his hands and face I should think could hardly escape. I never saw any so destroyed whose face was not scorched. Mackinnon's was pale, and free from the marks of fire. He was the only man stripped; and no other officer lay on that spot. Perhaps he was stripped by some of our own men, having been killed with the rest between the traverses, and afterwards placed in the position described." In pronouncing the epitaph of this lamented warrior, we may apply the words of Napier, on another and a more sanguinary occasion—"No man died that night with more glory—yet many died and there was much glory." Within two months after the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz was again invested for the third and last time. Again the engineering means were insufficient; but Lord Wellington was reduced to a calculation of hours, and unless he could snatch the fortress away by a given date, from between the two armies threatening to combine for its relief, his great enterprise would inevitably fail. Desperate means were therefore inevitably resorted to. On the 6th of April the breaches were examined and reported practicable. Lord Wellington made a reconnoissance in person, and issued orders for

the assault at ten o'clock that night. The hour originally named was half-past seven, being immediately after dusk, but it was subsequently changed to ten, in consequence of the arrangements being found to require that delay. Doubtless the postponement was inevitable, but it greatly increased the difficulties of the assailants, and added fearfully to the sacrifice of life. The garrison, losing no opportunity or chance up to the last moment, took advantage of the interval between the breaching batteries ceasing to batter, and the commencement of the assault, to cover the front of the breaches with harrows and crow's feet, and to fix a chevaux-de-frise of sword-blades on their summits.* To the third division was assigned the task of escalading the castle. This was first intended as a feint, but the orders implied a positive attack—a diversion rather than the main point from which success was expected. The assault of the castle succeeded by the unequalled perseverance of the third division, and, together with the equally fortunate escalade of the bastion of San Vincente, by General Walker's brigade of the fifth division, decided the fall of Badajoz. The troops who endeavoured to storm the breaches, with similar heroism and devotion, were driven back with frightful loss, and in all probability a renewed attack which was preparing would have been attended with the same result, but for the events that had in the mean time taken place in the other quarters named. The third division on their first onset were led by Kempt, but that general receiving a severe wound

* See Colonel Jones's Sieges in the Peninsula.

as he approached the foot of the castle, and being carried back to the trenches, Picton hastened forward to supply his place. In a letter to Sir W. Napier, written in 1833, and quoted by that accurate authority in his remarks on "Robinson's Life of Picton," Kempt says, "As my brigade only was originally destined for the service, and was to lead the attack, the arrangements for the escalade were in a great measure confided to me by General Picton. The division had to file across a very narrow bridge under a fire from the castle and the troops in the covered way. It was ordered to commence at ten o'clock; but by means of fire-balls the formation of our troops at the head of the trench was discovered by the French, who opened a heavy fire on them, and the attack was commenced *from necessity* nearly half an hour before the time ordered. I was severely wounded in the foot on the glacis, after passing the Rivillas, almost at the commencement of the attack *in the trenches*, and met Picton coming to the front on my being carried to the rear. If the attack had not commenced till the hour ordered, he, I have no doubt, would have been on the spot to direct in person the commencement of the operations. I have no personal knowledge of what took place afterwards, but I was informed that after surmounting the most formidable difficulties, the escalade was effected by means of two ladders only in the first instance, in the middle of the night; and there can be no question that Picton was present at the assault. In giving an account of this operation, pray bear in mind that he commanded the division, and to

him and the enthusiastic valour and determination of the troops ought its success alone to be attributed." The tone of manly disinterestedness in this letter, utterly void of egotism, and doing justice to others with unselfish liberality, is highly characteristic of the gallant inditer, who survived until very lately, full of years and honour, a relic of the heroic deeds in which he participated, and an object of esteem and attachment to all who were acquainted with him.

While Picton was encouraging his men by voice and gesture to mount the ladders, a ball struck him in the groin, a little above his watch. He neither fell nor bled, but, being assisted to the glacis, became faint and almost insensible. He remained in this state for nearly twenty minutes, and the pain having partly subsided, refusing medical aid, he again proceeded to direct the attack. The moment was critical, his soldiers were moving in a mass of their own slain, exposed to an incessant fire, and no ladders had yet been successfully raised. Seeing the situation in which his division was placed, he became uneasy; but the steady determination with which his brave companions exposed themselves to death without a thought of flinching or retreat reassured him. He called out to his men, told them they had never been defeated, and that now was the time to conquer or die. Although not personally loved by the soldiers, he was respected by them. All felt confidence in his skill and daring, while many shrank from his severe discipline. His appeal, as well as his own unshaken front, operated an instantaneous change. After a des-

perate and for some time apparently hopeless struggle, the castle was won. The wound which Picton had received prevented his ascending the ladder with the first who victoriously mounted them, and he was in consequence compelled to remain at the foot of the wall until an entrance was secured. While there he called up the whole of the straggling parties, and poured in a powerful assistance to co-operate with those already in possession. The last effort of the enemy consisted of an attempt to retake the castle, in which they were signally foiled; but the triumph was dearly purchased by the fall of Colonel Ridge of the 5th, than whom a braver soldier never drew sword in a battle-field. Eloquent pens have commemorated the storming of Badajoz, in pages which will be read with astonishment and admiration by our children's children; but the descriptive language of the most powerful writer can scarcely render justice to that magnificent feat of arms, which has few parallels and has never been exceeded by mortal heroism in any age. And here let all due honour be accorded to the enemy and their general, who fought with the most determined courage, and required Titans to subdue them. On the side of the victors, five generals, Picton, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, and Colville were wounded; three hundred and seventy-eight other officers, and nearly five thousand men were placed *hors de combat*. The triumph was great, but dearly purchased. Much of the loss may be attributed to the want of an efficient corps of sappers and miners, which, Lord Wellington, taught by this sad experience, strenuously recom-

mended, and obtained with difficulty, when it was too late.

A few days after the capture of Badajoz, Picton desired one of his aides-de-camp to pay to the survivors of the men who composed the storming party of his division, one guinea each as a testimonial of their general's gratitude. Lord Wellington, in his dispatch, said, "I am particularly obliged to Lieut.-General Picton for the manner in which he arranged the attack of the castle; for that in which he supported the attack, and established his troops in that important post." Lord Liverpool, in the House of Lords, during a debate, on the 27th of April, 1812, observed that "the conduct of General Picton has inspired a confidence in the army, and exhibited an example of science and bravery, which has been surpassed by no other officer. His exertions in the attack on Badajoz on the 6th, cannot fail to excite the most lively feelings of admiration."

Fortune had been niggardly towards Picton in his early career, and for a long subsequent period appeared to frown on all his endeavours; but she now hastened to atone for this long delay, and heaped credit and opportunity on him in rapid profusion. A short segment of little more than three exciting years comprised the time that was yet accorded to him; but within that space he was destined to see and share in many fields of victory, and to place on a high pinnacle the reputation which was at last so brilliantly consummated.

The wound which Picton received at Badajoz impeded for a considerable time his habits of activity; and he

had no sooner recovered from its effects than he was seized by the fever peculiar to the low marshy country of the Guadiana, and became so ill that his life was despaired of. But the iron constitution which had sustained him at Walcheren, enabled him to combat and subdue this insidious enemy. He was for a long time confined in Salamanca, and was thus prevented from being present at the great battle fought in the close vicinity of that city on the 22nd of July, 1812. At his own particular request, the temporary command of the third division had been given by Lord Wellington to Major-General Pakenham. When Picton, at that time unable to rise from his bed, heard that the appointment had taken place, he said to Captain Tyler, his aide-de-camp, "I am glad he has to lead my brave fellows; they will have plenty of their favourite amusement with him at their head." The third division under Pakenham executed the brilliant and daring manœuvre which decided the battle, and utterly scattered the corps of Thomieres, most imprudently ordered by Marmont to make a flank movement on the right of the British army, with the view of cutting them off from the road to Ciudad Rodrigo. As Picton was not in the action, a detailed account of it falls without the scope of his individual biography.

Picton's fever clung to him with such pertinacity that his medical attendants informed him nothing would restore his strength and constitution but a short visit to England, and the Cheltenham waters. Former experience taught him they were right; and though

very reluctant to quit the Peninsula when so many stirring events were in progress, he yielded to necessity, and obtained leave of absence. A few months sufficed to remove all traces of his disorder, and, after a short visit to his friends and relatives in Wales, he was once more ready for active service. Before he left England, in the spring of 1813, to resume his command, the Prince Regent, in the most flattering manner, conferred on him the dignity of a knight of the Bath, with which he was invested at Carlton House on the 1st of February, 1813. At this time, and before the extension of the order, the red ribbon was a distinction limited to a small number, and sparingly given to candidates of the highest pretension. He also received the permanent instead of the *local* rank of lieutenant-general, which, until then, he had exercised in the Peninsula only.

The events of the Russian campaign had so reduced the numbers of the French armies in Spain that they were no longer able to keep possession of the country; accordingly they concentrated their forces, gave up the capital, and retired behind the Ebro, laden with everything they could possibly carry away in the shape of plunder and spoliation. Lord Wellington pursued rapidly from the frontiers of Portugal, and brought them to a stand in front of Vittoria, when, on the 21st of June, 1813, he scattered them like a flock of sheep, after a battle in which they fought with despair, were badly generalled, and had no chance from beginning to end. Such a complete rout has seldom been witnessed, and the defeated ran so fast, that, although they left

every incumbrance behind them, they escaped with a numerical loss so comparatively small, that it can only be accounted for by the speed with which they effected their escape. In this splendid victory, Picton and the third division, as usual, performed a conspicuous part. During the heat of the action, and after remaining so long motionless that the general and his brave companions were becoming impatient, almost to the point of disobedience of orders, they were directed to make an oblique rush across the enemy's position, and the front of both armies; and, exposed to the fire of fifty pieces of artillery, to seize the heights of Arinez, a commanding point in the centre, the possession of which went far to decide the fate of the day. Nothing could be more brilliant than the manœuvre, and the manner in which it was executed. Some of Picton's friends have injuriously demanded for him the originating idea as well as the promptitude which rendered it effective. The merit of the conception lies with the Duke of Wellington, on his own expressed declaration to that effect. Picton never claimed it; it was enough for him to embody the idea which a greater genius suggested, and of which he saw at once the value and the manner of proving it. The movement might have been pronounced rash and ill-advised if it had failed, but, crowned as it was with complete success, will always be quoted as an evidence of quick perception and executive ability. As Napier remarks justly, "these sudden movements cannot be judged by rules; they are good or bad according to the result." In a letter to his friend Colonel Pleydel,

Picton says, "The third division *was ordered* to force the passage of the river (Zadorra) and carry the heights in the centre, which service was executed with so much rapidity, that we got possession of the commanding ground before the enemy were aware of our intentions." There is nothing here which looks like an assumption on his part of taking responsibility into his own hands, and wielding the dictatorship which belonged to another. The loss sustained by the third division amounted to eighteen hundred in killed and wounded, out of an aggregate of between five and six thousand sustained by the entire army. We must recollect that the forces engaged on both sides doubled those at Salamanca, and quadrupled the combined hosts on the sanguinary field of Albuera. When the battle was lost beyond retrieving, the French made a last desperate stand on a height within a mile of Vittoria, but were driven headlong from it by a combined attack of the third and fourth divisions. Able writers have said that there was a crisis lost in this action, when, if a body of cavalry had been opportunely launched against the disorganised columns of the enemy, many thousand prisoners might have been taken, and the whole business would have been more speedily settled. It may be so; but it is much easier to criticise a great battle than to direct one; and a very different task to act the part of a general long after the event, in a study and on a table covered with maps and plans, than to perform the same character on an actual field, so extensive that one pair of eyes cannot take in all that occurs on the instant, and reports

from distant points are often so conflicting that no judgment can act upon them with unerring certitude.

After the reverse of Vittoria, the French Emperor made every effort in his power to retrieve the ground he had lost. While he had Soult in reserve he considered that he had still a chance, and that renowned marshal being appointed to the command, made bold efforts to vindicate his own reputation, and restore the cause of his master. Had all his lieutenants served him with as much skill and loyalty, the abdication of Fontainebleau, the return from Elba, and the reign of one hundred days, terminated by Waterloo, might have been indefinitely postponed, or erased altogether from the pages of history. When Soult made his first rush through the passes of Maya and Roncesvalles, the English advanced divisions retired, fighting and disputing every inch of ground, until, in the Pyrenees, and in front of Pampeluna, they concentrated, turned back the tide, and for the last time resumed the offensive, which they never more resigned until they had driven the enemy beyond the walls of Toulouse. During all the operations preceding the battle of Sorauren, Picton manœuvred his division with consummate skill. In the action itself they were posted on the right, with instructions to turn the left of the enemy, and bore their full share in a combat of remarkable obstinacy and close fighting—so close that Lord Wellington himself designated it by the homely but impressive term of "bludgeon work."

After the repulse of Soult's attack the English leader determined to reduce St. Sebastian and Pampeluna as

secure bases, before he undertook further operations in advance. Picton's division, with other portions of the allied army, was left to cover the blockade of the latter place against any further attempt which the French marshal might venture for its relief. Renewed hostilities in the field before the spring appeared very uncertain. Picton had not yet taken his seat in the House of Commons for the borough to which he had been elected, and was desirous of doing so while there was an opportunity. He, therefore, obtained leave of absence for a short time. On the 11th of November he made his first appearance in the hall of legislature, and personally received the thanks of the house through the mouth of the speaker, for his conduct at Vittoria and in the Pyrenees. In his answer he spoke with diffidence and hesitation. An eye-witness who stood near him reports, that although he did not actually tremble, the intrepid soldier, who had so often braved death in many shapes, was evidently unmanned in such a novel and embarrassing situation. Picton greatly appreciated this honour, which was repeated on a subsequent occasion. Soldiers of the most undaunted courage in their profession, are accessible to emotions of terror on what many consider commonplace exhibitions, which a mixed assembly of civilians will look on without much excitement or apprehension. It has been recorded of Picton that he went to witness the feat of the celebrated vaulter Ireland throwing a somerset over a dozen grenadiers standing at "present arms" with fixed bayonets; but when he saw the men placed, he trembled like a leaf,

and kept his head down whilst Ireland jumped; nor did he move again until he had first asked, "Has he done it?" When assured that he had, he looked up, his face suffused with perspiration, and said, "A battle is nothing to that." We have heard an anecdote something similar to this of the late Lord Lynedoch (Sir Thomas Graham), another Peninsular hero, as undaunted as a lion. He happened to be in the boxes at Covent Garden Theatre when Madame Saqui ascended from the stage to the upper gallery, and went back again, on a slender rope. When it was over, he said, "I thought I had tolerably good nerves, but I never was so frightened in my life; I would not have been in the pit for a thousand pounds."

Picton hearing that his division had during his absence won laurels at the passage of the Nivelle, hastened to rejoin them, and arrived at St. Jean de Luz on the 26th of December, 1813. While at home he had been offered the command of the army operating in Catalonia on the south-east coast of Spain; but he declined giving any definite answer on the subject until he had an opportunity of consulting with Lord Wellington. This he did as soon as possible after his landing; and frankly asked his great leader whether he considered his acceptance of the offered post was likely to be conducive to his honour and reputation. Lord Wellington replied with equal candour, that he did not think it was, as no important blow was intended to be struck there, and no great means would be appropriated for that service. On this he agreed to retain his old divi-

sion, and gave up the opportunity of showing what he could do when in an independent command. Perhaps he decided wisely for his own credit, but the public service would have benefited by the substitution of a general of his mark and experience, in place of the small men who had hitherto misdirected affairs in that quarter. General Maitland (not King Tom of Ionian celebrity), Sir John Murray, Lord William Bentinck, and General William Clinton, had successively held sway against the able and enterprising Suchet, one of the most renowned of the French marshals, and the only one who, in the vicissitudes of the Peninsular war, had never measured himself against Wellington. Undoubtedly it was well for his own reputation that fortune never tempted him by throwing this chance in his way. Of the British quadrumvirate named above, the first was inexperienced in command, the second unquestionably incompetent, while the two latter cannot claim to rank above persevering mediocrity. They conducted a heterogeneous and ill-organised host, the component parts of which mixed badly together, and had no mutual confidence. But Picton, in many respects, was precisely the person who might have made them amalgamate, while he changed the current of disasters and disgrace which had marked their proceedings with unenviable notoriety. Many who served there in subordinate capacities have thought and demonstrated that an able commander would have made profitable use of opportunities which offered and slipped by because there was no head capable of grappling with

them as they arose. The surprise of Ordal has been unsparingly and exclusively visited on Sir Frederic Adam. We have no desire to excuse his bad generalship, but surely the censure ought to be shared with his superior, who placed a detachment, ten miles in advance of his main body, without connecting posts, and in presence of an enemy like Suchet, at the head of an army superior to his own in numbers, and incalculably better in composition and discipline.

The passage of the Nivelle was the only attack of importance in which the third division had been engaged during Picton's absence. At the commencement of the winter, the severe weather and impassable roads impeded field operations, but towards the middle of December, Lord Wellington, having reposed his forces for a short interval in cantonments, once more began to press the enemy. Several actions took place, but it was not until the battle of Orthes, fought on the 27th of February, 1814, that Picton appeared again prominently on the scene. This proved one of the best contested and most decisive affairs in which the opposing forces had been engaged. The third division, supported by the sixth, were stationed towards the centre and right of the British line, and directed against the opposing centre and left of Soult. The French marshal was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks, but he defended himself with skill and obstinacy, and at one time gained temporary advantages, which filled him with exultation. But Wellington suddenly changed his plan of battle, and wrested from his ad-

versary a complete victory. The loss of the third division amounted to eight hundred, something more than a third of the whole. For two hours they were exposed to a continued and severe cannonade without the power of effective retaliation. Picton's acting aide-de-camp, Captain Parker, of the engineers, was killed close to his side by a cannon-shot, while receiving orders. It was computed that the enemy had forty thousand men in position, while the British did not employ more than twenty-three thousand in the actual combat.

After Orthes, came Toulouse, then the unfortunate sortie from Bayonne, and the war was over. In the movements which immediately preceded the battle of Toulouse, Picton thought that Soult betrayed a degree of hesitation and lack of consummate generalship which accorded ill with the common impression of his great abilities for war, and the many instances in which he had proved them. This opinion he expressed in subsequent conversations, and added, that he supposed the anticipated downfal of his master had produced a corresponding depression in his own confidence. Let justice be done to a gallant enemy. He fought all along against hope, with newly levied conscripts opposed to the victors of twelve campaigns, and with an untiring constancy which few but himself could have maintained so long. At Toulouse, Picton, with the third division, was ordered to make a false attack on the bridge of Jumeaux, on the north side of the city, to occupy the attention of the enemy; but he was particularly enjoined not to press his division too forward into

the fight, or on any account to convert his simulated assault into a real one. The Spaniards, under Freyre, on his left, were completely broken, and ran away, to use plain language, so rapidly, and in such headlong flight and terror, that Lord Wellington is said to have expressed a doubt whether the Pyrenees would bring them up again. Seeing this, Picton supposed that the battle in that quarter was lost, and thinking to retrieve it, and create a powerful diversion, regardless of his orders to the contrary, rushed on fiercely to carry the lines, defending the bridge and canal. The works proved too high to be forced without ladders. He was received with such a concentrated fire of musketry and artillery, that, for once, even the third division was foiled, and after many brave men had fallen, compelled to retreat. This false movement, as it proved, encouraged the enemy, and added much to the difficulties of the English commander-in-chief. It has been severely criticised and condemned by able military writers, and was undoubtedly the act of a daring rather than a prudent general; and not having been crowned with success, little can be said in its defence beyond the intention and the gallantry. Had the result been fortunate, the battle would have been more speedily decided.* The loss of lives at Toulouse was the more to be deplored, as the battle was fought after peace had been concluded in Paris.

* In a letter to Sir John Hope (quoted in the Wellington Despatches), Lord Wellington says, "the 3rd division suffered a good deal in an attack intended to be a false one, but which was pushed too forward."

On the conclusion of the war, the army was rapidly broken up, and embarked for England from Bordeaux as soon as arrangements could be made. The cavalry marched through France to some of the more northern ports. Never were returning warriors more heartily and more deservedly welcomed by the cheers of their countrymen. Then followed mourning and monuments for the dead, with promotion and rewards for the survivors. These latter in some instances were regulated more by interest than superior claims. General officers were advanced to the peerage, while others, with at least equal pretensions, received only the Grand Cross of the Bath, on the extension of the order. It was thought by Picton's friends, and perhaps by himself, that he was well entitled to the highest honours that were conferred on any. When asked why his name was omitted in the new creation of peers, he replied with bitterness, "If a coronet were lying on the crest of a breach, I should have as good a chance as the best of them." Observations on this subject appeared in the public papers, and reasons were assigned which scarcely vindicated the government. Picton was, however, in some degree consoled by a gratifying testimonial from the officers of his division, who subscribed a large sum to present him with a service of plate. It is but just to remark that the officers of the 88th, as a body, refused to join in this mark of respect. There was an old grudge between them and their general. Although ever ready to do justice to their rare qualities for fighting, he had on many occasions severely reprehended

their aberrations from discipline. They thought he had treated them unjustly, and acted on this conviction.

Sir Thomas Picton, at the peace, retired to his seat of Iscoed, near Carmarthen, in South Wales, and determined to pass the remainder of his days in rural retirement. He had reaped as much glory as seemed destined for him, and considered that he had served enough. He was a bachelor, never having married; but he possessed attached relatives and many friends, with whom he proposed and expected to enjoy the decline of life in social intercourse. The unexpected return of Napoleon from Elba dissipated these plans, and immediately on the renewal of hostilities, Sir Thomas Picton received notice from the War Office that his services were required in the army then hastily forming in the Low Countries, under the supreme command of the Duke of Wellington. At first he hesitated; and it has been said that the Duke himself had no desire for his assistance, not either liking him in consequence of his rugged temper, or thinking highly of his abilities, and that Picton declared he would not go unless personally requested by his former leader. This appears to be quite contrary to the fact. Picton, before he made up his mind to enter once more on active employment, required the assurance that he should be employed under the Duke and no other general officer of superior rank to himself. This correspondence occasioned the delay, and, being arranged, he made his preparations with all possible despatch, and was soon on his way to the continent. The question of there having been any cool-

ness or misunderstanding between Picton and the Duke of Wellington during the many campaigns in which they served together in the Peninsula, is conclusively settled by the following communication from the latter to Mr. Robinson, written in reply to that gentleman, and inserted at the close of his Life of Picton:—

"*To H. B. Robinson, Esq.*

"London, August 28th, 1835.

"Dear Sir,—I have received your letter, and I have the greatest satisfaction in giving you the assurance, that not only I was not on bad terms with the late Sir Thomas Picton, but that in the whole course of the period during which I was in relation with him, I do not recollect even a difference of opinion, much less any thing of the nature of a quarrel. My first acquaintance with Sir Thomas Picton was when he joined the army in the Peninsula as a general officer on the staff. I had solicited his appointment, because I entertained a high opinion of his talents and qualities from the report which I had received of both from the late General Miranda, who had known him in the West Indies. I never had any reason to regret, on the contrary, I had numberless reasons to rejoice, that I had solicited his appointment. It was made at a moment when an unmerited prejudice existed against Sir Thomas Picton, the recollection of which was effaced by his services.

"I afterwards solicited his appointment to the staff of the army in Flanders, than which I cannot give a

stronger proof, not only of my sense of his merits and former services, but likewise that I never was otherwise than on the best terms with him. The country was deprived of his valuable services on a glorious field of battle in a short time after he joined the army, and there was no individual in that army, or in England, who lamented his loss more sincerely than I did.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

Picton had a presentiment that the campaign to which he was summoned would be his last. He expressed this feeling to his friends, and arranged all his affairs with the anxiety of one who felt that he was approaching his end. There was nothing extraordinary in the latter proceeding. A soldier, subject to the casualties of war, knows not at what moment he may be cut off, and naturally divests his mind of worldly settlements, if he has worldly goods to leave behind him. To one dear associate he said, "When you hear of my death, you will hear of a bloody day;" to another, "If we never meet again, you will at all events *hear* of me." But his firm courage never forsook him under the evil forebodings, and he even jested on what he expected would be his fate. A few days before his departure from his country residence, he happened to be walking through a churchyard with Sir John and Lady — —, when they came across a newly excavated grave, and stopped to look down on it. Picton observed

that it was very neatly dug, and added, "Why, I think this would do for me;" at the same time he jumped in and laid himself at full length along the bottom, concluding with the remark that it was an exact fit. On the 11th of June he left London; and on that day a dinner was given to him at the Fountain Hotel in Canterbury, as a mark of respect and admiration by some of the inhabitants. It was remarked that he was unusually cheerful and unconstrained in manner. On that day fortnight his lifeless remains lay in that very room, in progress to their final resting-place. He reached Brussels on the evening of the 15th, and before break of day on the ensuing morn was on his way to Quatre Bras with the 5th division, consisting of nearly seven thousand men, constituting the first British troops that arrived upon the field. For hours they bore the brunt of a furious battle against superior numbers, and, although surrounded, beat off the enemy in front and rear with alternate charges, wherever they were assailed. Sir Thomas Picton was exposed to great personal danger throughout this severe day, and at its close observed to his aide-de-camp, that he never had had such a hard day's fighting, and began to think that, after having survived that, he should never be killed. On the night of the 16th, the English army slept on the ground they had so resolutely maintained, and on the 17th retreated to the position of Waterloo, to keep up the communication with Blucher, who, having been very roughly handled at Ligny, had fallen back for many miles on the left. The night of

the 17th was tempestuous; and in a small cottage in the village of Waterloo, Picton on that night slept his last earthly sleep, and was in the field by daylight. On the memorable 18th of June, the battle began a little before twelve. The two armies had scarcely been engaged an hour, when, placing himself at the head of Pack's brigade, he led a decisive charge, which scattered the columns of the enemy; and, in the Duke of Wellington's own words, in his despatch, foiled one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy upon the British position. The fifth division numbered more than five thousand men when this struggle commenced. At its close they scarcely reckoned eighteen hundred. They were victors, but the triumph was a costly one. A ball struck Picton on the temple, and he fell back on his horse, dead. Captain Tyler, his aide-de-camp, ran to the assistance of his general; but human help was unavailing. With the aid of a soldier, he placed the body beneath a tree, so that he might recognise it when the fight was over, and rode forward to report to Sir James Kempt the loss which the army had sustained. Evening fell and the victorious English halted, leaving the pursuit to their Prussian allies. Captain Tyler then sought out the body of his friend and commander, and found it easily. The ball had passed through the brain, and must have produced instant dissolution. After this, meeting with some resistance, it glanced downwards, and was found just under the skin near the articulation of the lower jaw. It was then for the first time discovered that he had been wounded at

Quatre Bras. A musket-shot had broken two of his ribs; but expecting a severe and more decisive battle in a day or two, he concealed the hurt lest he should be solicited to absent himself on the more momentous occasion. With the assistance of an old servant whom he enjoined to secrecy, he bound up the wound, and pursued his arduous duties as if nothing had happened. It was supposed that the state of this hurt, from neglect, would, of itself, have produced a fatal result. In alluding to the circumstances of his death, General Gascoigne said in the House of Commons, on the night of the 29th of June, "In the battle of Quatre Bras, on the 16th, Sir Thomas Picton had been dangerously wounded. From the moment that he had left this country until he joined the army, he had never entered any bed; he had scarcely given himself time to take any refreshment, so eager was he in the performance of his duty. After the severe wound which he had received, he would have been justified in not engaging in the battle of the 18th. His body was not only blackened by it, but even swelled to a considerable degree: those who had seen it wondered that he should have been able to take part in the duties of the field. He had afterwards fallen gloriously at the head of his division, maintaining a position, which if it had not been kept, would have altered the fate of the day, and its issue might have been different from that which now occasioned such well-founded rejoicings."

The body of Sir Thomas Picton was conveyed to Brussels, thence to England, and finally interred in the

family vault in the burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square, situated in the Bayswater Road, at a short distance from the end of Oxford Street. A national monument to his memory, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, bears the following inscription:—

Erected at the public expense,
To Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B.,
Who after distinguishing himself in the victories of
Busaco, Fuentes de Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos,
Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse,
Terminated his long and glorious military services
In the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo,
To the splendid success of which
His GENIUS and VALOUR eminently contributed,
On the XVIII. of June, MDCCCXV.

The design of the monument is allegorical. Genius, personified as a youth with wings, leans on the shoulder of an ancient warrior, arrayed in classical panoply, and intended to represent Valour. He is in the act of recovering a wreath of laurel from the hands of Victory. Behind this group is a pillar surmounted with a bust of the deceased general, which would have answered as well for any one else. On the pillar are introduced the insignia of the orders of the Bath and the Portuguese Tower and Sword. This monument cost three thousand guineas. Neither the sculptor nor the writer of the inscription have been inspired by the subject.

A triumphal pillar was also erected by subscription at Carmarthen, to commemorate the services of this distinguished soldier. To this tribute King George the Fourth contributed the sum of one hundred guineas.

Sir Thomas Picton was tall in figure; his stature exceeded six feet. His person was robust and athletic; his natural aspect stern and saturnine. His feelings were quick and warm, and his manner abrupt and perhaps severe. He was a great lover of truth, detested prevarication, and respected all who spoke out openly and practised plain dealing. He was himself free of speech, and not very punctilious or guarded in the delivery of his opinions. Thus he sometimes made enemies, and acquired ill-repute from hasty speeches which on cool reflection he wished unsaid. He has been accused of neglecting the interests of his officers, and of being careless of their promotion; but it is more easy of proof that his applications in their favour were passed over by the higher authorities to whom they were referred. He was liberal to an extreme, and his purse was open to all who came with a tale of distress. Authentic instances are on record of his generous actions towards the widows of officers who fell under his command. The persecution to which he had been long subjected operated a change upon his natural disposition, and rendered him morose and dissatisfied, feelings still further fomented by what he considered the scanty reward of his exertions. He has been called, perhaps not unjustly, "harsh and rigid in command;" and many anecdotes have been disseminated illustrative of his unbending temperament and caustic severity. The following will bear repetition, although often told before. Its authenticity has been questioned,

but it looks so like the truth that it would be almost a pity to suppose it could be an ingenious fabrication.

During one of the long marches in the Peninsula, when provisions were scarce, a young and very self-important commissary had been ordered to have rations ready for the third division at a given place by a specified time. Through some mismanagement, this functionary either forgot or was unable to fulfil his engagement, and the weary soldiers saw nothing before them but a most unwelcome banyan day, after a lengthened fast and a toilsome journey. The neglect being reported to General Picton, he forthwith sent for the commissary, who liked not his aspect, and quaked in the awful presence. "Where, Sir," said he, "are the rations for my division?" The commissary stammered that they were not forthcoming. Picton led him to the door, and pointing, said, "Do you see that tree?" "Yes, Sir," was the half-articulated reply. "Then, Sir," continued Picton, "if you don't get the rations for my division at the place mentioned by four o'clock, I will hang you up there at half-past." He was then released, when he proceeded forthwith to Lord Wellington, and told him with vehement indignation of General Picton's threat. "Ah!" said his Lordship, "did he go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?" "Yes, my Lord." "Well, if General Picton said so, I have no doubt he will keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time." Further advice was unnecessary. The rations were there to the moment. The man who threatened to flog Lord Wellington's butler

for impeding his line of march with some sumpter mules, was certainly not likely to be very ceremonious with a defaulting commissary.

The following *pendant* to the hanging anecdote was related to the author of this memoir by a party present at the conversation to which it refers. Shortly after Commissary-General —— arrived at Barbadoes to take charge of that department, there was a dinner-party at the commander of the garrison's house. Amongst the guests were Major H——, a Swiss by birth, and deputy Commissary-General V——, a fellow-countryman of the Major's. Between these two worthy compatriots a sparring ensued after dinner, the Major, according to "the custom of war in like cases," finding fault with the commissariat generally; which attack the champion of supply then present indignantly repelled. "By the by, V——," said the Major, "was not your friend —— the commissary Picton threatened to hang in the Peninsula?" This direct shot between wind and water rather confounded V—— for the moment, but recovering himself he replied, "If Sir Thomas Picton had done such a thing he would have heard of it." "Yes," retorted the Major, "the Horse Guards would have written a letter official to Picton, to tell him to take care how he hanged another commissary."*

* It seems rather curious that, after an interval of more than forty years, a controversy, and almost a competition, should have arisen, both in parliament and in the papers, as to who was the real subject of Picton's wrath. Three candidates have been named, but the question remains still "*sub judice*."

Picton was never much given to sacrifice to the grace Except on gala days his costume was what is readil understood by the term "seedy." The officers of h family, either from similitude of taste or as in duty boun fell in with the same humour; and these, coupled wit the abrupt temper of their leader, obtained for the collectively (with the wags of the Peninsula) the sobr quet of "the bear and ragged staff."

In enumerating Sir Thomas Picton's services, it right to observe that it has been said on good authorit that he was once employed as a marine, troops beir formerly often called upon to act as such in men-c war. In that capacity he is supposed to have be present in one of the great naval victories. It has al been stated that he was "prone to disobedience." might be so, but the disposition more frequently evinc itself in exceeding than in falling short of his instru tions. Take him for all in all, he was a first-rate e ecutive soldier, and will ever be so considered. T writer of these remarks had no personal acquaintan with Sir Thomas Picton, but he admired his charact respected his ability, and, being then in the first flu of enthusiastic youth, at the request of a dear frien wrote the subjoined lines on his death, which were serted a few days after in the "Bath Herald."

1.

Rous'd from a transient dream of calm repose,
Britannia rear'd again her warlike shield,
And bar'd her ready sword, from vanquish'd foes
To snatch the laurels of th' ensanguin'd field.

2.

Firm was each heart in that eventful hour,
Mark'd out by fate the contest to decide ;
One mighty effort broke the despot's power,
And shouts of triumph ring from ev'ry side.

3.

Yet purest gold is mingled with alloy,
Life's brightest scenes are clouded oft by care ;
Then hush'd be ev'ry boist'rous sound of joy,
For many a hero's fall demands the tear.

4.

Mark the black scroll enrich'd with PICTON'S name,
Who turn'd the tide of many a doubtful day,
Here doom'd to close his register of fame,
He died the warrior's death — in battle-fray.

5.

Cold is the heart which purest honour warm'd,
Which beat responsive 'mid the battle's roar;
Unnerv'd his arm, its last great act perform'd,
And clos'd his eyes, alas ! to wake no more.

6.

Let cypress wreaths entwine the laurell'd hearse
Which bears thee to the mansions of the brave ;
There shall our sons thy gallant deeds rehearse,
And emulation kindle o'er thy grave.

7.

What though some secret cause withheld the meed,
Which worth like thine from royal favour claims,
A nobler recompense, by fate decreed,
A tribute more sincere each tongue proclaims.

8.

The glittering star, the pomp of rank and place,
Are vain distinctions, lasting but a day;
Time can destroy the sculptur'd marble's grace,
And monumental honours soon decay.

9.

But shrin'd in England's heart thy fame shall live,
Still gathering lustre from increasing age,
And join'd to all the warmest praise can give,
Thy name shall grace th' historian's fairest page.*

* It will be observed that the word *fate* occurs twice in these few lines. To prevent mistakes I take this opportunity of remarking, with all deference, that by *fate* I distinctly mean *providence*, and that I am thoroughly convinced providence regulates everything. I deliver this confession of faith, as better and wiser men have ere now been accused of loose notions on this all-important subject on quite as slender a foundation. A similar use of this word was one of the heaviest charges brought by the Scottish Synod against Home, the author of "Douglas."

No. IX.

LORD LYNEDOCH.

" O hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has wak'd the battle-swell ;
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding where the Roman rampart fell ! —
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of GRÆME ! "

SCOTT's *Vision of Don Roderick.*

GENERAL LORD LYNEDOCH, G.C.B., R.T.S., K.St.F.

Born 1750. — Died Dec. 18th, 1843.

MANY of the brave lieutenants of Wellington, who shared in the glories of the Peninsula, and were fortunate enough to escape the accidents of battle, climate, and disease, lived (with their leader) to a ripe and happy old age, in the esteem of their countrymen, and the enjoyment of their well-won honours. Lord Lynedoch, who holds a foremost place with his military brethren in renown, surpassed them all in longevity, seeing that he reached his ninety-third year, with unclouded faculties, and fewer bodily ailments than declining mortality is usually doomed to bear. With the exception of a complaint in the eyes, originating in ophthalmia, and which ended in almost total blindness, his health and strength were astonishingly preserved. Systematic temperance, active habits, and the unremitting exercise of field sports, had so braced a good constitution, that even after he had passed the term assigned by the Psalmist for the ordinary duration of human life, he was known to travel by the mail, from London to his residence in Perthshire (a distance of more than four hundred and fifty miles), without intermediate rest, and to lead the field in a fox-chase or a coursing-match, within two or three hours after his arrival. This occurred, not once or

twice on insulated occasions, but so repeatedly as to be considered his practice. Our young Nimrods of the present day would stare a little if called upon to give similar proofs of their devotion to the "noble art of venerie," and perhaps would be tempted, after a first experiment, to agree with Lord Chesterfield, who, when asked how he enjoyed a hunt into which he had been seduced, replied, "Very much indeed; but I wonder if any one ever hunted twice."

There was also another distinctive peculiarity in the history of this "daring old man," as Napoleon, in one of his conversations at St. Helena, appropriately designated him. He was not only, in years, the father of the noble band of generals who gained their laurels in the Spanish campaigns of Wellington, but he was the only one amongst them who had not been a soldier from his youth upwards, and regularly trained to the profession of arms. A domestic bereavement forced him, at forty-three, to assume, for the first time, the uniform which he wore thenceforward to the close of a patriarchal life, with so much grace and distinction. This total abandonment of early habits, and utter revulsion of pursuits, arising, as it did, from sundered affection, imparted almost a romantic character to the remaining portion of his lengthened career.

Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, born in 1750, at the ancestral mansion of his family, in Scotland, was the third son of Thomas Graham, Esq., of Balgowan, in Perthshire, the representative of a line as ancient and illustrious as any which the northern kingdom

can boast. "It is seldom," says Sir Walter Scott, "that one race can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of the latest descendant in support of its ancient renown."* His Lordship's mother was Lady Christian Hope, sixth daughter of Charles, the first Earl of Hopetoun. Neither of his elder brothers lived beyond early childhood, and his father dying, on the 16th of December, 1766, he succeeded to the patrimonial estates before he had completed his sixteenth year.

On the 26th of December, 1774, he married the Honourable Mary Cathcart, second daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, with whom he enjoyed a union of uninterrupted happiness for more than seventeen years. The marriage was one of exclusive attachment on both sides, formed in the ardour of youth and the strong sympathy of congenial taste; but on the 26th of June, 1792, it was rudely broken by the death of Mrs. Graham, which sad event left the subject of our memoir, a childless widower, alone in the world, with his household gods shivered round him, and a wound in his heart which neither time, philosophy, nor resignation seemed likely to heal. This calamity so afflicted him and injured his health, that, to relieve both body and mind, he was recommended to travel,—a solace which he gladly embraced and put in practice as soon as possible. The ordinary route of the Continent was shut closely up by the revolutionary war, which had just then burst out with bitter virulence, and

* Note on the battle of Barossa, in the "Vision of Don Roderick."

beyond our own colonies there were few places where a British subject would be either safe or welcome. Mr. Graham accordingly repaired to Gibraltar, and in the society of the officers of that garrison, during a sojourn of some months, he began to conceive a taste for the life of a soldier, and to train his thoughts to the study of the military profession. He had no time to lose, and he determined to embrace the earliest opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge. In 1793, the royalists of Toulon invited the English to assist them in holding that important port and arsenal against the revolutionary government. The Admiral, Lord Hood, took possession of the place in the month of August, and in the early part of September, Lord Mulgrave arrived with a small force of British troops destined to form the garrison. Mr. Graham accompanied them as a volunteer, and soon began to render himself conspicuous by his courage, activity, and intelligence. Those innate soldierlike qualities, which had lain dormant for want of exercise, burst forth with meridian splendour during his first noviciate. The practice at Toulon was sharp but short, for on the 18th and 19th of December the English were compelled to evacuate that fortress. Mr. Graham returned home, and determined to raise a regiment of two battalions, principally on his own estates and from his private resources. But his fortune was ample, and he had no heavy family claims to render economy imperative. Of this regiment, numbered as the 90th, and subsequently much distinguished in Egypt, he obtained the command, with the temporary

rank of colonel. While serving at Toulon, he had formed an intimacy with Captain (afterwards Lord) Hill, and conceiving a strong desire to attach him to his own corps, offered him the majority on his raising a certain number of men. This proposal Captain Hill at once acceded to, and in a short time purchased the lieutenant-colonelcy. In the autumn of 1795, the 90th were ordered to Gibraltar, and Colonel Graham accompanied them, but the duties of that garrison embracing no opportunity of service beyond the ordinary routine, he obtained permission to join the Austrian army in the north of Italy in 1796, and arrived in time to witness the memorable campaigns which established the rising fame and fortune, and paved the way to the future throne, of the young artillery officer whom he had already encountered at the siege of Toulon.

Throughout the summer, Colonel Graham moved with the different Austrian armies without any fixed appointment, but he principally attached himself to the headquarters of Marshal Wurmser; and before many months had elapsed he found himself enclosed with that ill-starred commander in the beleaguered fortress of Mantua. In the field operations before the siege and during its continuance, his signal valour won for him the loudly expressed admiration of the whole army, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a foreign name, and the absence of all distinction beyond that of a simple volunteer. Wurmser made one of the most gallant and protracted defences which modern history celebrates, but after the utter defeat and dispersion of Alvinzi's and

Provera's relieving corps, first at Arcola in November, 1796, and afterwards at Rivoli, in January, 1797, it became evident that the ultimate surrender of Mantua was reduced to a question of days. Colonel Graham, though full of military ardour, had no desire to cool it in a French prison; he therefore determined to attempt an escape while there was yet time and opportunity, and contrived to effect his purpose with equal boldness and good fortune. Disdaining all disguise or subterfuge, at broad daylight and in military garb, he succeeded in passing through the French lines, escaped their advanced picquets, and having crossed the river, reached the Austrian camp in safety after a most perilous journey. His arrival brought the final intelligence of the extremity to which the brave Wurmser and his garrison were reduced, and prepared the Austrian generals for the capitulation which soon after followed.

In 1798 and 1799, Colonel Graham, having made a character for himself, was employed on several special services by his own government in various parts of the Mediterranean; and in the course of the latter year received the local rank of brigadier-general, with the command of a small detachment of troops destined in the first instance to be stationed at Messina for the protection of Sicily. The blockade of Malta was then in full vigour, and Lord Nelson, who strained every nerve to bring it to a conclusion, and to obtain military co-operation, urgently besought Colonel Graham to come with his small garrison, or some portion of it, to their aid. The King of Naples also added his entreaties, and the

general's own disposition strongly prompted him to comply. The proposals were tempting, but however ardent his desire for active service and distinction, he hesitated to use his own discretion, or to quit his assigned post, without superior authority. His immediate commander-in-chief — Sir James St. Clair Erskine — writing to Lord Nelson, from Minorca, on the 31st of October, 1799, says: "The probability of General Fox being able to form and detach such a corps as may be adequate to undertake the siege of Malta, becomes now much more doubtful; a few days, however, must clear up all these points. I find that the Marquis de Niza, Captain Ball, and General Acton, have all written to try to induce Colonel Graham to embark with a part of his corps for Malta: in answer to which he has acted in strict obedience to his instructions, and, in my opinion, with the most perfect propriety; for no officer would have been justified, even if left to his discretion, in forming a project for besieging five thousand men, and in entering on active operations, with a corps of five hundred only. I mention this, because I collect from Graham's letter that the last application was pressed, even after his answer that he could not take any step without orders from Minorca."

A few weeks later, the government determined to allow a limited body of troops to co-operate in the reduction of Malta, yielding, at last and reluctantly, to Lord Nelson's anxious entreaties. General Graham accordingly proceeded from Messina on that service, having under his command the 30th and 89th regiments,

and some Sicilian levies embodied under his immediate direction. With this small force he landed on the 10th of December, 1799. "Now," exclaimed Lord Nelson triumphantly in a letter to General Fox, "we shall be able to hold our own, until a sufficient force can be collected to attack Valetta." The Maltese, it must be observed, had long before this, risen against the French, and assisted, as well as they could, the operations of the English naval commanders. General Graham's detachment in Malta was so scantily supplied with money, the great sinew of war, that Lord Nelson absolutely offered to pledge his Sicilian estate of Bronté for twelve thousand ounces, or to sell it altogether, to meet their necessities. Then the Maltese, swarming like bees in the most populous area of a given size in Europe (something above one thousand to the square mile) began to suffer from famine, and the difficulties increased in every direction. It was thought at one time that the troops would have to re-embark, and that the enterprise must have been abandoned altogether. At this date (January 15th, 1800) General Fox had seven thousand good troops lying idle at Minorca, but he dared not detach a man unless by orders from England, and such orders never arrived.

Lord Nelson resigned his command and went home overland from Leghorn on sick leave, in the month of July, 1800; the government then pursued their own dilatory but safe measures for the reduction of Malta, relieved from his energetic remonstrances. General Graham continued to superintend the blockade by land,

with all the activity and effect which the limited means at his disposal enabled him to employ. In August, Major-general Pigot arrived with reinforcements and superseded him. Provisions becoming very scarce on the side of the French, on the 24th of August two frigates sailed out of the harbour with a part of the garrison on board, and one of them soon became a prize to the English cruisers. Vaubois, the governor, alarmed at the increasing difficulties of his situation, and seeing no prospect of relief, called a council of war, in which it was determined that as nothing but bread remained for the support of the garrison, and supplies were not to be expected, no disgrace could be incurred by a surrender. A capitulation was signed on the 5th of September, allowing the conveyance of the French troops in garrison, as prisoners of war to Marseilles, and providing for the protection and security of the inhabitants of all descriptions. Thus, after a blockade of two years, the English obtained possession of an island small in extent, but of infinite importance; with a spacious harbour, fortifications almost impregnable, a situation not to be surpassed, and the command of the Mediterranean either for the purposes of peace or war. At the subsequent treaty of Amiens in 1801, it was stipulated that the island should be restored to the Knights, who had sadly degenerated from their mediæval renown; but the English government contrived to evade the fulfilment of this article, and thereby furnished a pretext (it was only a pretext) for the re-commencement of the sanguinary struggle for supremacy in 1803.

General Pigot in his despatches, attributed no exclusive credit to himself for the surrender of Malta, but rendered full justice to the previous exertions and judicious measures of Brigadier General Graham. After the successful termination of his service, the brigadier returned to England, and was much gratified by receiving intelligence that his own regiment, the 90th, under the leading of Colonel Hill, had covered itself with glory on the sandy plains of Alexandria. At the peace, this fine corps was threatened with reduction, but the turn of events suspended the decree, and we find them quartered in Ireland with their gallant chief and founder at their head, from 1803 to 1805. They were then ordered to the West Indies, and Colonel Graham remained at home without employment until the spring of 1808. His friend, Sir John Moore, being appointed to lead an armament to the shores of Sweden, and also intrusted at the same time with diplomatic missions of some difficulty to Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth, then reigning monarch of that country, Colonel Graham obtained permission to accompany him as aide-de-camp. The misunderstanding between the king and Sir John Moore having abruptly terminated the duties of the latter, that able officer was immediately despatched to assume a most important command in Spain, whither he was again attended by Colonel Graham, in no defined command, but attached to his own personal staff. Throughout the arduous campaign that followed, Colonel Graham rendered the most essential service to his friend and commander. He was repeatedly de-

spatched to and fro between the British head-quarters, the Spanish capital, and the shifting residences of the Supreme Junta, to collect information, and report on the actual state of affairs. His commnnicated intelligence, whether by correspondence or in person, was invariably valuable, correct, and unexaggerated, tending much to neutralise the mischief of the false statements through which the English general was so cruelly misled in other quarters, by individuals who were less gifted with honest, clear-sighted penetration.

When the French moved on to the attack at Corunna, it was to Colonel Graham that Moore expressed his delight at the prospect of battle, his confidence of victory, and his fear that the lateness of the hour would render the anticipated success incomplete. They galloped together to the field, and with agony of heart, Graham not long after saw his beloved chief stricken by a mortal wound. One of the last questions asked by the expiring hero, in the solicitude of anxious friendship, was, " Are Colonel Graham, and all my aides-de-camp safe ? "

In all ages and countries men have ever been solicitous to pay respect to the remains of one who has excited their admiration during life: hence arises the solicitude with which funeral honours are bestowed by surviving friends on the inanimate body that can no longer feel these tokens of regard. The officers of Sir John Moore's personal staff, deliberated anxiously on the subject of his interment, when Colonel Anderson informed them that he had heard the general repeatedly

declare, that if he was killed in battle he wished to be buried where he had fallen. General Hope and Colonel Graham immediately acceded to this suggestion, and it was determined that the body should be buried on the rampart of the citadel of Corunna. Accordingly at twelve o'clock, the remains of Sir John Moore were carried to the citadel by Colonel Graham, Major Colborne, and the aides-de-camp, and deposited, for the present, in Colonel Graham's quarters. It has been said that no coffin could be procured, and that the body was never undressed, but wrapped by the officers of his staff in a military cloak and blankets. Towards morning the same officers bore it to the grave, and the service was read by the chaplain: all then departed, leaving the lamented chief "alone with his glory."

Not long after the first Spanish campaign, Colonel Graham received his promotion, through the regular steps and in official routine, to the permanent rank of Major-General, and was appointed to the command of a division in the large army, directed against the island of Walcheren, under the orders of Lord Chatham. His services at the siege of Flushing detracted nothing from his name and character; but the dreadful disorder, then denominated the Walcheren fever, which sent so many brave men to an untimely grave, attacked him with the rest, and compelled his removal to England.

Early in 1810, the secure possession of Cadiz became an object of great moment to the cause of the allied powers in the Peninsula. Marshal Victor blockaded the Isla de Leon with a powerful force, and the

French established many partisans in the city itself: these agencies, joined to the scarcity of provisions, the apathy of the people, and the weakness of the government, would soon have surrendered that important port into the hands of the enemy. But the Regency, in their hour of distress, implored the presence of the British, which they had before so contemptuously rejected. The appeal was listened to, and the place was saved. General William Stewart arrived, in February, with two thousand men, despatched from Lisbon by Lord Wellington; one thousand more were sent by General Colin Campbell, the Governor of Gibraltar; and the whole were received by the inhabitants with enthusiastic acclamations. A Portuguese regiment and more British troops soon followed. By the close of February, four thousand Anglo-Portuguese, and fourteen thousand Spanish soldiers were collected for the general purposes of defence. The fleet recovered at Ferrol had been removed to Cadiz. The bay contained twenty-three men-of-war, including the British squadron, and two frigates arrived from Mexico, with treasure to the amount of six millions of dollars. A fleet, an army, and a well replenished military chest were thus available for immediate operations.

On the 24th of March, 1810, Graham landed from England, and assumed the chief command of the British troops in Cadiz, with the local rank of lieutenant-general. Stewart, in the mean time had recovered the fort of Matagorda, about four thousand yards from the city, on the opposite side of the bay, which the

Spaniards had dismantled and abandoned on the first approach of the enemy. General Graham felt the importance of holding this little post, to impede the progress of the enemy, as long as possible; and most resolutely it was defended for two months by Captain (now General Sir Archibald) Maclean, with a detachment of the 94th regiment, and some sailors, marines, and artillerymen. At last, the general, finding a more protracted resistance impossible, yielded up the place, and brought off the survivors of the small garrison in boats, under a heavy fire, and after a ceaseless cannonade of thirty hours, during which nearly one half of them had fallen. This defence, carried on in sight of the whole population of Cadiz, excited the warm admiration of the Spaniards, and prepared the enemy for what they might expect if they attempted the Isla de Leon. In July, the British force in Cadiz was increased to eight thousand five hundred men. Soult cast many an anxious eye towards the coveted prize, but great combinations and a large army were indispensable, before he could expect to hold it in his grasp.

In February 1811, the French besieging force before Cadiz being much reduced for the moment, General Graham conceived the idea, that a heavy blow might be struck against them, and that Victor could be driven from his lines, by landing a force at Algesiras or Tarifa, and marching against his rear. Having combined the plan of operations, in conjunction with La Pena, the Spanish general, — in evil hour, and actuated

by an earnest desire to avoid all differences, he put himself under the command of that incompetent functionary, and took the field, full of ardour and expectation. The force employed was sufficient for the object in view. The British counted four thousand good soldiers, with confidence in their leader; the Spaniards exceeded eight thousand, and there was little probability that the enemy could muster in superior, if even in equal numbers. The aspect of the expedition at the outset was as promising as could be desired. The troops disembarked at Algesiras, and being united at Tarifa, moved forward on the 28th of February. On the morning of the 5th of March, the allied army, after a harassing night-march of sixteen hours from their camp, in direct opposition to the advice of Graham, arrived on the low ridge of Barrosa, about four miles to the south of the canal of Santa Petri. An attack on the rear of the enemy's lines near Santa Petri, by the Spanish vanguard, having opened the communications with the Isla de Leon, General Graham received instructions from La Pena, couched in a style of discourtesy, to march the British troops through an intervening wood, to Bermeja, about halfway between Barrosa and the river. He obeyed the order without delay or remonstrance, leaving the flank companies of the ninth and eighty-second under Major Brown, to guard his baggage, and fully impressed with the conviction that La Pena would remain on the eminence of Barrosa to cover the movement. Yet the British had scarcely commenced their march, when La Pena drew his whole force from the

hill, leaving only a weak rear-guard. General Graham had reached Bermeja, a march of two miles, when he received information that the French had appeared in force on the plain, and were advancing rapidly towards the heights of Barrosa. Major Brown at the same time apprised him that the Spanish rear-guard had been dispersed, that he himself was compelled to retire before overwhelming numbers, and demanded instructions. Graham sent him word to resist stoutly, and that he would support him immediately. Accordingly he countermarched his whole force without a moment's hesitation, and as soon as he emerged from the wood, beheld the state of affairs, which was well-nigh desperate. The French were in possession of the hill, the Spanish rear-guard and the baggage, flying towards the sea on the right, Laval's division closing on his own left, while La Pena with his army had disappeared altogether. With the promptitude of consummate skill, he determined on an instant attack. The result is best related in the words of his own despatch.

Lieutenant-General Graham to the Earl of Liverpool, Secretary of State.

"Isla de Leon, 6th March, 1811.

"My Lord,

"Captain Hope, my first aide-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this despatch to inform your Lordship of the glorious issue of an action fought yesterday by the division under my command, against the

army commanded by Marshal Victor, composed of the two divisions, Ruffin's and Laval's.

"The circumstances were such as compelled me to attack this very superior force. In order as well to explain to your Lordship the peculiar disadvantages under which the action was begun, as to justify myself from the imputation of rashness in the attempt, I must state to your Lordship that the allied army, after a night-march of sixteen hours from the camp near Vegu, arrived on the morning of the 5th, on the low side of Barrosa, about five miles to the southward of the mouth of the Santa Petri river. This height extends inland about a mile and a half, continuing on the north to the extensive heathy plain of Chiclana. A great pine forest skirts the plain, and circles round the height at some distance, terminating down to Santa Petri; the intermediate space between the north side of the height and the forest being uneven and broken.

"A well-conducted and successful attack on the rear of the enemy's lines near Santa Petri, by the van-guard of the Spanish army, under Brigadier-general Lardizàbel, having opened the communication with the Isla de Leon, I received General La Pena's directions to move down from the position of Barrosa to that of the Torre de Bermeja, about half way to the Santa Petri river, in order to secure the communication across the river, over which a bridge had been lately established. This latter position occupies a narrow woody ridge, the right on the sea cliff, the left falling down to the Almanza creek, on the edge of the marsh. A hard

sandy track gives an easy communication between the western points of these two positions.

"My division being halted on the eastern slope of the Barrosa height, we marched about twelve o'clock through the wood towards the Bermeja, (cavalry patrols having previously been sent towards Chiclana without meeting with the enemy). On the march I received notice that the enemy had appeared in force on the plain, and was advancing towards the heights of Barrosa. As I considered that position as the key of that of Santa Petri, I immediately counter-marched in order to support the troops left for its defence; and the alacrity with which this manœuvre was executed served as a favourable omen. It was, however, impossible, in such intricate and difficult ground, to preserve order, in the columns, and there never was time to restore it entirely. But before we could get ourselves quite disentangled from the wood, the troops on the Barrosa hill were seen returning from it, while the enemy's left wing was rapidly ascending. At the same time, his right wing stood on the plain, on the edge of the wood, within cannon-shot. A retreat in the face of such an enemy, already within reach of the easy communition by the sea beach, must have involved the whole allied army in all the danger of being attacked during the unavoidable confusion of the different corps arriving on the narrow ridge of Bermeja nearly at the same time.

"Trusting to the well-known heroism of British troops, regardless of the numbers and position of their

enemy, an immediate attack was determined on. Major Duncan soon opened a powerful battery of ten guns in the centre. Brigadier-general Dilkes with the brigade of Guards, Lieutenant-colonel Browne's (of the 28th) flank battalion, Lieutenant-colonel Norcott's two companies of the 2nd Rifle corps, and Major Acheson with a part of the 67th Foot (separated from the regiment in the wood), formed on the right. Colonel Wheatley's brigade, with three companies of the Coldstream Guards under Lieutenant-colonel Jackson (separated likewise from his battalion in the wood), and Lieutenant-colonel Barnard's flank battalion, formed on the left.

"As soon as the infantry was thus hastily got together, the guns advanced to a more favourable position, and kept up a most destructive fire. The right wing proceeded to the attack of General Ruffin's division on the hill, while Lieutenant-colonel Barnard's battalion, and Lieutenant colonel Bushe's detachment of the 20th Portuguese, were warmly engaged with the enemy's tiralleurs on our left. General Laval's division, notwithstanding the havoc made by Major Duncan's battery, continued to advance in very imposing masses, opening his fire of musketry, and was only checked by that of the left wing. The left wing now advanced, firing. A most determined charge by the three companies of the Guards, and the 87th regiment, supported by all the remainder of the wing, decided the defeat of General Laval's division.

"The eagle of the 8th regiment of light infantry, which suffered immensely, and a howitzer, rewarded

this charge, and remained in possession of Major Gough of the 87th regiment. These attacks were zealously supported by Colonel Belson of the 28th regiment, and Lieutenant-colonel Prevost with a part of the 67th.

"A reserve formed beyond the narrow valley, across which the enemy were closely pursued, next shared the same fate, and was routed by the same means. Meanwhile the right wing was not less successful. The enemy, confident of success, met General Dilkes on the ascent of the hill, and the contest was sanguinary; but the undaunted perseverance of the brigade of Guards, of Lieutenant-colonel Browne's battalion, and of Lieutenant-colonel Norcott's, and Major Acheson's detachment, overcame every obstacle, and General Ruffin's division was driven from the heights in confusion, leaving two pieces of cannon. No expressions of mine could do justice to the conduct of the troops throughout. Nothing less than the unparalleled exertions of every officer, the invincible bravery of every soldier, and the most determined devotion to the honour of his Majesty's arms in all, could have achieved this brilliant success against such a formidable enemy so posted. In less than an hour and a half from the commencement of the action, the enemy was in full retreat. The retiring divisions met, halted, and seemed inclined to form; a new and more advanced position of our artillery quickly dispersed them. The exhausted state of the troops made pursuit impossible. A position was taken on the eastern side of the hill, and we were strengthened on our right by the return of two Spanish battalions that had

been attached before to my division, but which I had left on the hill, from whence they had been ordered to retire. These battalions (Walloon Guards and Ciudad Real) made every effort to come back in time, when it was known that we were engaged. I understand, too, from General Wittingham, that, with three squadrons of cavalry, he kept in check a corps of infantry and cavalry that attempted to turn the Barrosa height by the sea. One squadron of the 2nd Hussars, King's German Legion, under Captain Busche, and directed by Lieutenant-colonel Ponsonby (both had been attached to the Spanish cavalry), joined in time to make a brilliant and most successful charge against a squadron of French dragoons, who were entirely routed.

"An eagle, six pieces of cannon, the general of division Ruffin, and the general of brigade Rousseau, wounded and taken; the chief of the staff, General Bellegarde, an aide-de-camp of Marshal Victor, and the colonel of the 8th regiment, with many other officers, killed, and several wounded and taken prisoners: the field covered with the dead bodies and arms of the enemy, attests that my confidence in this division was nobly repaid.

"Where all have so distinguished themselves, it is scarcely possible to discriminate any as most deserving of praise.

[Here follows a long list of officers who particularly distinguished themselves.]

"Having remained some hours on the Barrosa heights, without being able to procure any supplies for

the exhausted troops, the commissariat mules having been dispersed on the enemy's first attack on the hill, I left Major Ross with the detachment of the third battalion of the 95th, and withdrew the rest of the division, which crossed the Santa Petri river early the next morning. I confidently hope the bearer of this despatch, Captain Hope (to whom I refer your Lordship for further details) will be promoted on being permitted to lay the eagle at his Majesty's feet.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"THOMAS GRAHAM, Lieutenant-General.

"To the Earl of Liverpool."

Nothing was ever more complete or decisive than the battle of Barrosa, and few actions have been more closely contested, or have been signalised by more desperate fighting. It lasted only one hour and a half. The English force amounted to little beyond four thousand men; that of the French reached eight thousand. Of the former, one thousand two hundred and forty-two were stricken down; while the latter lost nearly three thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners. On both sides, one-third of the number engaged was included in the list of casualties. Human energy must have been actively and fiercely employed to produce this deadly effect within the short space of ninety minutes. Man arrayed against man, with the weapons forged by his own skill, and animated by the spirit of mortal contest, possesses a fearful power of destruction which makes the philosopher moralise, and causes the philanthropist to mourn.

It was naturally supposed that this unexampled success of the English division would have roused La Pena and his Spaniards to something like emulation and exertion. But expectation proved vain; with twelve thousand infantry and eight hundred cavalry, he looked on in supine inaction. Whilst the remains of the French line of battle retreated in the utmost confusion upon Chiclana, treachery, incompetence, and cowardice appear to have been so equally blended in this mockery of a military chieftain, that it is difficult to decide which of the amiable qualities predominated in his composition; but we can easily imagine what the heroic soul of Graham must have suffered tied to such a log, fettered by subjection to his command, and frustrated by his miserable imbecility. A great battle had been gained, a great result was opened; but all evaporated in nothing, and yielded no results, save the imperishable glory of the English, and the shame of their allies.

Napier observes with justice in his "History," that the decisive vigour with which General Graham attacked at Barrosa, was an inspiration rather than a resolution. The term is felicitous, and marks the line between mediocrity and genius. After remaining for some time on the height he had so valiantly reconquered, and seeing that co-operation from the Spaniards was not to be obtained, Graham withdrew his troops and returned to the Isla. The Spaniards, as might be expected, published exaggerated and false accounts of the late events. La Pena claimed the victory on his own account, and

affirmed audaciously that the retreat of the English general caused the failure of the expedition. Lascy and Cruz-Murgeon were not behindhand in putting forth equally unfounded pretensions. The former having used some expressions personally insulting to General Graham, was speedily compelled to retract them by a very summary process. The English commander rejected with contempt the empty title of grandee of Spain of the first class, voted to him by the Cortes, and finding that it became necessary at last to speak plainly in his own defence, addressed a public letter to the British envoy, Sir Henry Wellesley, in which he entered into a full explanation of his proceedings, exposed the misconduct of La Pena, refuted the calumnies of the Spanish authorities, and set the truth clearly before all, except those who were determined to remain blind. This letter has been already given by Sir W. Napier in the Appendix to his third volume, but as it is equally clear and characteristic, its repetition here may not be considered inappropriate. The pen that wrote can best describe the feelings and convictions by which it was guided: —

"Isla de Leon, 14th March, 1811.

"SIR,

"You will do justice to my reluctance to enter into any controversy for the purpose of counteracting the effects of that obloquy which you yourself and many others assured me my conduct was exposed to by the reports circulated at Cadiz, relative to the issue of the late expedition. But a copy of the printed statement

of General La Pena having been shown to me, which, by implication, at least, leaves the blame of the failure of the most brilliant prospects on me, it becomes indispensably necessary that I should take up my pen in self-defence.

" Having already sent you a copy of my despatch to the Earl of Liverpool, with a report of the action, I will not trouble you with a detail of the first movements of the army, nor with any other observation relative to them, than that the troops suffered much unnecessary fatigue by marching in the night, and without good guides. Considering the nature of the service we were engaged in, I was most anxious that the army should not come into contact with the enemy in an exhausted state, nor be exposed to attack, but when it was well collected; and, in consequence of representations to this effect, I understood that the march of the afternoon of the 4th, was to be a short one, to take up for the night a position near Conil; to prepare which, staff officers of both nations were sent forward with a proper escort. The march was, nevertheless, continued through the night, wtih those frequent and harassing halts which the necessity of groping for the way occasioned. When the British division began its march from the position of Barrosa to that of Bermeja, *I left the general on the Barrosa height, nor did I know of his intention of quitting it;* and when I ordered the division to countermarch in the wood, I did so to support the troops left for its defence, and believing the general to be there in person. In this belief I sent no

report of the attack, which was made so near the spot where the general was supposed to be, and though confident in the bravery of the British troops, I was not less so in the support I should receive from the Spanish army. The distance, however, to Bermeja is trifling, and no orders were given from head-quarters for the movement of any corps of the Spanish army to support the British division, to prevent its defeat in this unequal contest, or to profit by the success earned at such a heavy expense. The voluntary zeal of the two small battalions (Walloon Guards and Ciudad Real), which had been detached from my division, brought them alone back from the wood; but, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, they could only arrive at the close of the action.

"Had the whole body of the Spanish cavalry, with the horse-artillery, been rapidly sent by the sea-beach to form in the plain, and to envelop the enemy's left; had the greatest part of the infantry been marched through the pine wood, in our rear, to turn his right, what success might have been expected from such decisive movements? The enemy must either have retired instantly, and without occasioning any loss to the British division, or he would have exposed himself to absolute destruction, his cavalry greatly outnumbered, his artillery lost, his columns mixed and in confusion; a general dispersion would have been the inevitable consequence of a close pursuit; our wearied men would have found spirits to go on, and would have done so,

trusting to find refreshments and repose at Chiclana. This moment was lost. Within a quarter of an hour's ride of the scene of action, the general remained ignorant of what was passing, *and nothing was done!*

"Let not, then, this action of Barrosa form any part of the general result of the transactions of the day. It was an accidental feature; it proceeded from no combination; it was equally unseen and unheeded by the Spanish staff. The British division, left alone, suffered the loss of more than one-fourth of its number, and became unfit for future exertion. Need I say more to justify my determination of declining any further co-operation in the field towards the prosecution of the object of the expedition? I am, however, free to confess that, having thus placed myself and the British division under the direction of the Spanish commander-in-chief in the field (contrary to my instructions), I should not have thought myself justified to my king and country if I had risked the absolute destruction of this division in a second trial. But I have a right to claim credit for what would have been my conduct, from what it was; and I will ask if it can be doubted, after my zealous co-operation throughout, and the ready assistance afforded to the troops on the Barrosa height, that the same anxiety for the success of the cause would not have secured to the Spanish army the utmost efforts of the British division during the whole enterprise, *had we been supported as we had a right to expect?*

"There is not a man in the division who would not

gladly have relinquished his claim to glory, acquired by the action of Barrosa, to have shared, with the Spaniards, the ultimate success that was, as it appeared, within our grasp. The people of Spain, the brave and persevering people, are universally esteemed, respected, and admired by all who value liberty and independence. The hearts and hands of British soldiers will ever be with them; the cause of Spain is felt by all to be a common one.

"I conclude with mentioning that the only remark expressed to me, at head-quarters, on the morning of the 6th, on hearing of my intention to send the British troops across the river Santa Petri was, *that the opportunity of withdrawing the Spanish troops during the night was lost;* and on my observing that, after such a defeat, there was no risk of attack from an enemy, a very contrary opinion was maintained.

"In point of fact, no enemy ever appeared during several days employed in bringing off the wounded and burying the dead. It may be proper to remark on the report published relative to the enemy's numbers at Santa Petri (four thousand five hundred men of Villatte's division), that, by the concurrent testimony of all the French officers here, General Villatte's division had charge of the whole line. What, then, must have been the strength of that division to have afforded four thousand five hundred men to Santa Petri alone? In order to establish by authentic documents, facts which may have been disputed, and to elucidate others, I

enclose, by way of appendix, the reports of various officers of this division.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your obedient, humble Servant,

"THOMAS GRAHAM, Lieut.-General.

"To the Right Hon. Henry Wellesley, &c.

"P. S. I must add this postscript to deny distinctly my having spoken, at head-quarters, in the evening of the 5th, of sending for more troops, or for provisions from the Isla. My visit was a very short one, of mere ceremony. I may have asked if the Spanish troops expected were arrived. This error must have arisen from the difficulty of conversing in a foreign language. With this I send you a sketch of the ground, &c. of the action of Barrosa, by which it will be seen how impossible, according to my judgment, it could be for an enemy to expose his left flank, by making a direct attack through the woods on the Bermeja position, while that of Barrosa was occupied in force by the allied army."

The statements of General Graham in this letter are fully borne out and corroborated by Lord Wellington in his official communications on the subject with Lord Liverpool, wherein he says*:—"From the accounts which I have received of the ground, and from what I know of the nature and disposition of the allied army, I have no doubt that if General Graham had not determined to make his attack immediately, the allied army

* See "Wellington Despatches," vol. vii.

would have been lost. I feel equally confident that His Royal Highness will approve of Lieut.-General Graham's decision in retiring to the Isla de Leon on the 6th instant:" adverting to the losses which the troops had sustained, the fatigues they had undergone, and the omission of the Spanish commander-in-chief to afford them any support in the action which they had fought on the preceding day.

In a letter to General Graham, dated the 25th of March, Lord Wellington expresses himself still more strongly as follows:—"I beg to congratulate you and the brave troops under your command on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th instant. I have no doubt whatever that this success would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish corps had made any effort to assist them; and I am equally certain, from your account of the ground, that if you had not decided with the utmost promptitude to attack the enemy, and if your attack had not been a most vigorous one, the whole allied army would have been lost. You have to regret that such a victory should not have been followed up by all the consequences which might reasonably be expected from it; but you must console yourself with the reflection that you did your utmost, and, at all events, saved the allied army; and that the failure in the extent of benefit to be derived from your exertions is to be attributed to those who would have derived most advantage from them.

"The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition, is precisely the same that I have ever observed it

to be. They march the troops night and day, without provisions or rest, and abuse every body who proposes a moment's delay, to afford either, to the famished and worn-out soldiers. They reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion or to execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; and then, when the moment of action arrives, they are totally incapable of movement, and they stand by to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue unsupported exertions to which human nature is unequal. I concur in the propriety of your withdrawing to the Isla on the 6th, as much as I admire the promptitude and determination of your attack on the 5th." It is easy to perceive that Lord Wellington penned these bitter lines with a deep remembrance of what he himself had suffered from the same cause during the campaign of Talavera. The opinion delivered is one derived from his own practical experience, and he never saw reason to change it.

The Spanish generals, seeing that the truth was beginning to force its way, found themselves called upon at last to investigate and punish the inefficiency of La Pena by the proceedings of a court-martial; but General Graham had by that time emancipated himself from the trammels of Cadiz, resigned his shadow of an independent command, and obtained the opportunity he had long and anxiously solicited of serving under the immediate eye and orders of Lord Wellington. English generals have amply tested the value of Spanish cooperation on the field of battle. Sir Arthur Wellesley

suffered bitterly under the first experiment with Cuesta at Talavera; Graham endured the second with La Pena at Barrosa; and Beresford was very shortly after doomed to undergo the third with Blake at Albuera.

The following anecdote, in connection with Barrosa, has been already told, but may bear repetition.* "After the battle, the wounded of both nations were, from the want of means of transport, necessarily left upon the field during the whole night and part of the following day. General Rousseau, commander of a French brigade, was of the number. His dog, a white one, of the poodle kind, which had been left in quarters upon the advance of the French force, finding that the general returned not with those who escaped from the battle, set out in search of him; found him at night in his dreary resting-place, and expressed his affliction by moans, and by licking the hands and feet of his dying master. When the fatal crisis took place, some hours after, he seemed fully aware of the dreadful change, attached himself closely to the body, and for three days refused the sustenance which was offered him. Arrangements having been made for the interment of the dead, the body of the general was, like the rest, committed to its honourable grave. The dog lay down upon the earth which covered the beloved remains, and evinced by silence and deep dejection his sorrow for the loss he had sustained. The English commander, General Graham, whose fine feelings had prompted him to superintend the last duties due to the gallant slain, observed the

* See Maxwell's "Victories of Wellington and the British Armies."

four-footed mourner, drew him, now no longer resisting, from the spot, and gave him his protection, which he continued until the dog died, many years after, at the general's residence in Perthshire."

In England, the intelligence of the successful fight at Barrosa was received with the usual demonstrations of joy. The nation, proud of her soldiers and their commander, welcomed the glory without dwelling on the political unimportance. General Graham was created a Knight of the Bath, and the thanks of parliament were unanimously voted to him and his brave companions. Mr. Sheridan made a very eloquent and remarkable speech on this occasion, in which he introduced some touching allusions to the general's private history, and a recapitulation of various events in his life, which produced a deep impression upon the house. He expressed himself as follows:—"Mr. Speaker,—I feel myself fortunate, in rising at this moment, to have met your eye, for I am earnestly desirous of the honour of seconding the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, submitted to the house by him with a degree of perspicuity, energy, and feeling, which leaves little to be said by those who are most zealously disposed to follow and support his proposition. He has truly said that he anticipates universal assent to the motion now, Mr. Speaker, in your hands, and I cordially agree with him that there can exist no contest in this house, but a strife as to who shall be foremost and most eager to accord with that motion.

"Sir, there have been differences of opinion with regard to the whole of our conduct of the war in the Peninsula; there have been those who originally doubted the policy of our entering into the contest at all, or at least otherwise than by assisting the Spanish cause with subsidies and arms. These opinions, though countenanced by authorities which I highly respect, never appeared to me to have any rational or sound foundation. There are others, I fear, who have entertained a conviction that after we did enter into the contest, and engage the faith and honour of the British name, opportunities occurred during which we could, consistently with that British faith and honour, have receded from our connection with the Peninsula. What that moment or opportunity was, since the commencement of the contest, I confess has never struck my observation—an observation not negligent on the subject. Perhaps there remain some, and highly to be respected authorities, who sincerely conceive it to be for the interest of this country to abandon the Peninsula to its fortune and its own resources. I make no comment on this, for it is an opinion which has never yet been distinctly avowed; but stating the several differences in the contemplation of the present contest, I feel an entire confidence that, on this day, foregoing all political contention, the only contest that will remain will be to vie with each other in giving the most unanimous, cordial, and zealous support to the high honour proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to that excellent commander, General Graham, and to every officer, sub-

altern, and private of his brave army. Having said this much as to General Graham's merits as an officer and soldier, I feel, from the reception of what I have said, that I shall be pardoned if I add something in relation to his private character and the circumstances which brought him into the service, and at a tardy date rewarded his merits with the rank he now holds. Many who hear me now, must remember as well as myself, that in the year 1793, Lord Mulgrave, whose friendship with me has not been abated by political differences, wrote to this country that at Toulon (where he commanded), then in our possession, and besieged by the present Emperor of France, he found an English gentleman of the name of Graham, who, though not a military man, led on the British forces, through the heights and labyrinths surrounding the fortress, to success and victory. Lord Mulgrave found him there, no educated soldier, but of the most refined attainments, deploring a domestic loss which had left him with an afflicted heart, yet preserving an unbroken spirit. The service he rendered to Lord Mulgrave's garrison, and the admiration of all the officers of the army, struck forcibly upon his mind, and then he became a soldier; not created so by accident, but enlisting his own brave heart from a consciousness that he was entitled to serve his king and country. He embarked in the profession; he returned to England; and without any mercenary stipulation for rank, he raised a regiment of two battalions in his native land, and thenceforward devoted himself entirely to his military

duties. From his first decision for a soldier's life at Toulon in 1793, after serving through the whole Austrian campaign of 1796, you are to look to his conduct when he escaped from the siege of Mantua, not skulking from it as a spy, but wearing boldly his British uniform, and through risks and perils, I believe, absolutely unprecedented. We are next to trace him at the investment of Malta, which surrendered on the 5th of September, 1800, to General Pigot. But that general had the honour and justice to declare that the siege of that place had been so conducted by General Graham, that it left nothing to his own arrival but the acceptance of the surrender."

Mr. Sheridan then ran through, in a quick and eloquent strain, General Graham's further exploits — his services in Egypt and the Mediterranean; his accompanying Sir John Moore on the expedition to the Baltic, rejected by the King of Sweden; his then attaching himself as an honorary aide-de-camp to General Moore in his campaign in Spain, beloved and trusted as he was by that distinguished commander; amongst his ablest advisers in the day of difficulty, and his first consoler in the hour of disaster. Mr. Sheridan, in conclusion, said, that "passing by the respect which the public must owe to the military character of General Graham, he must pay homage to his private and domestic virtues. There never existed a man in whose bosom was seated a loftier spirit placed in a gentler heart." The honourable member then proceeded to state his affection for and admiration of his gallant friend. But

he stopped short to call the attention of the house to the fact that the whole country must feel gratitude, not only to General Graham, but to the Duke of York, who had called him forward, and placed him in the situation which he now so nobly filled.

Sir Thomas Graham joined the army under Lord Wellington, in August 1811, and was soon after employed in the operations which preceded the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. He also directed the movements of a numerous division subsequent to the storming of that fortress. His services gave great satisfaction to the commander-in-chief, who had often expressed his desire that he should be assisted by such an able lieutenant. When Lord Wellington determined to invest Badajoz, in March, 1812, Sir Thomas Graham was appointed to the command of a covering corps, consisting of the first, sixth, and seventh divisions of infantry, and two brigades of cavalry. This corps, in conjunction with another under Sir Rowland Hill, was stationed to watch closely the movements of Soult in the south, and of Marmont in the north, so that the forces of these two marshals should not be permitted to unite in time to interrupt the siege. The success depended on the rapidity with which the works could be pushed forward, and the skill that must be displayed by the covering generals in their efforts to keep the enemy opposed to them in check. After the fall of Badajoz, on the 6th of April, 1812, the British army united, and Lord Wellington would have risked a general action in Andalusia, but the crisis passed over without any important blow being struck, and the

leading current of the war once more rolled towards the north.

When Lord Wellington began to combine and reduce to execution the great movements which ended in the battle of Salamanca, Sir Thomas Graham was actively employed in command of his corps d'armée. But while the French and English hosts halted on the opposite banks of the Douro, and jealously watched each other, from the 3rd to the 17th of July, the disorder in his eyes with which he had been afflicted for some time, increased almost to blindness, and in other respects so materially affected his general health, that he was compelled most reluctantly to resign, and go home for advice. The mortification was bitter, for he saw that great events were rapidly hurrying on; and no less marked was the regret of Lord Wellington and the whole army, with whom, in a short time, he had become a general favourite. His involuntary absence prevented him from sharing in the great day of Salamanca, the advance to Madrid, with the siege and retreat from Burgos; but constant letters from Lord Wellington instructed him as to the course of affairs, and hastened his desire to return.

Lord Wellington greatly disliked having any officer attached to his army, as what was called "second in command," without any defined duties. When, in his correspondence with Lord Liverpool, he mentioned the probability of General Graham being compelled to go home for medical advice as to the state of his eyes, he at the same time expressed his wish that no one should

replace him.* "As far as I am concerned," he said, "I certainly should prefer that no officer should be sent out. There are few who understand the situation of the officer second in command of these armies. Unless he should be posted to command a division of cavalry or infantry, and perform that duty, he has really, on ordinary occasions, nothing to do; at the same time that his opinion relieves me but little from responsibility, and, after all, I must act according to my own judgment in case we should differ. There are but few officers who might be sent from England as second in command who would not come here with opinions formed, probably on very bad grounds, and with very extravagant pretentions. To this add, that when necessary to detach a body of troops in any situation, but few would be satisfied to remain with the detachment, unless, indeed, it should consist of nearly the whole army. Sir Stapleton Cotton commands the cavalry very well, and I am convinced that we shall go on better if nobody is sent to replace Sir Thomas Graham."

In the spring of 1813, Sir Thomas Graham once more found himself at head quarters, having shaken off his temporary ailments, full of mental and bodily energy, preparing to assume an important command in the anticipated campaign on the Ebro, and watching as impatiently for the moment of action as the veriest tyro who had never been under fire. Mr. Larpent, the Judge Advocate General, in a letter (published in his "Journals") written from Frenada on the 8th of May,

* See "Wellington Despatches," vol. ix.

says, "I dined yesterday at head quarters, to meet General Graham. He is a very fine old man, but does not indeed look quite fit for this country work: every one seems to think and say the same, and also that he is much broken since he was here. It is quite a pity to see such a fine old man exposed as he must and will be. General Picton was also there, and seemed in full vigour." Graham and Picton were at that time the only two of Lord Wellington's leading generals who were the least "declined into the vale of years;" but few, on the whole, proved themselves stronger, or more able to bear the brunt of a campaign.

On the 22nd of May, 1813, Lord Wellington, having matured his plan of operations, quitted his head quarters at Frenada, took leave of Portugal for ever, and entered on the great movements which led to the battle of Vittoria. He had previously sent Sir Thomas Graham with a large force of forty thousand men across the Douro, to advance up the right bank of that river towards the Esla, while he himself, with the centre and right wing, pushed on to pass the Tormes. The march of Graham's columns was impeded by local difficulties which the other portions of the army had not to encounter, but the resistance of the enemy in all quarters was more feeble than had been calculated on. They were taken by surprise, and their combinations were incomplete. No attempt was made to hold Burgos, so formidable in the preceding year. The French blew up the castle on the night of the 12th of June, and even abandoned the line of the Ebro without an effort. At length the

opposing armies found themselves face to face in front of the city of Vittoria, on the 20th of the same month. On the 21st, the great action took place which decided the fate of Spain, and put an end to King Joseph's temporary dominion. Lord Wellington divided his battle into three distinct attacks. Sir Rowland Hill, on the right, was directed to storm the heights of La Puebla, occupied by the enemy's left; Lord Wellington himself assumed the direction of the centre; while Sir Thomas Graham, with the left wing, comprising the 1st and 5th British divisions, Pack's and Bradford's Portuguese brigades, Bock's and Anson's cavalry, and Longa's corps of Spaniards, in all twenty thousand men, with eighteen pieces of artillery, received instructions to cross the Zadorra, turn the enemy's right, and seize on the high road of communication with Bayonne. Reille, who was opposed to Graham, fought more resolutely than any of the other French generals who were engaged on that disastrous day, but with no superior fortune to the rest of his comrades. The villages of Gamara Major, and Abechuco, were carried by the advanced brigades of Graham's corps by twelve o'clock, the latter under his personal direction; but the French held the two bridges, and impeded the passage of the river, until the rout of their centre and left, and the reiterated vigour of Graham's attacks, compelled them to give way, and join in the universal flight. But they fell into less confusion than any other portion of the defeated army, and covered the line of their precipitate retreat with some appearance of order.

Lord Wellington lost no time in following up his victory. The pursuit was renewed on the 22nd; and on the 23rd, Sir Thomas Graham was detached to Guipuscoa by the pass of St. Adrian; while the commander-in-chief, with the main body, took the direction of Pampeluna. On the 24th and 25th, Graham fought two smart actions in the neighbourhood of Tolosa, in the latter of which he received a slight wound. The speedy reduction of Pampeluna, as also of St. Sebastian, now became the first objects of the English general's consideration. He foresaw the quick reinforcement of the French armies, that a great effort would be made to recover the line of the Ebro, and that his own right and left flanks were insecure while the two strongholds above-named continued in the hands of the enemy. As long as they held out, also, an advance across the Pyrenean frontier would be too great a hazard to attempt. Graham was directed to besiege St. Sebastian, and accordingly he sat down before that place on the 11th of July with an investing corps of about ten thousand men. Pampeluna, in the absence of sufficient siege materiel, was attacked by the slow process of blockade. The bulk of the troops formed a covering army in the mountains, with their advanced brigades posted in the passes of the Pyrenees. As before at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Burgos, Lord Wellington was again for the fourth time engaged in a siege, the success of which depended upon time, and in which circumstances rendered it necessary to deviate from established rules. His instruction were, to take the place in the quickest manner, but not to fail from over speed.

St. Sebastian stands on a peninsula, flanked on the west by the sea, and on the east by the river Urumea, which at high water rises several feet above the base of the walls. A bold, rocky height, called Monte Orgullo, springs up at the extreme point of the neck of land, on which the town is built, and on the summit of this eminence is placed the citadel of La Moba. Eight hundred yards in advance of the land-front, the convent of St. Bartolomeo had been strongly fortified and garrisoned, supported also by a redoubt and circular field-work. As it was determined to breach the eastern wall, and storm at low water, when the receding tide rendered the Urumea fordable, it became necessary first to dislodge the enemy from the convent. On the 14th, the English batteries opened, and on the 17th, the convent, the redoubt, and the suburb of St. Martin were carried with considerable loss. On the 20th, thirty-two heavy siege guns and howitzers were turned on the town from the sand hills on the eastern side; on the 23rd two practicable breaches were reported, and before daybreak on the 25th, two thousand men selected from the fifth division, gallantly advanced to the assault. The arrangements were badly combined, and, notwithstanding much individual heroism, the assault failed. Forty-four officers, and more then five hundred men, fell in this fruitless attempt. Lord Wellington, on receiving the mortifying intelligence, repaired immediately to St. Sebastian. He would have renewed the attack at once, but the rapid advance of Soult with concentrated forces called off his attention to more important matters. The

siege was for the present converted into a blockade, and the battering guns were removed to Passages. This first attempt against St. Sebastian cost the allies thirteen hundred soldiers and seamen, including killed, wounded, and missing.

Lord Wellington having beaten Soult back in a series of sanguinary and hotly-contested actions in the Pyrenees, and finding himself once more in his old position, from the pass of Roncesvalles to the mouth of the Bidassoa, ordered Sir Thomas Graham to resume the suspended siege of St. Sebastian on the 5th of August. The operations proceeded slowly, for the battering trains arrived only by degrees, and the supply of shot and shells was much too slow and scanty for the expected consumption. The French garrison had received reinforcements, and were prepared to renew their defence with additional confidence. On the morning of the 26th, fifty-seven heavy guns opened simultaneously, and fired without pause until late in the evening. On the 27th the garrison made a sally, which was speedily driven back. On the same day, the small island of Santa Clara, opposite the Monte Orgullo, was taken possession of by a detachment of the ninth regiment, and a party of sailors. On the night of the 30th, the breaches were considered practicable, and on the 31st the assault was ordered. The decision appeared to be premature, for the enemy's defences were not yet destroyed. Some of the English officers of high rank, who had condemned the former operations, spoke unfavourably and too openly of the present plan of proceedings. These

remarks were ill-timed, but they are never wanting under similar circumstances. Sir Thomas Graham superintended the assault in person, immediately assisted by Generals Leith, Oswald, and Robinson, who led the advancing columns. In spite of the most determined and desperate resistance that ever impeded the progress of brave men, under a terrific fire, and with hundreds falling at every moment, the British soldiers pressed up to the breach. But there a second curtain stopped all further advance, and from entrenched houses, traverses, and ramparts, a concentrated fire mowed down their ranks, and brought them to a stand. It was a crisis when prompt decision recovers a lost day. Sir Thomas Graham, standing on the nearest battery of the Chofre hills, saw exactly how matters stood, and after consulting with Colonel Dickson, commanding the artillery, as to the practicability of the idea that struck him, ordered the collected fire of fifty heavy pieces to pour against the curtain, while the troops lay gathered at the foot of the breach, and the shot passed over their heads. There was height enough for this unprecedented practice, nevertheless it was calculated to shake the courage of good soldiers, and almost any other than those employed would have given way under the impression that their own batteries were pouring on them. The genius of their commander was not more conspicuously shown than the confidence he thus evinced in the valour of his soldiers. For half an hour this iron tempest raged with terrible effect; then the troops sprang up again, and the assault was renewed.

Still the French fought with the stern resolution of despair, until an accidental explosion of powder barrels, live shells, and other combustibles accumulated behind the traverses on the curtain, bewildered and threw them into confusion, with the loss of several hundreds of their best men. The shouts of the English soldiers rose above the mingled din, their numbers thickened on the breach, and finally they burst in with uncontrollable fury. Obstinate fighting continued for some time in the streets, which were barricaded in many places, but by five in the evening opposition had ceased, and the town was in the possession of the British. General Rey, with the remains of the garrison, retreated into the citadel; and it was thought that the Monte Orgullo might have been carried on the same day, if a popular general had been ready to lead the troops: but Leith, Oswald, and Robinson were all wounded, and there were none but commanders of battalions present, not one of whom felt inclined to assume the necessary responsibility. The undaunted governor held out in the castle until the 9th of September, when he yielded to his irresistible fate, and marched out with the honours of war. Many of the French soldiers shed tears: all were sad, and laid down their arms in silence. General Rey had been uniformly kind to the officers who had been made prisoners. When this attention was acknowledged with gratitude, the veteran said he had been already twice a prisoner in England; that he had served for fifty years, and expected his dismission on the 15th of the current month. He was now sixty-six,

he added, an old man, and should never serve again: if he might be permitted to retire into France on parole, instead of being sent to England, he should be the happiest of living mortals. Sir Thomas Graham wrote to Lord Wellington in favour of this reasonable request, and there is reason to believe that the application was not made in vain.

Thus, at last, fell St. Sebastian, after sixty-three days of open trenches, and with a loss to the allies of nearly four thousand men, reckoning from the first investment on the 11th of July. The death of Sir Richard Fletcher, the commanding engineer, was much deplored. Dreadful outrages were committed by the victorious assailants, exceeding even those perpetrated at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the greater portion of the town was not only sacked but wantonly destroyed by fire. The few inhabitants who escaped with life seemed stupefied with horror. They had suffered so much that they looked with unmeaning apathy at all around them, and when the crash of a falling house made the captors run, they scarcely moved. The anti-British party in Spain took advantage of these melancholy facts to add exaggerated statements which had no foundation in truth. Sir Thomas Graham was publicly charged with destroying St. Sebastian, because it had formerly traded entirely with France; his generals were accused of exciting the soldiers to the revolting work, and his inferior officers of boasting of it afterwards. A newspaper, edited under government influence, called upon the Spanish people to avenge their wrongs upon

the British army. All this was very vexatious, but not unexpected, and the most convincing arguments in contradiction appeared to be unheeded. The capture of a fortress by assault is, and ever has been, the most dreadful casualty of war; neither has any general, of ancient or modern times, been able to check entirely the frenzy of his soldiers in the first ardour of success. It would be glorious for the sake of humanity and national character if some regulations could be introduced into our military code by which this license should be systematically restrained; but it passes even absurdity to suppose that a commander encourages what he cannot always prevent, or that he should, from carelessness, cruelty, or lack of common intellect, aid or abet in the destruction of a place which his interest and the safety of his army call upon him imperatively to preserve. It is not to be believed that, having won a secure base for his magazines, hospitals, stores, depôts, and reinforcements, he should gratuitously destroy what he has sacrificed so much to obtain.

Sir Thomas Graham, after the fall of St. Sebastian, retained the command of the left wing of the allied army, until the memorable passage of the Bidassoa, on the 7th of the following October. Having seen the British troops triumphantly cross this barrier river and establish themselves firmly on French ground, illness compelled him to relinquish his post to Sir John Hope and return to England. But the exigencies of the service did not permit him to enjoy many weeks of repose. The Dutch, profiting by the heavy pressure against

which Napoleon was then contending, threw off their compelled allegiance, and proclaimed the Prince of Orange in December, 1813. It was deemed advisable to support the insurrection by the presence of an English corps, to act in co-operation with the Prussians under Bulow. The command, with the local rank of full general, was offered to Sir Thomas Graham, and the veteran accepted it without hesitation. The military resources of the British nation were at that crisis strained to their utmost fibre in maintaining at the same time large armies in the south of France, in the Mediterranean, and in Canada. Not more than five or six thousand men could be spared for this new scene of action. Great deeds were not to be expected from such an insignificant detachment in such a position; but their leader was known to be of a temper to strike a bold stroke in case the opportunity should present itself. To the astonishment of the whole world, news soon arrived that he had endeavoured to carry *by escalade* Bergen-op-Zoom; a regular fortress of the first class, one of the strongest in the Netherlands, the acknowledged *chef-d'œuvre* of Coehorn, defended by a garrison more numerous than the assailants, and that the unprecedented enterprise had been very nearly crowned with the most complete success. The loss, however, between killed, wounded, and prisoners, exceeded two thousand brave men, and as the war was evidently drawing to a conclusion, the prudence of such a desperate undertaking would have been more than questionable, even with an opposite result. The troops employed in attack

and in reserve consisted of two divisions, numbering about four thousand men. The leading columns passed the ditches, scaled the walls, and actually obtained possession of thirteen bastions. Had the second division, held in reserve as a support, been then close at hand, the gates might have been opened to them by their victorious comrades, and the place secured. But this division was unfortunately at too great a distance. Herein seems to be comprised the error in calculation which neutralised the astounding effort, and produced such a mortifying catastrophe.* The very audacity of the attempt deserved a triumph instead of a failure. Sir W. Napier says†: "What governor was ever in a more desperate situation than General Bizanet at Bergen-op-Zoom, when Sir Thomas Graham, with a hardihood and daring which would alone place him amongst the foremost men of enterprise which Europe can boast of, threw more than two thousand men upon the ramparts of that almost impregnable fortress? The young soldiers of the garrison, frightened by a surprise in the night, were dispersed, were flying. The assailants had possession of the walls for several hours, yet some cool and brave officers, rallying the men towards morning, charged up the narrow ramparts and

* The whole affair, both in the mode of attack and result, bears some resemblance to the assault on the Trojan wall by Ajax Telamon, as parodied in Homer (Travestie):—

"Next came great Ajax, bold and stout,
Who tumbled in, then rumbled out."

† Peninsular War, vol. vi. p. 195.

drove their enemies over the parapets into the ditch." Some time afterwards, when the Duke of Wellington went over Bergen-op-Zoom, he observed that it was a very strong place, and must have been extremely difficult to get into. "But," he added, "when once in, I wonder how the d—l they suffered themselves to be beaten out again."

Bizanet, the French governor, proved himself to be as humane and generous as he was brave; he agreed to an immediate suspension of hostilities for the exchange of prisoners, and from the first moment treated the captive wounded with the most kind attention. Sir Thomas Graham, in his official despatch to Lord Bathurst, describes the affair as follows, with a manly account of his discomfiture, and without any attempt whatever to varnish over or disguise the truth: —

"Head-Quarters, Calmhout, March 10. 1814.

"My Lord,

"It becomes my painful task to report to your Lordship, that an attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, which seemed at first to promise complete success, ended in failure, and occasioned a severe loss to the 1st Division. and to Brigadier-General Gore's brigade.

"It is unnecessary for me to state the reasons which determined me to make the attempt to carry such a place by storm, since the success of the two columns, in establishing themselves on the ramparts, with very trifling loss, must justify the risk for the attainment of so important an object as the capture of such a fortress,

The troops employed were formed in four columns. No. 1., the left column, attacked between the Antwerp and Water-Port Gates. No. 2. attacked to the right of the New Gate. No. 3. was destined only to draw attention by a false attack near the Steenbergen Gate, and to be afterwards applicable according to circumstances. No. 4., right column, attacked at the entrance of the harbour, which could be forded at low water, and the hour was fixed accordingly for half-past ten P. M. of the 8th instant.

"Major-General Cooke accompanied the left column. Major-General Skerrett and Brigadier-General Gore both accompanied the right column. This was the first which forced its way into the body of the place. These two columns were directed to move along the rampart so as to form a junction as soon as possible, and then to proceed to clear the ramparts and assist the centre column, or to force open the Antwerp Gate. An unexpected difficulty about passing the ditch on the ice having obliged Major-General Cooke to change the point of attack, a considerable delay ensued, and that column did not gain the rampart until half-past eleven.

"Meanwhile, the lamented fall of Brigadier-General Gore and Lieut.-Colonel the Honourable George Carleton, and the dangerous wound of Major-General Skerrett, depriving the right column of their able direction, it fell into disorder, and suffered great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The centre column, having been forced back by the heavy fire of the place

(Lieut.-Colonel Morrice, its commander, and Lieut.-Colonel Elphinstone, commanding the 33rd regiment, being both wounded), was re-formed under Major Muttlebury; marched round, and joined Major-General Cooke, leaving the left wing of the 55th to remove the wounded from the glacis. However, the Guards too, had suffered very severely during the night by the galling fire from the houses on their position, and by the loss of the detachment of the 1st, which, having been sent to endeavour to assist Lieut.-Colonel Carleton, and to secure the Antwerp Gate, was cut off after the most gallant resistance, which cost the lives of many most valuable officers.

"At daybreak, the enemy, having turned the guns of the place, opened their fire against the troops on the unprotected rampart, and the reserve of the 4th column (the Royal Scotch) retired from the Water-Port Gate, followed by the 33rd. The former regiment, getting under a cross fire from the place and Water-Port redoubt, soon afterwards laid down their arms. Major-General Cooke then, despairing of success, directed the retreat of the Guards, which was conducted in the most orderly manner, protected by the remains of the 69th regiment and of the right wing of the 55th (which corps repeatedly drove the enemy back with the bayonet), under the major-general's immediate directions. The general afterwards found it impossible to withdraw these weak battalions; and having thus, with the generous feelings of a true soldier, devoted himself,

he surrendered to save the lives of the gallant men remaining with him.

"I should wish to do justice to the great exertions and conspicuous gallantry of all those officers who had the opportunities of distinguishing themselves. I have not as yet been able to collect sufficient information. Returns will be transmitted as soon as they can possibly be received; meanwhile I send the most correct nominal list that can be obtained of the officers killed, wounded, and prisoners.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"THOMAS GRAHAM."

Generals Skerrett and Gore*, who fell in this unhappy affair, were officers of mark who would probably have risen to distinction had their lives been spared. The former had acquired much credit by the defence of Tarifa at the latter end of December, 1811, although the justice of his claim has since been rigorously disputed. Yet peace be with him! He was a brave soldier, and died gallantly in harness. It was sad that so much blood should have been shed to no purpose just as the dying embers of the war were flickering to extinction. The assault on Bergen-op-Zoom, the battle of Toulouse, and the sortie from Bayonne, were "untoward events" in the position of affairs; the first and last in particular dimmed the effulgent glory of

* There is a public monument (executed by Chantrey) to the memory of these two officers in St. Paul's Cathedral.

England, and twined a broad wreath of cypress around her laurelled banners.

When peace was concluded in 1814, Sir Thomas Graham returned to England, and sheathed the sword, which he never again drew in active warfare. In the same year he was, for his eminent services, promoted to the peerage of the United Kingdom by the title of Baron Lynedoch of Balgowan in the county of Perth; but he declined the pension of 2000*l.* per annum attached to the dignity for his own life and that of his two next successors, saying, that his patrimonial estate was amply sufficient for his rank and his expenditure. On the enlargement of the Order of the Bath he became a G.C.B., and received the Portuguese knighthood of the Tower and Sword, with the Spanish Order of St. Ferdinand. In the British service he reached the rank of full general and the colonelcy of the 1st foot (Royal Scots), and was, in addition, governor of Dumbarton Castle. In private life Lord Lynedoch was a kind-hearted and liberal gentleman. He bestowed much care and attention on his hereditary estates and the comfort of his tenantry, by whom he was universally esteemed and loved. He was ever enthusiastically attached to the military profession; and to him both services owe a debt of gratitude for the social comfort they enjoy in the metropolis. His lordship took a very active lead, and was chiefly instrumental in forming the "Senior United Service Club," originally called the "Peninsular," and the first of its kind established in London. In 1821, many of the members

who were also personal friends of Lord Lynedoch, invited him to sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence for a fine full-length portrait (a striking likeness), which they presented to the club; and it now ornaments their walls in commemoration of the man whom they look upon as their founder. In person and features the deceased general presented the attributes of a noble leader, combining a tall, manly figure, a martial bearing, and a physiognomy expressive of perfect self-control, with firm determination tempered by benevolence.

Lord Lynedoch died at his own house, Stratton Street, London, on the night of the 18th of December, 1843, being then in his ninety-fourth year, having completed his ninety-third on the 10th of the preceding October. His death proceeded from a gradual decay of nature, stealing on with such gentle progress that he retained the full possession of his faculties to the last, and a very few hours before his decease conversed in his usual manner with an affectionately-attached military friend who had served on his personal staff, on the usual topics which particularly interested him. Fearing that he might suffer from talking too much, he was asked if he would not take a nap, to which he replied, "Oh no, I avoid that, lest it should prevent me from sleeping at night." His friend, who had been obliged to leave him for a short time, returned about ten o'clock, as was his constant custom, and was told by the servants that the physicians had been there and said, on leaving, they should come no more. He ascended to the chamber of his old general, and found him seated across his little

stretcher, with his back against the wall and his feet supported on a chair placed by the bedside. His breathing was short, and it appeared uncertain whether he was dozing or quite passive from weakness. In about an hour all sound of breathing ceased, and, other parties being summoned to the room, it became perfectly apparent that he expired gradually while still sitting perfectly upright, and he was then gently turned round, and his head laid upon his pillow. His death was a perfect euthanasia, without struggle, pang, or the slightest distortion of countenance.

The remains of Lord Lynedoch were conveyed to Scotland and deposited in the churchyard of Methven in Perthshire, under a marble monument of elegant and classical structure, which contains also those of his much-loved wife, and his mother Lady Christian Graham. There is no memorial or inscription of any kind, not even a date, either inside or out. The tomb has been said to be on the model of that of Virgil, and was certainly taken from some ancient mausoleum, of which a copy was sent by himself from Naples, where his lady died. The romantic affection of Lord Lynedoch for his lamented partner clung to his heart until his last sand had run out. It was not a subject on which he could be approached in conversation, nor did he ever introduce it, and after his death her portrait was found deposited in a chest. The bereaved husband who remains a silent widower for half a century and "takes no second mate," although endowed with health, fortune, rank, exalted reputation,

and a natural turn for social enjoyment, is a more sincere and a far more respectable, as well as a more consistent mourner, than the loud, ostentatious proclaimer of his desolation, who vents his anguish in a laboured epitaph or a poetical rhapsody, and then consoles himself with a new wife, not unfrequently before the ashes of the first are cold in her dreary resting-place.

GENERAL THE EARL OF HOPETOUN, G.C.B.

Born 1763. — Died 1823.

JOHN fourth Earl of Hopetoun, better known in his military capacity as Sir John Hope, was the younger son by a second marriage of the second earl, and succeeded his elder and half-brother in the hereditary honours and estates of the family in 1816. The surname of Hope is one of great antiquity in Scotland; but the immediate ancestor of the subject of the present memoir was John de Hope, who is said to have come from France in the retinue of Magdalene, or Margaret of Valois, daughter of Francis the First, in 1537, when that princess married James the Fifth.

John Hope evinced a strong bias for the profession of arms from early boyhood, and served as a volunteer in his fifteenth year. There was little prospect then of his succeeding to the title; for his brother had five daughters, and it could scarcely be calculated that he would leave no heirs male. The future earl was appointed to a cornetcy in the 16th Light Dragoons on the 28th of May, 1784; being then of age, and rather beyond the period of life when young men of good family with money and interest commence the career of a soldier. Two years later he was nominated a lieutenant in the 27th foot, and in 1789 obtained a troop

in the 17th Light Dragoons. In 1792 he reached the rank of major in the 1st foot, and in 1793 was gazetted lieutenant-colonel of the 25th, or King's own Borderers. With this last-named corps he repaired to the West Indies, where he was fortunate enough to be placed on the staff as adjutant-general. Throughout the campaigns of 1794, 1795, 1796, and 1797 he served with marked distinction, and was more than once particularly noticed in the orders and public despatches by Sir Ralph Abercrombie and other commanders.

In 1796 he was elected a member of parliament for the county of Linlithgow; but had no opportunity, and perhaps not much desire of attaining senatorial celebrity. When the expedition to North Holland was determined on in 1799, he accompanied the forces as deputy adjutant-general, and received his first wound (a severe one) at the landing at the Helder on the 27th of August. This accident prevented him from taking any further part in the events of that short, ill-conducted, and most unfortunate campaign.

In 1800 Colonel Hope was appointed to the important post of adjutant-general to the army in the Mediterranean under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with the rank of brigadier-general. In the autumn of that year he was dispatched on a special mission to communicate with General Melas at the Austrian head quarters, and to furnish a true report of the actual state of affairs in that quarter. He executed this difficult task with tact and ability, which raised him high in the confidence of his immediate commander, and his name began to

be whispered as that of an officer of bright promise. He was present at the actions of the 8th and 13th of March, and in the battle of Alexandria on the 21st, when he was wounded again so severely as to be compelled to leave the field. He rejoined the army, which had advanced to Cairo on the 20th of June, and at his own urgent request was appointed to command a brigade, resigning the adjutant-generalship to Colonel Abercromby, the son of the brave general who fell in his hour of victory. When the French commander Belliard proposed to surrender on capitulation, Hope was selected by General Hutchinson to conduct the negotiations, which he managed with much skill, and to the perfect satisfaction of his employer. The terms appeared to be unusually favourable to the enemy, but they were dictated by sound policy, for he could have brought eight thousand effective soldiers into the field, while the English generals could with difficulty have presented four thousand in line of battle. The French were thoroughly disgusted with Egypt, and anxious to leave that barren land at any price. It was equally desirable for us to get rid of them before a general peace was concluded.

After the capitulation of Cairo, General Hope resumed the command of his brigade, and continued in Egypt until the deliverance of the country was finally accomplished by the surrender of Menou, at Alexandria, on conditions similar to those previously granted to the garrison of the capital. This occurred on the 3rd of September, 1801. For his services he received

the second class of the Order of the Crescent, established expressly by the Grand Signior to reward the English generals who had distinguished themselves in the Egyptian campaign.

In 1802, Brigadier Hope was promoted to the colonelcy of the North Lothian Fencible Infantry, with the rank of major-general. In June, 1805, he became deputy-governor of Portsmouth, but resigned that lucrative appointment to serve under Lord Cathcart with the troops destined to operate against the French in Hanover. Nothing of importance occurred in this abortive attempt. In October of the same year he was appointed colonel-commandant of a battalion of the 60th Regiment, and in 1806 succeeded the Marquess of Huntley in the colonelcy of the 92nd Regiment. On the 29th of April, 1808, he reached the rank of lieutenant-general.

When Sir John Moore sailed with ten thousand men for the Baltic, to act in conjunction with Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth, the insane King of Sweden, General Hope accompanied him as second in command, and on their return repaired with his chief to the Peninsula, where the most brilliant portion of his services was destined to be performed. When Moore advanced from the frontiers of Portugal into the north of Spain, he divided his army, owing to the reported impracticability of the roads and the difficulty of transport. While he himself, with the main body, moved on the direct line of Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Salamanca, he detached Hope by the circuitous and exposed route of Talavera,

with nearly the whole of his artillery, consisting of twenty-four pieces, the cavalry, amounting to one thousand troopers, the great parc of the army, and an additional escort of three thousand infantry. The arrangement is open to military criticism, but the English commander-in-chief was impelled by necessity, and somewhat misled as to the actual state of the roads and the resources of the enemy. But he selected an officer whom he thought capable of conducting a dangerous and delicate enterprise, and the result justified the soundness of his judgment. Moore, finding the roads through Portugal better than he had reason to expect, and anticipating from the movements of the enemy that he might be hurried into a battle without his artillery, wrote anxiously to General Hope to abandon the longer line of march, and seek a shorter passage by Placentia, across the mountains, to Salamanca. On the 8th of November, 1808, the British army was scattered and divided into three portions. Sir John Moore was at Almeida, on the frontier of Portugal; General Hill with the artillery, cavalry, and baggage at Truxillo, in Spanish Estremadura; and Sir David Baird with his division at Corunna. On the 23rd of the same month the centre, consisting of twelve thousand infantry and six guns, reached Salamanca. On the 26th, Sir David Baird's leading brigades entered Astorga, while the head of Hope's column was at the Escurial and the rear at Talavera. Twenty days were necessary before the English army could unite in one compact body. In the meantime Napoleon advanced into the pass of the

Somosierra, and threatened Madrid. General Hope was strongly advised by Don Thomas Morla, the Spanish Secretary at War, who was either treacherous or incompetent, or both, to march through Madrid, which would have thrown him directly into the centre of the French columns; but he was too cool, clear-sighted, and sagacious to be misled by vague reports, or inflated representations. He lost not a moment in deciding on his plan, carried his column with all its encumbrances over the Guadarama mountain, escaped many impending dangers by a rare union of prudence and enterprise, and effected his junction with Sir John Moore at Salamanca, on the 3rd of December, without loss of men, or without sacrificing any portion of his convoy. The march was equally successful, bold, and creditable to the general and his hardy troops.

The subsequent advance and retreat of the British army have been amply detailed in the preceding memoirs. At the battle of Corunna, General Hope's division was posted on the left of the English line, crossing the main road and resting on strong ground, reaching down to the muddy bank of the river Mero. A brigade was kept in reserve in the rear of the left wing. During the action, some companies of the Fourteenth, under Colonel Nichols, carried the village of Palavia Abaxo, considerably in advance of Hope's position, but that general had been called to the chief command, as Sir David Baird and Sir John Moore were successively carried from the field*; and as dark-

* There was a striking similarity between some of the incidents at Quebec in 1759, and Corunna, fifty years later. At Quebec, the com-

ness came on, he found the British army advanced considerably beyond their original ground, and the French falling back at all points in utter confusion. With the reserve under General Paget, and General Frazer's division, which had not been engaged, he might have converted the repulse of the enemy into a ruinous overthrow; but to do this it would have been necessary to encounter all the hazards of fighting in the dark, with the certainty that no ultimate good could arise from following up the advantage already gained. Thousands upon thousands of the French were rapidly coming up in support, and the difficulty of an ultimate embarkation would be increased by the delay of days or even hours. General Hope, therefore, determined to abide by the original plan of his predecessor, and to carry off the army during the night. They remained in position until a late hour, undisturbed by the enemy, who had been too roughly handled to meditate another attack, and withdrew at the appointed hour without confusion or difficulty. The picquets followed at daybreak, and embarked under the protection of Hill's brigade, posted near the ramparts of Corunna. Not a wounded man or straggler was left behind, and General Hope himself was the last individual who quitted the shore, on the 18th of January. There can be no question that he decided with sound judgment, and evinced great self-

mander-in-chief, Wolfe, was killed, Monckton his second severely wounded, and the battle was concluded by Townshend, the third in seniority of rank. So it happened at Corunna, in the corresponding cases of Moore, Baird, and Hope.

forbearance in not yielding to the temptation of following up the success on the 16th, which in all probability would have proved an *ignis fatuus*.

General Hope's official report to Sir David Baird, when published, was greatly admired for the clearness of the details, and the soldier-like eloquence of the style. We copy it in full, as characteristic of the writer, and comprising in itself an interesting historical document.

"'Audacious,' off Corunna, Jan. 18th, 1809.

"SIR,

"In compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to relate to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th inst.

"It will be in your recollection that about one in the afternoon of that day, the enemy, who had received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in advance of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack on that extremity of the strong and commanding position which on the morning of the 15th he had taken in our immediate front. This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined onset which he made against your division, occupying the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with.

"The first effort of the enemy was met by the commander of the forces, and by yourself at the head of the 42nd Regiment, and the brigade under Major-general Lord William Bentinck. The village on your right became the object of obstinate contest. I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-general Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able dispositions, fell by a cannon shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed; but by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh columns in support of those originally engaged. Finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of our position, he endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, made by Major-general Paget with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack, defeated this intention. The Major-general having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and the first battalion of the 51st Regiment, drove the enemy before him, and in his rapid advance threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant-general Frazer's division (calculated to give further security to the right of our line) induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter; they were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully

resisted by the brigade under Major-general Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major-general Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders.

"Upon the left the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our picquets, which, in general, maintained their ground. Finding his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render his efforts against the left more serious, and succeeded in obtaining possession of the village (Palavia Abaxo), through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post he was soon expelled with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion of the 14th regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Nichols. Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every assault made upon the position, but had gained ground in all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action; whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade and the fire of light skirmishers, with a view to draw off his other troops. At six the firing entirely ceased; the different brigades were reassembled on the ground they had occupied in the morning, and the picquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

"Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over the enemy, who from his numbers and the commanding advantages of his position, had no

doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, consider that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed determination of the late commander of the forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his orders, and were in fact far advanced at the commencement of the action.

"The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the brigades followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The picquets remained at their posts until five in the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar order and without the enemy discovering any of the movements. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, the army embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled, and the whole was afloat before daylight. The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land in front of Corunna; that of Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town. The enemy pushed his light troops in advance soon after eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th, and shortly afterwards occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour; but not-

withstanding this circumstance and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the inhabitants appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which are so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained to the satisfaction of the Spanish authorities the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town soon after dark, and was with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning. Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers; it has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers and advantageous position of the enemy, not less than our own actual situation, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amongst many discouraging circumstances.

"The army which entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the

native levies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British troops from the Douro afforded the best hopes that the south of Spain might be relieved; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every exertion of his numerous corps, and of concentrating all his reserves for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain.

"You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued, and how it produced the necessity of rapid and exhausting marches, which diminished the numbers, wasted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume,—the native and undaunted valour of British soldiers was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, might have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation.

"The greatest part of the fleet having put to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under way, and the different regiments, during the embarkation, necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a correct return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been

expected. If I was to venture an estimate, I should say, that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from seven to eight hundred. That of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above amount. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number, which is not considerable. Several officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, amongst whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieut.-Colonel Napier, 92nd; Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th, killed*; Lieut.-Colonel Wynch, 4th; Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell, 26th; Lieut.-Colonel Face, 59th; Lieut.-Colonel Griffiths, Guards; and Majors Miller and Williams, 81st, wounded.

"To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieut.-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss his country and the army have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me; but it is chiefly on public grounds that I most lament the blow. It will be the conversation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour, by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect

* Major Napier was not killed, but severely wounded and taken prisoner. He lived to fight in many more and brighter fields, and to become one of the greatest generals of his day, the conqueror and legislator of Scinde.

the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamations of victory: like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

"It remains for me only to express my hope, that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field to throw the momentary command into far less able hands.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN HOPE, Lieutenant-General.

"To Lieut.-General Sir David Baird, &c. &c. &c."

On the day of embarkation, General Hope issued the following general order to the army, dated from Her Majesty's ship "Audacious."

"The irreparable loss that has been sustained by the fall of the commander of the forces, Lieut.-General Sir John Moore, and the severe wound which has removed Lieut.-General Sir David Baird from his station, render it the duty of Lieut.-General Hope to congratulate the army upon the successful result of the action of the 16th inst. On no occasion has the undaunted valour of British troops ever been more signally manifested. At the termination of a severe and harassing march, rendered necessary by the superiority which the enemy

had acquired, and which had materially impaired the efficiency of the troops, many disadvantages were to be encountered. These have all been surmounted by the conduct of the troops themselves, and the enemy has been taught that whatever advantages of position, or of numbers, he may employ, there is inherent in the British officers and soldiers a bravery that knows not how to yield, that no circumstances can appal, and that will ensure victory when it is to be obtained by the exertion of any human means. The Lieutenant-General has the greatest satisfaction in distinguishing such meritorious services as came within his observation, or have been brought to his knowledge. His acknowledgments are in a peculiar manner due to Major-General Lord William Bentinck and the brigade under his command, consisting of the 4th, 48th, and 50th regiments, which sustained the right of the attack. Major-General Manningham, with his brigade, comprising the 1st Royals, 26th, and 81st regiments, and Major-General Warde, with the brigade of Guards, will also be pleased to accept his best thanks for their steady and gallant conduct during the action. To Major-General Paget, who by his judicious movement of the reserve, effectually contributed to check the progress of the enemy on the right, and to the first battalions of the 52nd and 95th regiments which were thereby engaged, the greatest praise is justly due. That part of Major-General Leith's brigade which was engaged, consisting of the 59th regiment, under the personal conduct of the Major-General, also claims marked approbation.

"The enemy not having rendered the attack on the left a serious one, did not afford to the troops stationed in that quarter an opportunity of displaying that gallantry which must have made him repent the attempt. The picquets and advanced posts, however, of the brigades under the command of Major-Generals Hill and Leith, and Colonel Catlin Crawford, conducted themselves with determined resolution, and were ably supported by the officers commanding these brigades, and by the troops of which they were composed.

"It is peculiarly incumbent upon the Lieut.-General to notice the vigorous attack made by the second battalion of the 14th regiment under Lieut.-Colonel Nicholls, which drove the enemy out of the village in advance of the left (Palavia Abaxo), of which he had possessed himself. The exertions of Brigadier-General Clinton, Adjutant-General, unfortunately deprived the army of the benefit of his services. The exertions of Lieut.-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General, and of the other officers of the general staff, were unremitted, and deserve the warmest approbation.

"The Lieut.-General hopes the loss in point of numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected, but laments the fall of the brave soldiers and valuable officers who have suffered. He knows that it is impossible, in any language he can use, to enhance the esteem, or diminish the regret, that the whole army feels in common with himself for their late commander. His career has been unfortunately too limited for the public service, but has been more than sufficient for his

own fame. Beloved by the army, honoured by his sovereign, and respected by his country, he has terminated a life devoted to her interest, by a glorious death; leaving his name as a memorial, an example, and an incitement to those who shall follow him in the path of honour; and it is from his country alone that his merit can receive the tribute so justly his due."

We know of no military compositions, in this class, superior to those quoted above.

General Hope, soon after his arrival in England, received the thanks of both houses of parliament, the personal approbation of the King, the universal applause of his countrymen, and the Knighthood of the Bath.

In August, 1809, he served with the ill-planned and worse-executed Walcheren expedition, under the Earl of Chatham. His division was disembarked on the Island of South Beveland, and escaped the ravages of the fatal fever with less loss than other portions of the army. On his return he was appointed commander-in-chief in Ireland, but resigned that post in 1813, to act as second under Lord Wellington, in the south of France, on the resignation of Sir Thomas Graham, from ill health. Sir John Hope was superior in rank to Lord Wellington, at the opening of the Peninsular war, but when the latter obtained the Field Marshal's truncheon at Vittoria, Sir John volunteered to serve under him, and Lord Wellington joyfully accepted the offer, observing that he was "the ablest officer in the army." He was appointed to the command of the left wing, and assisted materially in the operations connected with

the Battle of the Nivelle, fought on the 10th of November 1813. At the passage of the Nive, on the 9th of December, the position of his corps gave him opportunities of signalising himself by which he attracted the notice of the whole army. Lord Wellington particularly mentioned him in his despatch, in these flattering terms: "I cannot sufficiently applaud the ability, coolness, and judgment of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope." In this action he exposed himself with the reckless bravery of a common soldier, and being a man of unusual stature and size, mounted on a gigantic horse suited to his weight, he became a marked and easy object for the enemy's fire. His escapes were almost miraculous. He was wounded in the leg, and received a contusion in the shoulder; four musket bullets passed through his hat, and two horses were shot under him. The chances were many against his outliving that day of close and desperate fighting. Lord Wellington blamed him for not being more careful, but his own example formed too often a direct contrast to his precept.

In a letter to Colonel Torrens, on this subject, his lordship says, "I have long entertained the highest opinion of Sir John Hope, in common, I believe, with the whole world; and every day's experience convinces me of his worth. We shall lose him, however, if he continues to expose himself in fire as he did on the last three days. Indeed, his escape was then wonderful; his hat and coat were shot through in many places, besides the wound in his leg. He places himself amongst the sharp-shooters, without, as they do, shel-

tering himself from the enemy's fire. This will not answer; and I hope that his friends will give him a hint on the subject. I have spoken to M'Donald about it, and I will to Sir John Hope himself if I should find a favourable opportunity, but it is a delicate subject."

In the month of February, 1814, Lord Wellington entrusted to Sir John Hope the arduous operation of passing the Adour between Bayonne and the sea, while he, with the main body of the army, conducted a series of combined movements against Soult in person, considerably to the right and higher up the country. The force assigned to Hope amounted to twenty-eight thousand men, English, Spaniards, and Portuguese, with twenty pieces of artillery. On the morning of the 23rd of February, he commenced his bold attack. It was arranged that a detachment of gun-boats and chasse-marées from the fleet should appear at the mouth of the river to co-operate with the troops, but a contrary wind prevented their arrival at the appointed hour, and the general, unshaken by the first failure of his combinations, determined to attempt the passage without them. The French right was protected by a flotilla, but the British artillery and rockets soon destroyed some of the gun-boats of which it was composed, and compelled the remainder, with a sloop-of-war, to take refuge beyond their range, and higher up the river towards the city of Bayonne. The French general, Thouvenot, imagined the force under Hope to be much

* Wellington Despatches, vol. xi.

more numerous than it actually was, and his defence therefore became deficient in vigour. He suffered the British to pass in detachments on pontoons, and by twelve o'clock on the 24th, a large body of men had firmly established themselves on the right or French bank, and the expected British flotilla were then seen approaching the bar at the mouth of the river. The assistance of the naval arm proved timely and effective, but from the action of the surge and opposing tide, many daring seamen lost their lives. Hope, finding that his force which had gained the right bank of the Adour, amounted to eight thousand men,—early on the morning of the 25th closed round the citadel and entrenchments of Bayonne on the north side, resting both his flanks on the Adour, which formed a contracted semicircle, favourable to his views, and not much exceeding two miles in circumference. The operation was one requiring to be well planned and executed with precision; but the opposing efforts of the enemy were slight, for the lines of defence they were called upon to man and protect on both sides of the river exceeded in extent the resources of the garrison. During this, a bridge was formed three miles below the fortress, where the breadth of the Adour had been contracted by artificial embankments to eight hundred feet. The conception of this bridge originated with Colonel Sturgeon and Major Todd, of the Royal Staff corps, two of the best executive engineers that the army could boast. A boom was then constructed above the bridge, and carefully guarded to prevent the attack of fire-vessels

coming down the river. All was finished on the 26th, by the indefatigable labour of seamen and soldiers, and the rapid completion of this bridge and boom must be enumerated amongst the most extraordinary achievements of a war which abounds in incidents departing from sober history, and approaching the miraculous. Sir John Hope now, finding his communications firmly established, contracted his line of investment round the citadel of Bayonne, and drove the enemy from his position on the heights of St. Etienne, which brought his advanced posts close under the opposing works. Preparations for a regular siege were then commenced, and the English commander directed his most earnest attention to connect the operations of his three investing bodies. On the south side the French had thrown up an enormous entrenchment, forming a strong exterior line, but they required an army rather than a garrison to man the whole of their works.

Lord Wellington, pursuing his successes, drove Soult from Orthés, and finally entered Toulouse, after a sanguinary battle, on the 12th of April. Sir John Hope, during this interval, proceeded zealously with his preparations against the citadel of Bayonne, and collected a great store of gabions, fascines, and platforms; but he still waited the arrival of the siege guns, with which he had not yet been supplied. Vague rumours of the abdication of Napoleon, and the peace concluded in Paris, reached his camp, and he communicated them to the French general Thouvenot; but no official notification could be made without authority, and the governor of Bayonne

naturally paid no attention to intelligence which might be intended to mislead him. He therefore determined on a sortie, which proved to be the last and most useless episode of a sanguinary war. This enterprise was carried into effect some hours before daylight on the morning of the 14th of April. About one o'clock, a deserter came over to General Hay, who commanded the outposts, and brought an exact account of the intended sally. Hay, being ignorant of French, sent the man to General Hinuber, who immediately interpreted his story, assembled his own brigade under arms, and forwarded the intelligence to Sir John Hope. No additional precautions were taken by Hay, and at three o'clock the French, rushing suddenly from the citadel, to the amount of three thousand picked men, surprised the picquets, and carried the church and village of St. Etienne, with the exception of one fortified house, which was resolutely held by Captain Foster of the 38th regiment. General Hay was killed*, Colonel Townsend of the Guards made prisoner, and the whole of the investing line of the British on that side was thrown into utter confusion. Up to this point, the success of the French was complete. Then General Hinuber moved with his Germans in compact order, rallied a portion of the 5th

* Major-General Andrew Hay was the last general officer who fell during the Peninsular war. He was a native of Banff in Scotland, and had served thirty-five years. His career had been invariably distinguished by zeal, prompt decision, and daring intrepidity. His last act (a moment before he was shot) was an order to hold the church of St. Etienne, and a fortified house adjoining, to the last extremity. This brave officer has a public monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Division, and being also joined by General Bradford's brigade of Portuguese, drove the enemy back at the point of the bayonet. Day began to break as the reserves of the Guards came on, under General Howard, and completed the overthrow; but the allies sustained a loss of more than eight hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The casualties of the garrison were probably more, but it was impossible to ascertain them with correctness.

On the first alarm, Sir John Hope, with his staff, hastened at full gallop towards St. Etienne, and not aware that the village was already in possession of the enemy, and that his picquets had been driven back, he endeavoured to reach the scene of action by a hollow road which formed the shortest way. Here he found that the French had already taken possession of both banks, and wheeled round to extricate himself from the ambuscade into which he was hastening. The enemy opened fire within a few yards. A shot struck him in the arm, and eight bullets passed through his horse, which fell upon his leg. His followers had by this time escaped from the defile, but two of his personal staff, Captain Herries and Mr. Moore, a nephew of Sir John Moore, turned back to assist the fallen general, and alighting under a heavy fire, endeavoured to raise and carry him off. They were both dangerously wounded, and all three fell into the hands of the enemy. Sir John was immediately hurried to Bayonne, and before he reached the citadel was again severely hurt in the foot by a shot from the English picquets.

It was not known, in the confusion of the moment, what had become of the commander-in-chief, but the fact of his wounds and captivity soon transpired. It then appeared, also, that the French had only been able to extricate the colossal warrior by drawing his leg out of the boot, which was afterwards found under the horse's side.

A night action is always invested with an exclusive awfulness and grandeur. The sortie from Bayonne has been described by the survivors who were engaged as combining these attributes in an eminent degree; and the incident is associated with an additional and melancholy interest, from the fact of its occurring after the great contending powers had agreed to a cessation of hostilities.

Sir John Hope received kind treatment at the hands of his captors, and was soon released on the ratification of peace. He returned to England with a vast increase of reputation, and again received the thanks of Parliament, as also a medal and a clasp for the battles of Corunna and the Nive. On the enlargement of the military Order of the Bath, he became a Knight Grand Cross, and on the 17th of May, 1814, as a further reward for his eminent services, was created Baron Niddry of Niddry Castle, in the county of Linlithgow, with a pension of 2000*l.* per annum. His elevation to the peerage must have proved highly gratifying to his personal feelings, but the dignity merged shortly after in the higher title of Earl of Hopetoun, to which he succeeded on the 29th of May, 1816, on the death of his

elder brother. In 1819 he reached the rank of a full general in the army, and, in 1820, was appointed colonel of the 42nd, or Royal Highlanders. When George the Fourth came to Scotland in state in 1822, he visited Lord Hopetoun, who entertained him with a magnificent *dejeuné* at his seat in Linlithgowshire. His lordship died, somewhat unexpectedly, in Paris, on the 27th of August, 1823.

Lord Hopetoun was twice married; first, in 1798, to Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Hope Vere, of Craigie Hall, by whom he had no issue; and, secondly, in 1803, to Louisa Dorothea, third daughter of Sir John Wedderburn, Bart., by whom he left a numerous family of nine sons and two daughters. His income, after his accession to the earldom, was very large; but his hospitality was unbounded, and he lived expensively. To secure fortunes for his younger children he insured his life for 100,000*l.* At that time he was strong and healthy, and as likely to reach a very advanced age as his friend and brother in arms, Lord Lynedoch; but it so happened that he died within twelvemonths after the insurance was effected, and when he had only completed his sixtieth year. The professional ability of this brave officer has been universally acknowledged. Few men have enjoyed the warm affection of so large a circle of private friends, and it would be difficult to name an individual who combined in such well-poised proportions, the "*suaviter in modo*," with the "*fortiter in re.*"

GENERAL LORD VISCOUNT HILL, G.C.B.

Late Commander of the Forces.

Born 1772.—Died, 1842.

ROWLAND, LORD HILL, was descended from an honourable and ancient family, long settled at Hawkstone, in Shropshire. His father, Sir John Hill, succeeded to the hereditary baronetcy and estates, on the decease of his elder brother Richard, in 1808. One of the ancestors of the house, and a namesake of the subject of this biography, was distinguished by being the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London. Lord Hill's uncle, the Reverend Rowland Hill, the venerable minister of Surrey Chapel, who lived to the very uncommon age of eighty-eight, will long be remembered, as well for his benevolent piety, as for the eccentric eloquence with which he enforced his doctrines. Lord Hill himself, in appearance and manners, resembled a quiet country gentleman rather than a renowned commander; and few, under that mild, unassuming exterior, would have expected to find the bold decision and adventurous spirit, which planned and executed the surprises of Arroyo de Molinos and the Bridge of Almaraz. His character altogether was solid and not glittering, with a constitutional command of temper, which materially

assisted his own advancement, and added much to the happiness of those who were intimately connected with him. He was the Duke of Wellington's right arm, and of all the generals who served under that great master, the one in whom he placed the most implicit confidence, and for whom he felt the strongest personal attachment. A distinct evidence of this exists in an offer of money to any amount, in 1816, at a time when unexpected pecuniary losses in Lord Hill's family appeared likely to lead to very unpleasant results, and an immediate supply might have been of the utmost consequence. It so happened that he arranged the affair without availing himself of the proffered assistance, but the delicate kindness with which it was tendered, he never ceased to remember with the warmest gratitude. The incident so highly creditable to both parties deserves to be repeated; and the more so, that the Duke, with all his great public qualities, has been accused (by those who knew little of his real disposition) of being cold in friendship, and niggardly in matters of finance. Rowland Hill, of whom we are writing, was the second son, and fourth child of a numerous progeny of sixteen with whom his parents were blessed. Five of them were present at, and survived, the deadly conflict of Waterloo, to the inexpressible joy of their aged parent, who when subsequently presented at the court of George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, was most cordially received, and welcomed with these words: "I am truly rejoiced to see the father of so many brave sons." Few fathers have been so eminently blessed, and truly did the old

man deserve and enjoy his happiness. When he heard that he had sustained no private loss in the mourning triumph which sealed the fate of Napoleon, he exclaimed "God bless the lads!" and appeared to spring up into renewed life with the safe return of his children. He died in 1824, at eighty-three, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his nephew Rowland. Lord Hill was born on the 11th August, 1772, at the Hall, in the village of Prus, in Shropshire, and was nearly three years junior to his brother John, the father of the present viscount. He was delicate in constitution, and apparently timid of disposition, disposed to faint at the sight of blood, and, as a lad, more fond of cultivating gardens and rearing animals, than of enjoying the rude, athletic sports to which robust boyhood is usually attached. In selecting a profession, his parents inclined to the law, which they considered as the most congenial to his habits, health, and temperament; but to their surprise, when consulted himself, he declared so strongly for the army, that they yielded to his desires, and obtained for him a commission accordingly. In 1790, being then in his eighteenth year, he was gazetted an ensign in the 38th regiment, and on the 16th March, 1791, became a lieutenant in the 53rd. In the interval he obtained leave of absence, and was permitted to pursue his military studies at Strasbourg. His previous education had been confined to country schools and private tuition. He was ever a favourite with his teachers and schoolfellows from his gentle manners and ready disposition to oblige: diffident and reserved, but

at the same time prompt to contribute to the amusement of others, and utterly unselfish in his own pursuits.

He joined his regiment in Scotland, and continued doing duty there until the beginning of 1793, when he raised an independent company and obtained his commission as captain. This was rapid promotion, and being fortunate enough to escape so early from the fetters of subalternism, his progressive rise became speedy and certain. Having delivered over the men of his company to the 38th regiment at Belfast, he accompanied Mr. Drake, our envoyé, to Genoa, as assistant secretary, and soon after repaired to Toulon, where he was successively employed as aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, General O'Hara, and Sir David Dundas. General O'Hara predicted his future eminence, and observed one day as he quitted the room, "That young man will rise to be one of the first soldiers of the age." O'Hara was wounded and taken prisoner in a sortie from Toulon, and died in 1802, governor of Gibraltar. He was a fiery, fighting general, of the old school of powder and pigtails, point-blank and direct in all his notions, with a great contempt for every system of tactics. Hill respected him as an early patron and friend, and always mentioned his name with the warmest commendation. O'Hara, while a prisoner, was treated with unexampled barbarity, by express orders from Robespierre, who at that time governed in France. He was placed in the common gaol, and fed on artichoke leaves and bullock's liver. The action, in which his general was taken, was the first at which young Hill

was present. He was slightly wounded in the hand, and superintended the retreat to Toulon, acquiring both notice and distinction. In December, 1793, he was sent home with despatches from Lord Hood and Sir David Dundas, in which he was mentioned as a very deserving young officer. These despatches conveyed the information that the place was no longer tenable, and prepared the government for the evacuation of Toulon, which was rather hastily executed a few days afterwards. The genius of Napoleon, in his first military essay, effected this by the capture of Fort Eguilette, otherwise called Little Gibraltar, which commanded the harbour and fleet. The example might have assisted the allied generals if they had invested Sebastopol on the north side. Insulated forts are there, which perhaps could have been taken with the same decisive consequences.

At Toulon, Captain Hill first became acquainted with Lord Lynedoch, then Thomas Graham, Esq., serving as a volunteer. In 1794, Colonel Graham raised a regiment, and offered Hill the majority on his supplying a certain number of men, which condition he readily complied with. This regiment, when afterwards augmented to one thousand rank and file, became numbered as the 90th, and Major Hill purchased the lieutenant-colonelcy in the regular way. He thus commanded a regiment at three-and-twenty, and found himself on the high road to fame and distinction. In the summer of 1795 he was ordered on foreign service, under General Doyle, and assisted in taking possession

of Isle Dieu, on the coast of Poitou: there he remained for some months, and then proceeded to Gibraltar, where he found his old general, O'Hara, in command of the garrison, and was most kindly received. In 1800 he attained the rank of full colonel; and finding that his regiment was about to be actively employed in the expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, returned to join it from England, whither he had gone on leave of absence. There was a great deal of hesitation, and moving backwards and forwards, without any decided plan, but for which the officers in command were not responsible, until the army effected their glorious landing at Aboukir on the 8th of March, 1801, and went to work at last in right earnest. On the 13th a sharp action was fought, in which the 90th, under Colonel Hill, particularly distinguished themselves; and though young soldiers, under fire for the first time, and charged impetuously by a superior force of cavalry, held their ground with the tenacity of experienced veterans, and forced the enemy to retreat in confusion. Colonel Hill received a severe wound in the head from a musket ball, which rendered him insensible, but the peak of his helmet deadened the force of the shot, and providentially saved his life. This helmet he sent home, and it is still preserved at Hawkstone as a memorial of his danger and deliverance. In the general order on the following day, the Commander-in-Chief assured the officers and men of the 90th regiment that their brave and steady conduct commanded his admiration. Colonel Hill was now on board the admiral's

ship, the "Foudroyant," by express invitation, and was prevented by his wound from participating in the more decisive victory of the 21st March, which day, so glorious to the British arms, proved fatal to their veteran commander. He, too, was brought on board the "Foudroyant," on the evening of the battle, and died in the same cabin where his more fortunate inferior was gradually recovering. He lived to the 28th, but the medical attendants despaired of him from the first. His wound was in the thigh, but he disregarded it, and refused to leave the field, although compelled to dismount, and disabled by pain. The ball, after his death, was found sticking in the thigh bone near the socket of the hip. He suffered much from fever, had frequent fits of delirium, and a gangrene had actually commenced when he died. The remains of the brave old warrior were carried to Malta, and buried in a soldier's grave in a bastion of Fort St. Elmo at Valetta. A black marble slab, with a Latin inscription, marks the place where they are deposited. The long life of Abercrombie was passed in hard service and abounded with incident; yet he has found no exclusive historian in this age of prolific book-making, where biographers generate like mushrooms, and even third and fourth-rate reputations are chronicled in responsible volumes. If his descendants have preserved materials for such a work, they should give it to the world. An elegant and just tribute to his memory was contained in the despatch of his successor, General Hutchinson, which announced his death: "We have sustained," he says, "an irreparable loss in

the person of our never-sufficiently-to-be-lamented Commander-in-Chief, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who was mortally wounded in the battle, and died on the 28th March. I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his situation from those about him, and continued in the field, giving his orders with that coolness and perspicuity which had ever marked his character till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakness and loss of blood. Were it permitted for a soldier to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person; but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that, as his life was honourable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country—will be sacred to every British heart, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity." On the 14th of April Colonel Hill was enabled to return to his duty at the head of his regiment, and participated largely in all the concluding operations of the campaign, which wound up with the capitulation of the French army and the deliverance of Egypt.

In 1802, Colonel Hill returned to England with his regiment, and landed at Portsmouth, on the 1st of April, after a stormy voyage, and other incidental dangers. The 90th soon proceeded to Scotland, expecting to be reduced; but the peace proved to be little better than an uncertain truce, and rumours of renewed war rendered it advisable to increase rather than diminish the available strength of the army. After a

brief sojourn with his friends in Shropshire, he accompanied his battalion to Ireland, but in August, 1803, was removed by being appointed a Brigadier General on the Staff. They parted with mutual expressions of esteem and regret, the officers declaring in an unanimous address, conveyed through the commanding major, Lord Ruthven, that the credit they had obtained upon service was entirely owing to the discipline he had established and maintained,—"a discipline," as they said, "so tempered with mildness that it endeared him to every individual in the regiment, as also did his general attention to their private interests."

Home service in Ireland, in those days, was neither pleasant nor profitable. French invasion was hourly looked for; domestic insurrections were perpetually predicted, which sometimes did break out, and inglorious campaigns were carried on against illicit distillers, and in support of unpopular tithe collectors. Intolerance on all sides was indulged in with blind bigotry and bitterness of feeling, which are gradually subsiding under a more enlightened policy. Napoleon ever had his eye on the "Emerald Isle," and a part of his grand scheme of invasion, which was negatived by the failure of his maritime combinations, and the catastrophe of Trafalgar, embraced the landing of a detached corps somewhere in Ireland, which he never doubted would effect the conquest of that country, and its permanent separation from Great Britain. But with all his penetration, and usually correct estimate of human nature, he egregiously miscalculated the government, feelings,

and character of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Much as the Roman Catholics of Ireland writhed under the severity of many existing enactments, they never desired to be swallowed up as a province in the overgrown empire of France. A few noisy demagogues only, thought of this, as a stepping-stone to their personal aggrandisement; and successive cabinets were weak enough to be persuaded by their still weaker representatives and viceroys, that this paltry section either influenced or represented the mass of the nation.

Towards the latter end of 1805, General Hill was ordered to join a force under Lord Cathcart, destined to cooperate with the allies in the North of Germany; but the great victory of Napoleon at Austerlitz rendered the plan abortive, and the expedition returned to England without effecting anything, and sustaining considerable loss from stress of weather. On his arrival at Ramsgate, Hill received the unwelcome tidings of the death of his mother, which still further embittered his feelings of disappointment at revisiting his native shores without added distinction. But the time had not yet arrived for England to resume the proud ascendancy as a military nation, which had remained in abeyance since the glorious days of Marlborough and Eugene. Our continental enterprises were badly planned, and though our soldiers had in no way degenerated from their ancient valour, our generals were inexperienced in the command of large armies; while our ministers, honest and patriotic without exception, lacked the concentrated energy which could alone bring a great war to a suc-

cessful termination. For a series of years the resources of the state were sadly misapplied until dearly purchased experience brought progressive wisdom, and the fulness of success reduced our gigantic enemy to assist in his own destruction.

The service in which General Hill was engaged in 1805, and the early part of 1806, although barren of public advantage, was eventful to himself, as it first introduced him to the acquaintance of the great leader, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, under whom he was destined soon to win his richest harvest of laurels. From that moment a friendship sprang up between them, cemented afterwards on many victorious fields, and continued without interruption until severed by the hand of death. During the whole of 1807, General Hill was on the staff in Ireland, and hailed with delight the order which reached him in the early summer of 1808, to join the forces destined to be employed in the first campaign in the Peninsula. The "Talents" ministry intended to dispose of these troops in following up the failure at Buenos Ayres, on the suggestions of a wild adventurer named Miranda; but fortunately for the glory of England, they were displaced before they were able to perpetrate this additional mischief.

Sir Arthur Wellesley expressed great satisfaction at having General Hill a second time under his command. In a letter addressed to him from Dublin, soon after his appointment, he says, "I rejoice extremely at the prospect I have before me of serving again with you, and I hope we shall have more to do than we had on the last oc-

casion on which we were together." Neither foresaw at that moment the stirring events of the six years' active service which lay before them.

On the 17th of August, 1808, Hill and his brigade came first in contact with the enemy at Roliça, and on the 21st at Vimiero he was posted in reserve. Had not the untimely arrival of Sir Harry Burrard checked the victorious advance of the English, Hill would have moved rapidly from the right upon Torres Vedras, while the left pursued their advantages, and completely divided the scattered battalions of Junot. Nothing could be better planned than the proposed movements, or more certain of complete success: but the attempt to move the new commander was fruitless; he remained deaf to all argument or entreaty; the opportunity was lost, the laurels were snatched from the hand that had won them, and after that, as Sir Arthur bitterly observed, there was nothing left to do but to shoot red-legged partridges. Then followed the Convention of Cintra, as it was miscalled, by which the French evacuated Portugal, and soon returned to repeat the same game over again. Sir Arthur Wellesley's day was not yet fully come. He went home, and General Hill remained with the army, the command of which, when active service was determined on, had been handed over to Sir John Moore. Napoleon himself entered Spain, dissatisfied with the proceedings of his lieutenants, and determined to endthe war in person. But the breaking out of hostilities with Austria called him back again before his object was accomplished, and he never more

set foot in the Peninsula. His best generals failed successively before a genius superior to their own, and the "Spanish ulcer," as Talleyrand designated it, proved a very proximate cause of his ultimate downfall. On the advance of Sir John Moore, the brigade of General Hill was attached to the division under General Hope. After the battle of Corunna, during which they were hotly engaged, and stationed on the left of the British line, they were employed to cover the embarkation of the troops during the night, and on the following morning went on board themselves, from the citadel. The campaign, though unsuccessful, terminated gloriously in an action which vindicated the hardihood of the English army and the talents of their general. During this sharp service, General Hill won the esteem of Sir John Moore, and, in common with all who served under him, deeply regretted the loss of that distinguished officer. The troops on their return from Spain, being dispersed by severe weather, landed in a straggling manner, and in no very showy condition, at Plymouth and Portsmouth, where they were received by the inhabitants with warm gratulation and philanthropic sympathy. During the absence of General Hill, his uncle Sir Richard died, his father succeeded to the title, and estates of Hawkstone, and he himself became proprietor of Hardwick Grange, which was ever after his favourite residence during the long peace, and within the walls of which he closed his days. Circumstances permitted him to enjoy but a short interval of repose; and early in the following April, he again found himself

in Portugal under the command of Sir John Cradock, to whom he conveyed the welcome reinforcement of several fresh regiments. Sir Arthur Wellesley soon followed to assume the uncontrolled direction of affairs, and with him came the tide of success which rolled steadily onward, with some temporary vicissitudes, from the banks of the Tagus to those of the Garonne. General Hill was appointed to the command of a division, and the army moved forward to dispossess Soult of the important city of Oporto. The memorable passage of the Douro took place on the 12th of May, 1809. The river was deep, swift, more than three hundred yards wide, and guarded by ten thousand tried veterans. As Sir W. Napier remarks, "the Macedonian hero might have turned from it without shame!" During the four days preceding this enterprise, the troops marched over eighty miles of most difficult country, gained many and important positions, and engaged and defeated three different bodies of the enemy's forces. Soult was unquestionably taken by surprise at the Douro; first, by the rapidity of the British general's preceding movements; and, secondly, by the daring decision with which the river was crossed by a small detachment who made good their landing on the opposite side, and held it until sufficiently reinforced. General Edward Paget, who led the first assailants, was severely wounded. General Hill stepped into his place, and held the ground that had been won, against all attempts of the enemy, until ample reinforcements arrived. A surprise is a casualty in war always held to be discreditable to the commander

who suffers himself to be placed in this predicament; yet has it happened to some of the highest reputation, including even Frederick the Great at Hochkirchen in 1758. Soult was admitted at all hands to be the ablest of Napoleon's marshals employed in Spain; but he sustained more defeats than even Jourdan, who was pre-eminently christened the *anvil*, from his power of enduring hard blows. The French emperor was more indulgent under failure than the English ministry. A general of their selection would scarcely have obtained the opportunity of losing a second battle, or of covering the loss of the first by a retrieving victory. Hence arose much dread of responsibility and diffidence in supreme command. Even after Vimiero, Talavera, and Busaco, there were not wanting cavillers who pronounced Wellington incapable, and suggested his removal.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, having cleared Portugal, retraced his steps towards the Tagus and marched boldly into the heart of Spain, depending on what proved weaker than a broken reed,—the co-operation of Cuesta and the Spanish armies. Then was fought the great battle of Talavera which gave Sir Arthur his first peerage, and in which eighteen thousand young soldiers, many of whom had been lately drafted from the militia, and still bore their original accoutrements, repulsed the utmost efforts of forty-eight thousand veterans who had fought at Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland. Had the Spanish army in position on the right, been manageable or capable of the slightest movement in advance, the repulse might have been changed into a

general rout. During the night which intervened between the two days of fighting, the 27th and 28th of July, the position occupied by General Hill was furiously attacked, and he found himself engaged in a hand-to-hand melée, during which he was dismounted, nearly made prisoner, and had his horse shot under him. But he charged vigorously at the head of the 29th regiment, drove off the assailants, and maintained his ground. Shortly before the close of the action on the following morning, he was struck by a musket-ball near the left ear and the back of the head. The hurt compelled him to leave the field, but in two days he was perfectly restored. On this occasion his hat saved his life as his helmet had done before in Egypt on the 13th of March. In the despatches, the services of General Hill and his division at Talavera were spoken of with the warmest commendation. Both his aides-de-camp had horses killed under them, and he himself lost two in the sanguinary conflict.

After this campaign, which opened so auspiciously, but the promising fruits of which were lost through the inefficiency of the Spaniards, the English general was compelled to retire within the frontiers of Portugal, and to prepare for the defence of that kingdom against the overwhelming armies now at the disposal of Napoleon for the subjugation of the Peninsula, flushed with their success and the triumphant peace they had conquered from Austria. The English government had in the meantime committed a fatal mistake, and lost an opportunity which was not likely again to present itself. Instead of concentrating the large effective force then

at their disposal on the one prominent point, and under the one general able to command them, they, with inconceivable fatuity, attempted a diversion, when a home-thrust might have changed entirely the aspect of European politics, and antedated by several years the end of the mortal struggle in which we were engaged. The forty thousand men who were sent, under an incompetent chief, to perish uselessly and ingloriously in the marshes of Walcheren, if added to the ranks of Wellington, would have placed him in the Pyrenees while Napoleon was yet tottering from the defeat of Asperne, and the opinion of his invincibility was rudely shaken even in the conviction of his most obsequious vassals.

The conduct of the Spaniards at Talavera and afterwards, was disgraceful in the extreme. They treated the British more as enemies, than friends or deliverers, plundered their baggage, and fired on their foraging parties. This induced Sir Arthur Wellesley to say, in memorable words, that for the future he would fight *in* Spain, and *for* Spain, if so commanded, but never *with* Spain. "I have fished," said he, "in many troubled waters; but Spanish waters I will never try again." In May, 1810, Massena arrived at the French head-quarters, and assumed the command of the invading army destined for the conquest of Portugal, and instructed "to drive the leopard into the sea." Lord Wellington (now promoted to the peerage) had ample time for preparation, and had laid down his plan of defence, of which he foretold the result with confidence; but the general feeling at the time, in the army, was one of

despondence, and that the retreat would end at Lisbon in an embarkation. Except himself and the engineers employed, but few were aware of the construction of the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, and those who noticed them were unable to fathom the object. But when completed and occupied, they burst, with the full force of conviction, on the army and the world, as the greatest illustration of military science in which the principles of modern warfare had ever been applied. The great strength lay in the second series of defences; but as Massena was sufficiently checked by the first, and never ventured to assault them, the experiment of how far they were impregnable was never brought to the test.

As the French advanced in overwhelming masses, Lord Wellington, according to his preconcerted plan, retired; but finding an advantageous opportunity of making a stand upon the mountain ridge of Busaco, determined to do so, that the Portuguese might have an opportunity of trying their mettle; and to check the current of opinion by a victory, which he felt confident of winning if the enemy ventured on an attack. He might have been taken at advantage on the 25th of September if the advice of Ney had been followed, and the French had fallen boldly on him before all his divisions were concentrated. But Massena was ten miles in the rear, and nothing could be done until he arrived in person. He did not hurry himself, and the intervening hours sufficed to enable the British general to complete his preparations. Hill, who for some months had exercised a detached command, was called in, and

occupied the extreme right of a position which extended altogether for nearly eight miles. The ground was high, rocky, and undulating; and admirably concealed the disposition and numbers of the Anglo-Portuguese army. The French fought with great courage and perseverance, but were signally repulsed on all points. It was vain for their numbers, discipline, and tried experience to contend against the strength of the ground, and the excellence of the troops opposed to them. Massena, who for the first time encountered English soldiers in a set field, discovered that they were made of tough, true metal, and renounced his distinguishing epithet of "L'enfant cheri de la victoire," which Napoleon had bestowed upon him after the triumph of Zurich. Sir W. Napier, in his History, mentions an affecting episode which occurred at Busaco during a temporary pause in the heat of the engagement. "A poor orphan Portuguese girl," he says, "about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain and driving an ass, loaded with all her property, through the midst of the French army. She had abandoned her dwelling in obedience to the proclamation, and now passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops, for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her."

Massena, finding it impossible to storm the position of Busaco, determined to turn it by the left, in which attempt he succeeded, although he exposed himself to

be taken *in flagrante delicto*, and ventured on one of the most dangerous operations in war, a flank movement in presence of a formidable enemy. Lord Wellington was restrained by political considerations, or he might have given him a heavy blow which would have effectually stopped the invasion, and rendered further retreat unnecessary. The attempt was too hazardous, but there was a chance of enveloping the entire French army. Afterwards, at Salamanca, he made Marmont pay dearly for venturing on the same manœuvre under somewhat similar circumstances. Many people in England were surprised to find that, after defeating the enemy at Busaco, the English general should still continue to retire on his lines; but this had always formed part of his original plan. The incidental battle was forced on him, and he accepted it rather as an experiment to initiate the Portuguese, than as expecting any decisive result likely to influence the issue of the campaign. Lord Wellington halted and drew up his army in position when he reached the lines. Massena looked on for a time in silent astonishment; and, having maturely calculated the chances of attack and consequent failure, withdrew to Santarem, where his head-quarters were fixed during the winter. Hill, who before this had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, was obliged, towards the middle of December, to retire to Lisbon in consequence of a severe attack of fever, which ended in jaundice, and induced him to accept a temporary leave of absence to re-establish his health. After a passage of three weeks, he landed at Falmouth on the 6th of

February, 1811. A short visit to his native air and the affectionate attentions of his relatives soon restored him; and in May he resumed his command, a few days after Marshal Beresford had fought the desperate battle of Albuera. Lord Wellington expressed the warmest satisfaction at his return, and every individual in his corps rejoiced exceedingly. Things had not gone well in his absence, under a leader in whom they had less confidence.

Nothing of importance took place in which he was concerned until the end of October, when he proposed to Lord Wellington to cut off the corps of Girard, who had exposed himself in his neighbourhood with rather more confidence than he felt disposed to encourage. Wellington, having equal reliance in his enterprise and prudence, left him discretionary power to act according to circumstances. The result ended in the surprise of Arroyo de Molinos, the most brilliant incident in his own professional career, and the most decisive success achieved by a detached corps during the whole progress of the Peninsular war.

Hill, having received intelligence on which he could rely respecting the exact situation of Girard, determined, if possible, to intercept him before he could escape. Everything depended on secresy and expedition. During the night of the 27th of October, he selected a chosen detachment, placed himself at their head, and moved by a forced march upon Alcuesca, one league from Arroyo, where the French were posted. The weather was wet and stormy, but no fires were

allowed in the camp of the allies; and at two o'clock on the morning of the 28th, the troops moved to a low ridge, only half a mile from the post occupied by the French, and under this cover formed three distinct bodies, the infantry on the wings, and the cavalry in the centre. Every precaution was taken to prevent the peasants from conveying intelligence to the foe; and as the day dawned, the columns rushed into the village, preceded and accompanied by a raging tempest, high above the noise of which were heard the shouts of the 71st and 92nd Highlanders, while their shrill bagpipes greeted the astonished ears of the enemy with "*Heigh, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin' yet?*" General Hill himself, inspired by the enthusiasm of the scene, departed from his usual calm demeanour; and, the necessity for silence having passed away, yielded to the impulse of the moment, and became clamorous with the rest. He drew his sword, gave a loud hurrah, spurred his horse forward, and led the foremost charge. One brigade of Girard's force had already marched for Medellin before morning broke; but the remainder with the cavalry were still within reach, and the horses of the rear-guard, unbridled, were tied to trees. The infantry were collecting on the outside of the village, and Girard was in a house waiting for his horse. No one amongst them had the least suspicion of an attack, when suddenly the British cheers and bugles were heard, and the surprise was complete. Girard, although he had fallen into this trap, was a ready, intrepid officer. He was wounded and surrounded, yet he refused to sur-

render, and endeavoured to keep his infantry together, retreating by the Truxillo road; but being hard pressed in front and on both flanks, he gave the word to disperse, and then his remaining troops endeavoured to scale the almost inaccessible rocks of the Sierra, which rose in masses immediately behind the town. They were closely followed, and many were taken; but as they threw away knapsacks, arms, and ammunition, a considerable number effected their escape from pursuers more heavily laden than themselves. Girard, Dombrouski, and Briche, sought safety in the Guadalupe mountains, and then crossing the Guadiana at Orellana, on the 9th of November rejoined Drouet with about six hundred men, the wreck of a corps of between three and four thousand, reputed to be the best organised and most efficient of any of the French troops then serving in Spain. The immediate fruits of this complete victory were nearly fourteen hundred prisoners, including General Bron, the Prince D'Aremberg (a near connection of the Imperial family of France), thirty-five other officers, with five hundred killed and wounded. All the artillery, baggage, commissariat, and a considerable contribution in money, just raised, became also the spoil of the victors, who sustained a loss of only seventy killed and wounded, with one officer, Lieutenant Strenowitz, who was taken prisoner. This gentleman was afterwards released by General Drouet with singular good temper and generosity. Being an Austrian, formerly in the French service, by a rigid construction of the laws of war he was liable to death as a deserter;

instead of which, by rare fortune, he was spared even a lengthened captivity, and soon reappeared in the field against his captors. General Hill, as might be expected from the noble generosity of his character, treated his prisoners with marked kindness and attention; so much so, that the Prince D'Aremberg, on his embarkation for England, addressed a letter to him expressive of warm gratitude, and pledging himself to reciprocate in the fullest manner, if the chances of service ever placed it in his power to be useful to British officers in captivity. It is thus that true heroism is displayed amongst enlightened nations, and the horrors of war are alleviated by personal courtesy. The Prince Regent so highly appreciated the services of General Hill, particularly in his last achievement, that he signified his intention, as soon as the restrictions on the regency were removed, of conferring on him the Order of the Bath, an honour at that time of more rare occurrence than at present, as the number of members was closely limited. On the 12th of March, 1812, he was invested by Lord Wellington, at Elvas, in company with Sir Thomas Graham, than whom it would have been impossible to select a more noble associate from the distinguished brotherhood whose names had risen to eminence together in many hard-fought fields. About the same time he received the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword from the Portuguese government. Not long after, Sir Rowland Hill, as he must now be called, found an opportunity of repeating the surprise of Arroyo de Molinos with equal success at Almaraz. Here Marmont had constructed a boat-bridge, secured by three strong forts

and a tête de pont. It was the only direct line of communication between the French armies of the north and south, and if interrupted they would be literally cut in two, and unable to co-operate except by a long and circuitous route. A second time, the result depended entirely on silence and despatch, and both were again put in practice with equal felicity. Sir Rowland Hill, having collected six thousand men, including four hundred cavalry, twelve field-pieces, a pontoon equipage, a battering train of six iron twenty-four pound howitzers, and many country carts conveying stores and ammunition, suddenly crossed the Guadiana and reached Truxillo on the 15th of May. He made demonstrations as if intending to cast a bridge over the Tagus at different points between Almaraz and Arzobispo, with the view of forming a junction with the main body of the British army under Lord Wellington. At the same time he caused exaggerated reports to be spread of his force, which some declared to amount to thirty thousand men. The French general, Foy, was deceived by this feint, and suffered his attention to be drawn from the true point of attack, and the real object of the English commander. But all were on the alert at his movement, well knowing that he was a man to be closely watched. Early on the morning of the 16th, Hill reached Jaraicejo, at the distance of two leagues from Almaraz. Here the troops were formed into three columns, and a night march was undertaken with the view of surprising at the same moment the tower of Mirabete, a fortified house in the pass, and the forts at

the bridge. Local impediments retarded their advance, and rendered the combined surprise abortive. There was something wrong too in the manner in which one part of the force was directed. Nothing remained, at the expiration of two valuable days, but to abandon the enterprise, or to storm works with infantry alone, defended by eighteen pieces of artillery and resolute garrisons. Hill decided on the attempt, although the enemy by this time had received exact information of his numbers and designs. During the night of the 18th, he led his brigades down the mountains by a goats'-path, and before dawn on the 19th, halted at about eight hundred yards distance from Fort Napoleon, which covered the bridge of Almaraz. With daylight, a false attack was commenced against Mirabete, while almost at the same moment the ramparts of Napoleon were scaled, and such of the garrison as were enabled to escape, fled across the river by the bridge, which they broke in their flight, and crowded into Fort Ragusa on the opposite side. They were hotly pursued by the victors; and some grenadiers of the 92nd, led by two brave soldiers, James Gould and Walter Somerville, whose names have been deservedly recorded, swimming over, brought back boats with which the bridge was restored. The British troops crowded hastily over, the French garrison fled, and the conquest was complete. Then followed the demolition of the forts, bridge, stores, ammunition, and provisions. The guns were made unserviceable, and the communications of the different French corps became permanently interrupted. It was a great stroke in war, attended by con-

sequences as important as the winning of a general action. Aubert, who commanded in Fort Napoleon, was wounded and taken prisoner at his post; but his brother officer, of Ragusa, fled panic-stricken to Naval-moral. He was there placed under arrest, tried by a court-martial and shot at Talavera. No one will deny that he deserved his fate. In the night of the 19th, Sir Rowland Hill, having thoroughly accomplished his object, marched back to the Mirabete ridge, carrying with him the colours of a French regiment, and more than two hundred and fifty prisoners, including the commanding officer and sixteen of inferior ranks. A much greater number were killed, drowned, and wounded, while his own loss amounted to one hundred and eighty men. An officer of artillery was blown up by the explosion of his own mine, placed for the destruction of the stone tower in the centre of Fort Napoleon; and Captain Candler, of the 50th, had his head carried off by a cannon shot while leading the grenadiers up to the rampart. This rapid and masterly enterprise completely insulated the works at Mirabete, which Hill now prepared to batter with his heavy artillery; and there can be no doubt that he would have speedily reduced this post, had not Sir W. Erskine, confused by the movements of the French, given a false alarm that Soult had entered Estremadura with his whole army, and was moving rapidly to intercept his return. The English general, upon this, gave up the enterprise, and in obedience to his instructions, fell back on Merida, which place he reached, without encountering an enemy, on the 26th of May.

His proceedings elicited the warmest commendations from Lord Wellington; and his aide-de-camp, Major Currie, who carried home the despatches, received a step of rank in consequence. In reply to Lord Wellington's letter of approval, Sir Rowland wrote as follows, immediately on receiving it at Merida: — "I arrived here about an hour ago, and had the pleasure to receive your Lordship's letter of the 23rd, for which I beg you to accept my best thanks. Sir W. Erskine's information, which reached me when I was on the bridge at Almaraz, certainly made me a little anxious to get out of the difficult country I was in at that moment. I did not, however, move from thence until the morning of the 20th, consequently had nearly twenty-four hours to destroy the place. I verily believe that the destruction of everything was completely effected in every respect, with the exception of the parapets of the redoubts, which were not entirely levelled. The guns were rendered useless by firing one against the other, and were afterwards thrown into the river. The masonry towers were [illegible] every piece of timber connected [illegible] ings, and bridge, was totally [illegible] not think there was a single [illegible] any service to the [illegible] bete, I certainly should [illegible] hold of the place; but [illegible] to bear upon it [illegible] tempted to assault [illegible] us very dear [illegible]

blockading Mirabete; but, ascertaining they had provisions in the place for six weeks, I did not think it was right for me to delay my return, particularly as Foy and Drouet both appeared to be in motion. I feel much indebted to your Lordship for your intention of sending Major Currie to England. I fear you will have considered my official report too long. If any apology is necessary on the occasion, it is to be found in the conduct of those whose merit I thought it my duty to bring to your notice, aware that I could offer no greater stimulus to their future exertions."

We have inserted this letter in preference to many others that were available to our subject, as it embraces an epitome of the writer's feelings and character. Here are combined the calm tone of perfect self-possession, a very clear account of what has been accomplished, an anxious desire to do justice to all employed and no disappointed comments on the mistaken haste which had misled him by false intelligence and robbed him of another trophy. Hill was on all occasions the soul of generosity, content with his own achievements, and ever slow to impugn the real or supposed deficiencies of others. For several months succeeding the affair at Almaraz he remained in his detached command, watching the movements of Foy and Drouet, with discretionary power to strike a blow at either or both, if opportunity offered. He had nothing to fear for the result; for his force was adequate to the service, his troops were full of confidence and accustomed to success, and his own talents and reputation stood higher in the opinion of

the military world than that of his opponents. Yet, with great self-denial, he forebore, though frequently tempted, and might have won more than one general action with great increase of personal glory. But his merit was moulded after that of his great commander, which took a wide scope, embracing the liberation of the Peninsula, and the ultimate triumph, by deeply planned and progressive combinations, rather than by incidental battles and profitless victories.

On the 18th of June, Soult having formed a junction with Drouet, Sir Rowland Hill drew up to oppose them in the position of Albuera, memorable for the great conflict of the preceding year, and still covered with the bones of many brave men who had there met "a soldier's sepulchre." The armies looked closely on each other, and immediate collision appeared inevitable, for the generals on both sides were left free to act as they pleased. Lord Wellington, when Hill communicated to him the state of affairs, had even said explicitly, "Fall on the enemy if you can with advantage. I should prefer a partial affair to a general one; but risk a general affair, if you deem it prudent (having always a very large body in reserve, particularly of cavalry), rather than allow Drouet to remain in possession of Estremadura and keep you in check." On receipt of this letter, Sir Rowland made up his mind to an attack; but the French retired manœuvring, and nothing occurred beyond a few unimportant skirmishes. A still greater game was playing in the north, where, on the 22nd of July, Wellington completely routed the army

of Marmont at Salamanca, and changed in a moment the whole aspect of affairs. Hill was at Villa Franca, facing Drouet, when he received intelligence of this unexpected event. On the 13th of August following, the British army entered Madrid in triumph, and were received as deliverers. King Joseph retired to Valencia; whereupon Drouet evacuated Estremadura, and Soult relinquished the grasp with which he had so long and firmly held Andalusia. He raised the blockade of Cadiz, gave up Seville, and proceeded to unite the army of the south in the direction of Cordova. Hill, thus left at liberty, crossed the Tagus at Almaraz, and, marching by Oropesa and Talavera, reached Toledo and Aranjuez early in October, and opened direct communication with Lord Wellington's army. But now the disobedience of Ballasteros materially assisted the junction of forces by King Joseph, Soult, and Suchet; and the failure of the attack on the castle of Burgos compelled the English general to retreat in his turn. Wellington commenced his retrograde movement on the 26th of October; and on the 30th, Hill, making corresponding arrangements, marched from the position of the Jarama on the Tagus, and, destroying the bridge of Aranjuez, took post at the Escurial. From thence he proceeded over the lofty Sierra de Guadarama into the thickly inhabited plains of Old Castile. The enemy followed in concentrated force, but Hill effected his junction with the commander-in-chief at Salamanca without material loss or any action of importance. Thence, the allied army retired upon the frontiers of Portugal, took

up a strong position, and went into winter quarters. The enemy, who was equally exhausted, did the same. Both sides rejoiced in the interval of suspended hostility, and prepared for fresh exertions with the coming spring. These latter operations were arduous and distressing, and the sufferings of the troops were much augmented by the extreme severity of the weather. But no great feat of arms was accomplished: it is not during a retreat that the British soldier gathers his thickest cluster of laurels.

Through a portion of the winter Sir Rowland Hill commanded the entire of the allied armies, while Lord Wellington repaired to Cadiz on political business of much importance. The responsibility was great, but warlike operations at that time were entirely suspended. His head-quarters were at Coria; and, as he was ever fond of field sports, like all English country gentlemen, coursing, shooting, hunting, and a variety of other amusements superseded the stern business of war, and helped the officers to while away the dreary interval of inaction. A stirring summer approached, and with it every prospect of great and decisive undertakings. In May, Lord Wellington took the field, and boldly assumed offensive measures at the head of the most numerous and best appointed army he had ever yet commanded. On the 21st of June, he fought and won the great day of Vittoria, beating his old friend Jourdan in the most masterly style, and receiving the bâton of an English marshal in return for that of his opponent, which he forwarded to the Prince Regent. On this occasion

Sir Rowland Hill commanded on the right, Sir Thomas Graham on the left, and Wellington in person superintended the two centre divisions. The battle, which has been so often described, ended in a total rout, and in the capture of everything connected with the *matériel* of an army. On that field the aggregated plunder of Spain was disgorged, and the amplest retribution fell on the invaders. It was in every respect one of the most decisive victories ever gained, a very disreputable *finale* for King Joseph. The scenes of spoliation that ensued when the fight was over have been described by the actors, spectators, and historians as more than realising the wild extravagance of a foreign masquerade at the height of the Carnival. Maxwell's picture is graphic to the life. He says (Victories of Wellington): "On the morning of the 22nd, the field of battle and the roads for some miles in the rear exhibited an appearance it seldom falls within human fortune to witness. There lay the wreck of a mighty army, while plunder, accumulated during the French successes, and wrung from every part of Spain with unsparing rapacity, was recklessly abandoned to any who chose to seize it. Cannon and caissons, carriages and tumbrils, waggons of every description, were overturned or deserted, and a stranger *mélange* could not be imagined than that which these enormous convoys presented to the eye. Here was the personal baggage of a king — there the scenery and decorations of a theatre. Munitions of war were mixed with articles of *vertu*, and scattered arms and packs, silks, embroidery, plate,

and jewels mingled together in wild disorder. One waggon was loaded with money, another with cartridges; while wounded soldiers, deserted women, and children of every age everywhere implored assistance, or threw themselves for protection on the humanity of the victors. Here a lady was overtaken in her carriage; in the next coach was an actress or a *fille-de-chambre;* while droves of oxen were roaring over the plain, intermingled with an endless quantity of sheep and goats, mules and horses, asses and cows." Sir W. Napier says, "The spoil was immense, yet so plundered, —principally by the followers and non-combatants, for, with some exceptions, the fighting troops may be said to have marched upon gold and silver without stooping to pick it up,— that of five millions and a half of dollars indicated by the French accounts to be in the money chests, not one dollar came to the public. Wellington sent fifteen officers with power to examine all loaded animals passing the Ebro and Douro, yet very little was recovered: and this robbery was not confined to ignorant and vulgar people,—officers were seen mixed with the mob contending for the disgraceful gain." From a comparison of many accounts, we may readily believe that the spoils of Vittoria exceeded those of any battle recorded in history, ancient or modern, not even excepting those of the camp of Darius at Issus, and Pompey at Pharsalia.

Sir Rowland Hill and his division bore a distinguished part in this brilliant action. They commenced the day by carrying the heights of La Puebla and the

village of Subijana de Alava, and completely turned the left of the French, driving them back in confusion towards the Zadorra, and the last defensible height, one mile only in front of Vittoria. Many have supposed that Vittoria was an easy battle because it ended in a total overthrow and a *sauve qui peut* as complete as that overthrow, — but this is a great mistake. Jourdan treated his army badly; but, in spite of a defective and unlucky commander, which is perhaps the worst fault of the two, they exhibited great obstinacy, and all their characteristic gallantry. The prolonged resistance of Reille on the right, against the attack of Sir Thomas Graham, afforded time for the routed divisions of the centre and left to escape capture, and materially diminished the number of prisoners who would otherwise have graced the triumph of the victors. The absolute loss of men on the French side was small in proportion to the other results. But, as in the case of the surprise at Arroyo, it is not easy to capture fugitives who disencumber themselves of any impediment to save their lives and liberty. Immediately after the battle, Hill's corps was detached to undertake the blockade of Pampeluna; but he was soon relieved from that harassing and monotonous duty, and resigned it to the Spaniards. He and his division were the first to surmount the lofty steeps of the Pyrenees, and to lead the advance of the British army into what Napoleon called "the sacred territory of France." As soon as the unwelcome tidings of the invasion of France reached the Emperor, Soult was dispatched with the title of his "Lieu-

tenant," and unlimited power, to repair the mischances of his predecessors. His instructions were generally to relieve Pampeluna and St. Sebastian, and drive Wellington back over the Ebro. "I place unlimited confidence in your ability and devotion," said his master, when he took leave of him at Dresden; but he was unable to fill his ranks with anything better than raw conscripts, and the means placed at his disposal were seriously inadequate to the great task committed to his exertions. His wife, too, strongly opposed his return to Spain; but Napoleon listened impatiently to her remonstrances, and the marshal departed on his errand. On his arrival he issued a proclamation which raised the spirits of his troops; and, collecting with skill and prodigious activity a superior force under Reille and D'Erlon, drove back the advanced corps of Wellington from the passes of La Maya and Roncesvalles. Many detached actions were fought with great obstinacy on both sides, in which the French, being the assailants, suffered heavier losses than the allies. Sir William Napier, in eulogising the conduct of our troops, observes that their stern valour would have graced Thermopylæ. Soult arrived within sight of Pampeluna, and flattered himself that his object was won; but Wellington concentrated his strength, and, in a series of sharp encounters, usually denominated the Battles of the Pyrenees, rolled him back again, with a loss of something like fifteen thousand men, including five thousand prisoners and many guns, and stood once more a conqueror within the frontiers of France. During all these complicated evolutions, Hill

came in for his ample share of "fag and fighting," and his manœuvres whether in temporary retreat or subsequent advance, were marked by his usual consummate skill and masterly prudence. Wellington, in his despatches to Lord Bathurst, particularly observes, "I beg to draw your Lordship's attention to the valuable assistance I received throughout these operations from Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill."

The winter campaign continued with the utmost rigour. Pampeluna and St. Sebastian fell in due course; the former by capitulation, the latter after a murderous assault, second only in its desperate character to that of Badajos. The siege of St. Sebastian had been vexatiously delayed by the negligence of the home government in providing sufficient means, and by the unparalleled refusal of the admiralty to supply the necessary naval aid. Downing Street and this same admiralty have too often thrown themselves into the scale to assist our adversaries.

On the 10th of November, 1813, Hill was actively engaged at the passage of the Nivelle, and on the 13th of December following he fought and won the Battle of St. Pierre with his own division, and almost exclusively by the effort of his own genius. Lord Wellington came up during the thickest of the fight, but refrained from interposing; and, when the victory was decided, rode up to Sir Rowland, caught him by the hand, and exclaimed with ecstasy, "Hill, the day is entirely your own."

He had fought against Soult in person with a fearful disparity of numbers, repulsed him at every point, and

inflicted on the enemy more than double the loss he sustained himself. An anecdote was long afterwards related to the writer by an officer present, which he believes to be authentic. At one crisis of the action things were going badly; one or two colonels were either timid or incapable, and their regiments gave way under bad leadership and example; the French pressed on, and the centre of the British position was on the point of being forced. Hill, who had taken his position on a commanding eminence, from whence he could embrace the whole field at a glance, descended rapidly from his height, and instantly threw his reserves into action to fill up the gap. For a moment he was moved to anger, and, being most unusually excited, muttered, half to himself, "D—n it, this won't do!" Lord Wellington, who had just arrived, and was within hearing, whispered to his attending staff, "Hill is beginning to swear—we had better get out of the way;" so extraordinary did it appear for that placid temperament to be ruffled into the slightest objurgation.

In February, 1814, occurred the passages of the Adour and Gave, and on the 27th was fought the important battle of Orthès. At one time the tide of victory appeared to set in favour of Soult, who, seeing a momentary confusion and backward movement in the English columns, burst out into exultation, and exclaimed, "*Enfin je le tiens!*— At last I have got him." But he exulted too prematurely. Wellington rapidly changed his plan of attack, and ordered Hill, with twelve thousand men, to pass the Gave by the ford above

Souars, and menace the French marshal's only line of retreat by Salespice. At the same moment he united his own wings and nearly enclosed his adversary. Soult seeing that Hill's movement had rendered his position untenable, gave orders for a general retreat, which he finally effected in great confusion and with heavy loss. It was thought at the time, and has been since repeated, that there was some mismanagement in the pursuit, and that, with more vigour, Soult's army might have been totally dispersed. But, towards the close of the day, Lord Wellington was struck by a musket-ball just above the thigh, which caused him to ride with difficulty; and this untoward casualty had its full effect in checking the rapid combinations necessary to follow up success. After the action Hill marched on Aire, with the view of seizing the magazines. He found Clausel with two divisions and some artillery posted there in order of battle, and attacked without a moment's hesitation. The Portuguese were led forward by their General Da Costa, a man of no ability, in a slovenly manner, and were repulsed with loss. But the British regiments soon repaired the temporary reverse, the French were driven through the town, and the troops that fled in the direction of Pau threw away their arms. They suffered a great loss in killed and wounded, and left behind, their magazines and above a hundred prisoners. It was altogether a very dashing exploit; affording, in the words of Lord Wellington, "another instance of the conduct and gallantry of the troops under Sir Rowland's command." In the midst

of this success his joy was qualified by mournful tidings from home. His elder brother, Colonel John Hill, died in the full vigour of life, beloved by his relatives, the favourite of all who knew him, and the father of a young and promising family. Sir Rowland wrote most affectionately to his sister on this melancholy event, but he was constantly in presence of the enemy, and his arduous duties allowed him scanty time to indulge in "unprevailing woe."

The war was now rapidly drawing to a close; yet Soult fought gallantly, and without hope, determined to uphold to the last the cause of the master who had ever appreciated his rare ability, and to whom he owed his present elevated position. Much more consistent was his conduct and enviable his fame, in those days of disaster, than the wavering loyalty of Marmont and Augereau, who deserted Napoleon while there was yet a chance of his recovering himself, and committed, according to the sarcastic Talleyrand, the unpardonable crime of letting their watches go a little faster than many of their comrades. The combat at Vic Bigorre, the action at Tarbes, the operations on the Garonne, and the closing battle under the walls of Toulouse wound up the immortal campaigns, from the study of which future Wellingtons, Hills, and Soults will derive much scientific knowledge in the trade of war, until war itself is buried in the same grave with the evil passions of humanity.

Toulouse was fought on Easter Sunday, April 10th, 1814. Many similar desecrations of the Lord's Day are recorded in history; and this, although a crowning

triumph to the victorious arms of England, was a very melancholy addendum of slaughter—for peace had been proclaimed before,—and eight thousand valuable lives were most fruitlessly and unnecessarily sacrificed. Soult has been falsely accused of fighting this battle after being made aware that Napoleon had abdicated and the war was over. Napier vindicates him from the foul charge, and adds, "This slander was repeated by Lord Aberdeen in the house of Lords, when the marshal was minister in France; but the Duke of Wellington, with a generous warmth, rose and truly declared that Soult did not know, and it was impossible he could know, of the Emperor's abdication when he fought the battle." Soult was one of Napoleon's "*hommes impassibles:*" literally, men without delicate consciences or scruples of feeling. He has enough to answer for in the shape of overstrained exactions and severities in Spain, thus rendering more terrible the scourge of foreign invasion; but it is puerile as well as contemptible to load his memory with unfounded aspersions. He combated to the last moment, but, like others, was heartily sick of fighting when no possible good could be expected, and sheathed his sword willingly when the moment arrived for doing so with honour.

During the autumn of 1813, the home government, feeling that their generals in Catalonia were overmatched by Suchet, suggested that Sir Rowland Hill might be spared for that command; but Lord Wellington was unwilling to part with him, and the scheme was abandoned. On the conclusion of peace with France,

there was an idea of offering him the charge of an expedition to America, which he was by no means disposed to undertake. Nothing was likely to be done in that country on a scale sufficiently large to require an officer of his rank and reputation. General Ross was employed, and fell gallantly at Baltimore. Sir Rowland, being released from his arduous duties, arrived in London on the 27th of May, 1814. Lord Wellington had been created a Duke; and Hill found himself, with his distinguished companions in arms, Hope, Graham, Cotton, and Beresford, promoted to the peerage. On the 1st of June, he took his seat in the House of Lords, and, though singularly averse to ostentation and display, was compelled to remain in town to attend the Prince Regent's fêtes, and the grand banquet at Guildhall, given in honour of the Peninsular heroes. In September, he was offered the command in Scotland, by an autograph letter from the Duke of York; but being desirous of repose, he declined this lucrative appointment, and remained in Shropshire with his family during the autumn and winter. The tranquillity of Europe was of short duration; for Napoleon escaped from Elba before twelve months had expired, and once more set the world in a blaze. The great disturber had yet a game to play, and there was more to be done before the cards were finally wrenched from his hands. There was much apprehension that a battle might be risked on the frontier of the Netherlands before the chances of success were sufficiently equalised; and Lord Hill, who happened to be in London on a visit of amusement, was suddenly

sent for, the government well knowing that his skill and prudence would keep all right until the Duke of Wellington could arrive. He departed on the following day. At dinner he quietly remarked to his sister, "I cannot go to the opera with you this evening; I am off for the continent to-morrow morning." Nothing was explained; but he went accordingly, leaving his staff and aides-de-camp to follow as soon as possible. Lord Hill's mission produced the most satisfactory results; and, on the Duke's assuming the command-in-chief on the 4th of April, he was placed in advance with a *corps d'armée* at Grammont, where he found himself opposed by his old acquaintance Girard, whom he had surprised between three and four years before at Arroyo de Molinos.

Lord Hill was not present at Quatre Bras. At Waterloo, his post, at the commencement of the day, was on a slope to the right of the Nivelle road, covering the right wing of the general line. As the battle progressed, his corps advanced, and added materially to the decisive issue. His horse was shot under him; the general was rolled over and severely bruised. For a time it was unknown what had become of him, and great was the satisfaction when he again made his appearance, bruised and suffering, but unwounded. After the battle, he and his staff occupied one small room in a cottage, between nine persons, and slept soundly, although dead and wounded were crowded round them in all directions. There have been endless disputes, and discrepancies in different accounts, as to

the exact hour when this great action commenced. When Lord Hill was in London during the following autumn, Lord Teignmouth put the question to him, and asked him if he could solve it. Lord Hill replied, "I took two watches into action with me. On consulting my stop-watch after the battle was over, I found that the first gun was fired at ten minutes before twelve." The last cannon shot was discharged by Captain Campbell, Sir F. Adam's aide-de-camp, a little before eight in the evening. When we remember that within those few hours, fifty thousand men and horses were stricken down, and lying on a surface of little more than two square miles, the sternest nature shudders to think how fearfully the work of destruction must have been plied during that terrible interval. Lord Hill, in a letter to his sister, dated June the 24th, says, "I verily believe there never was so tremendous a battle fought as that at Waterloo; and it is astonishing how any one could escape." Himself and his brothers were miraculously preserved. In this same letter, he adds, "Let us be thankful for all mercies, and never forget that Providence which has protected us, and brought to pass the present happy prospect of affairs."

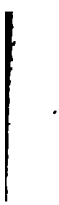
Lord Hill's career of active service terminated with the march to Paris, and the subsequent occupation of French Flanders by the allied armies. He had been fortunate enough never to fail in any undertaking, to have given universal satisfaction to his superiors, and to achieve distinguished actions without exciting jealousy, or creating a personal enemy. He was naturally

unassuming, although conscious of his own ability, and as true a specimen of unselfish heroism as the annals of any country can present for the emulation of posterity. Being unmarried, and not likely to encumber himself with domestic cares, he was naturally anxious that the peerage he had so nobly won should be entailed, in the event of his dying without issue, on the eldest son of his late brother, Colonel Hill. This was the only favour he ever asked for himself or family; and this was most readily and graciously accorded by the Prince Regent. When his duties at Cambray concluded, Lord Hill returned to England, and passed several years in the enjoyment of the most perfect domestic happiness, with the large family gathered round their venerable father, in the ancestral mansion at Hawkstone, where he sat daily at table with six brothers, four sisters, and the widow of his elder brother, whose children he regarded as his own. In 1827 Lord Hill was offered the command in India, in succession to Lord Combermere; but he had no desire to leave his quiet country enjoyments, and refused the honour which many eagerly coveted with ravenous ambition. Moreover, a hot climate disagreed with his constitution. He was then offered the master-generalship of the ordnance, which he also declined, but accepted with becoming pride the command-in-chief of the army when the Duke of Wellington became prime minister in 1828. This most arduous office he filled with universal satisfaction, until declining health compelled him to resign it in 1842. During the progress of the Reform Bill, King William

the Fourth expressed a wish that he should vote for that measure in the house of Lords; but it being contrary to his honest conviction to do so, and having always acted on the principle that a soldier should meddle with political questions as little as possible, he ventured to remain neutral, and escaped from a delicate position without giving offence. The honest mind of the King appreciated the integrity of his servant. After Lord Hill's death, a silk purse belonging to him was found to contain a crown-piece, in an envelope of writing paper, on which was written, "This crown was won by Lord Hill from His Majesty King William the Fourth, at Windsor Castle, 25th Oct. 1831. I will do my best to preserve it for him. H." In 1842 he was elevated to the rank of Viscount by her present gracious Majesty, with remainder to his nephew, Sir Rowland Hill. For a short time his health appeared to be re-established by country air and a total relief from official duties; but his hours were numbered, and on the 10th of December, 1842, he died in his own house at Hardwick Grange, surrounded and soothed in his final illness by many affectionate friends and relatives. In one of his last articulate speeches, addressed to his nephew John, he said, with the calm resignation which had ever marked his demeanour through life, "I have a great deal to be thankful for; I believe, also, I have not an enemy in the world. With regard to my religious feelings, I have no power to express much, and never had; but I do trust I am sincere, and I hope for mercy." Lord Hill had completed his seventieth year four months

before his death. His funeral, in compliance with his own particular directions, was strictly private, and his remains were interred on the 16th of December, without ostentation, in the little village church of Hadnal. Such was the end of one of England's noblest heroes, the companion of Wellington, and the most distinguished ornament of his own county. Circumstances and choice made him a soldier; and his gentle nature became familiarised with danger and all the severities of war, without imbibing any of their injurious or demoralising tendencies. He may be truly called a good and great man. His decorations for military services were, The Grand Cross of the Bath; The Guelphic order of Hanover; the Portuguese Tower and Sword; the Russian order of St. George; the Austrian order of Maria Teresa; the military Order of William, from the King of the Netherlands; crosses and four clasps for different battles; the Turkish order of the Crescent; and the Waterloo medal. Of earthly honours he had an ample share; but his hopes soared above them, and he felt their nothingness when weighed against the prospects of futurity.*

* For many particulars in this brief memoir, the writer is indebted to the "Life of Lord Hill," by the Rev. E. Sidney; a work equally interesting and authentic.



No. XII.

MAJOR-GENERAL LE MARCHANT.

"Happy is he o'er whose decline,
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years;
But, oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!"

MOORE'S MELODIES.

MAJOR-GENERAL LE MARCHANT.

Born 1765.—Killed at Salamanca 1812.

THIS gallant officer was cut off prematurely in the first general action it was his fortune to take a share in after being appointed to a command in the Peninsular army. His death was glorious; and he sleeps in a soldier's grave not far from the spot on which he fell. He too, like Nelson, Moore, and Craufurd, was only forty-seven years of age when his career so abruptly closed. His vigorous constitution, fortified by habits of activity and systematic temperance, gave every promise of a long life, in case he should escape the casualties of the field. Had Providence so ordained, he would have returned home at the close of the war, wearing as many honorary distinctions as the most renowned of his contemporaries; for he was eminently gifted with courage, perseverance, and clear judgment, the three innate elements which carry warriors above the crowd, and win for them an exclusive page in the records of history.

John Gaspard Le Marchant, born in the island of Guernsey, was one of the few remaining descendants of a Norman family believed to have settled there as far back as the reign of King John. His lineal ancestor,

Peter Le Marchant, appears to have been the foremost man of the place, under Edward the First, as he was not only bailiff, or chief civil magistrate, but lieutenant-governor, or king's representative. The subject of our memoir received his second christian name of Gaspard, after the celebrated Admiral de Coligni, a collateral ancestor of his mother, Mary, the eldest daughter of Count Hirzel de St. Gratien. His father, John Le Marchant, had served in the seventh dragoons, in which regiment he purchased a cornetcy under the Marquis of Granby, in the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, during the three last campaigns of the Seven Years' war, and retired on half pay at the declaration of peace in 1763. Young Gaspard was placed at an early age at Dr. Morgan's school in Bath (a seminary of high reputation), where he passed several years, and left with the character of having been, with the exception of the late Sir Sidney Smith, the greatest dunce that had ever been there. When speaking of the subject in after years, General Le Marchant frankly admitted that the fault lay more in the pupil than the school. Suddenly, on his return home, he became studious, and acquired habits of industry and application which he ever afterwards retained. As he evinced an early inclination for a military life, his father indulged him with a probationary trial in a regiment of the York militia, which happened to be commanded by a friend of the family. At the age of eighteen he was appointed to an ensigncy in the Royals, and joined the regiment in Dublin in 1783. His prospects on entering his profession were

anything but brilliant. He had scarcely any influential connections, and possessed a foreign name, with an insignificant fortune. But nature had endowed the young soldier with a tall, manly, and muscular form, a resolute spirit, and a constant mind. By personal merit he obtained admission into the best society, and formed some acquaintances which proved of value in his future career. In 1784, he embarked with his battalion for Gibraltar, where he remained for nearly three years, until attacked by yellow fever, from which he with difficulty recovered, and on his convalescence was sent, on the sick list, to England. On his return to Gibraltar, finding himself still a junior ensign without any immediate prospect of promotion, he purchased a cornetcy in the Inniskilling Dragoons, and shortly after joined that regiment in England. While doing duty there, he was appointed by Lord Heathfield to command the guard of honour employed to escort King George the Third from Dorchester to Weymouth. This accident introduced him to the notice of his Majesty, and, backed by the recommendation of Sir George Yonge, then Secretary at War, obtained for him, a short time afterwards, a lieutenantcy in the Queen's Bays. While at Gibraltar he had employed much of his leisure time in making sketches of the fortress and the Barbary coast. These drawings were shown at court by Sir George Yonge, and admired. They procured for the young officer invitations to the royal circle, through which he won the personal esteem and approbation of the king, which were never afterwards withdrawn from him. In less than

three years after his entrance into the Bays, he purchased his troop, and during this interval became united in marriage to the eldest daughter of John Carey, Esq., a young lady of Guernsey, of great beauty, to whom he had been for a considerable time engaged and affectionately attached. His domestic happiness was soon interrupted; for a few months after the birth of his eldest son, in 1793, he received orders to join the allied army on the continent. The British forces at that time were badly organised, unaccustomed to continental warfare, directed by a young and inexperienced commander, and opposed to an enemy numerically superior, flushed with victory and enthusiasm, and led by a succession of unfettered veterans of established reputation and proved ability. On our side many instances of individual daring were exhibited; but we could show no brilliant generalship to equalise the balance. The operations undertaken in 1793, 1794, and 1795, were lamentable failures; but it would be out of place to dwell here on the many causes which produced that unhappy result. They have been amply discussed elsewhere; and impartial truth ascribes them principally to the incompetence of our own ministers and the duplicity of our allies. Let it be remembered only, and always, that these allies were Austrians and Prussians, who treacherously negotiated terms with the enemy while they were maintaining their armies with British subsidies. They did this again in 1806, and once more again in 1809; and judging by past experience, may be expected to prove their sincerity after the same fashion in 1856, if we are weak enough

to afford them added repetitions of the same opportunity. Politicians who rely on the stability of co-operation from these powers, in our struggle with Russia, may, with as much demonstrated reasoning, expect support from a broken reed. Yet there are legislators, in office and out of office, with average understandings and the experience of history, who still believe in the honesty of Austria, and expect, sooner or later, the open support of Prussia. In our dealings with questionable implements, if we must deal with them at all, we should, to a certain extent, do as they invariably do by us, not act with duplicity, but use them without confidence. And yet to such sources the late government looked, in the emergency they had themselves created, to fill the gaps in our ranks for which they are chiefly answerable. We have better and safer foundations of hope, in a firm reliance on Providence, in the innate courage of our incomparable soldiers, in the attachment of the people to the throne, and in the constancy of our late hereditary antagonist, who is now our truest and ablest friend. There are ambitious states amongst the Teutonic Confederacy, who hate England in their hearts, are ever ready to prey upon her vital strength, ever on the look-out, with an open grasp, to pocket her money, jealous of her supremacy, and at any moment prepared to sing *Io pæans* over her anxiously anticipated downfal. It would be well for peace and civilization if some of them were swept from the map of Europe, and a young, vigorous, steady, independent barrier kingdom created from those who are bound to us in ties of consanguinity, to occupy the places at

present so unprofitably filled. It may probably come to this at last; for the leading powers of the world will not always continue blind to transparent facts, or forego political advantages for objects which may be weak in themselves, and of no intrinsic moment, but sometimes become pernicious from undue consideration. The days are passed away for ever when nations warred for a family compact, or to support a particular dynasty.*

Captain Le Marchant first saw actual warfare in an attack made by the Austrians under Count Hohenzollern on the French camp at Cassel, on the 30th of June, 1793. For his conduct in this affair, he received particular mention in a special order from the Austrian commander, which ran thus:—"I beg the officer commanding the British cavalry in the absence of Lord Herbert, to express my thanks in my name to Captain Le Marchant, and to all his brigade, for the precision with which he executed my instructions at the engagement at Cassel this morning, and to assure all the corps that I esteem myself both happy and honoured to have had him to command troops that showed as much spirit as intrepidity." Such a flattering distinction has rarely been conferred on so young an officer in a subordinate capacity, and in his first field. On the occasion of this intended *coup de main*, the troops employed were ordered to begin their march before sunrise. Captain Le Marchant visited his men during the night, to see whether their accoutrements were in proper condition for the

* The "War of Succession," and that for the first restoration of the Bourbons in France.

expected day's work. He was suprised to find them all turned over on their faces. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that they had just dressed their queues for the morrow, and they were afraid of lying in any other position, lest it should become necessary to dress them again. Such was the appliance of what was then considered practical discipline in the British army; and to such childish or doting absurdities were the energies of the highest officers in the service ludicrously and grievously misapplied.

The skirmish at Cassel drew from Captain Le Marchant the following observations, in a letter to his wife: —"I am just returned from a scene that, on cool reflection, makes my soul shrink within me; but it is one of the horrors of war. What gave me most pain was to see that the Austrians gave no quarter. Poor devils on their knees, merely begging for mercy, were cut down. My own people, thank God, were as merciful as possible; and, I think, destroyed none in the pursuit, except such as would not give themselves up. Dives's (his junior captain) party had taken five men alive, but leaving them for an instant in pursuit of others, some Austrians came up and butchered them. I made a complaint to Hohenzollern, who supposed his men might have seen some of their comrades receive similar treatment from the enemy during the engagement. He seemed to be very sorry for it. My people behaved remarkably well in face of the enemy; that is, for young troops. They have an implicit confidence in me, so that I hope in time we shall be esteemed by our

friends the Austrians, who are, at present, as superior to us as we are to the train-bands in the city."

The Prince of Hohenzollern, in addition to his public testimony of approbation of the conduct of Captain le Marchant, named him particularly in a report transmitted to the Duke of York; and in the August following he was appointed major of the brigade commanded by the Honourable General Harcourt. As he was personally unacquainted with the general, he owed the advancement entirely to his reputation. The day after he assumed this office, he witnessed the engagement at Lincelles, in which the three battalions of Foot Guards eminently distinguished themselves, and obtained a name on their standards which is still emblazoned there in company with the more recent trophies of Egypt, the Peninsula, Waterloo, and the Crimea. There were sharp contests during the campaign of 1793; but there was a want of combination and unity of plan on the part of the allied commanders, which gave the enemy advantages that the fair chances of war would not otherwise have afforded them. Few laurels were gained, but many hardships were endured. Captain Le Marchant says, in his journal, dated in the month of September, and intended for private perusal, "At Dixmude I slept undressed between sheets for the first time these two months. Would you believe it? I did not sleep sound. Perhaps I did not enjoy myself the less in musing on my novel situation. In fact, during these same two months, I have not even taken off my clothes or boots, except to change them. Often fatigued

to death, so much so as to fall asleep on my horse. A little bit of dry bread that has been lying in the bottom of my great coat, was as carefully divided between the general and his staff, as would have been the richest dainty between epicures at home. It would appear unaccountable to you how persons, accompanied by the number of servants and horses that we all are, can be in want of the comforts, much less of the necessaries of life. The fact is this: attacks are generally made by the enemy at moments least expected, when we hurry on our horses, and think of nothing but our immediate responsibility as officers; we take our posts, and the army changes its position half a dozen times before our servants can find us out again. All they can do is to stick to some column, and to trust to chance for a rencontre." But in the midst of all these active vicissitudes, there was occasionally monotony and leisure, which Captain Le Marchant turned to account, by making drawings of all such articles in the military equipages of our allies as appeared to him to differ from and be better than our own. He also studied with great care the superior mode in which the Austrian cavalry were trained to the use of the sabre, and employed himself in making military plans of the different positions of the army, which gained for him both notice and credit.

While thus engaged, he received intelligence that his father was dangerously ill, and anxiously desired to see him before he died. Through the interest of General Harcourt, he obtained a short leave of absence, but

arrived at home only in time to meet the funeral procession departing from the door. In the first week of February, 1794, he rejoined the army, which was then in quarters at Ghent. Here he encountered the notorious General Mack, who long continued to impose upon the world the idea that he was an able commander, until his subsequent misconduct at Ulm exhibited him in his real character. Lord Nelson saw through him at Naples in 1798; but his opinion was attributed to English prejudice. Captain Le Marchant thus describes his personal attributes:—"Mack is a man of forty, extremely like the Abbé Mac Carty; he has some complaint in the head that keeps him in constant pain. In consequence, he wears a black caul over his skull, sewed round the bottom with thick black hair, which gives him a very grotesque appearance. He lies all day on his bed, writing with a pencil his instructions for the movements of the army. When an action takes place, he is lifted from his bed to his horse. It is singular that, with these habits, he is a passionate admirer of the sex. He is accompanied everywhere by a female attendant. I have made a sketch of his face, which is thought to be very like him." Three important affairs took place between the allies and the French, on the 17th, 21st, and 22nd of April, at all of which Captain Le Marchant was present, and in less than five weeks participated in seven general actions. But, notwithstanding some brilliant successes, his clear penetration saw and foretold that the final result of the campaign would be disastrous,—an opinion quite at

variance with the sanguine expectations of older officers of much superior rank. The sequel soon showed that he judged correctly. When the allies were preparing to go into winter quarters in 1794, Captain Le Marchant, on the recommendation of General Harcourt, was promoted to a majority, by purchase, in the 16th Light Dragoons, and at the same time received orders to join that regiment at Weymouth, where it was then quartered in attendance on his Majesty. He had been absent about a year and a half, — a short time, into which many events had been crowded, offering impressive lessons in the art of war, from the repeated battles and complicated movements of such large armies within a very limited circle of operations. The conflicting hosts on both sides have been computed at four hundred thousand men.

Major Le Marchant's residence at Weymouth, after the hardships and privations of an active campaign, illustrated in a striking manner the extremes of military life. He scarcely expected, after an interval of seven years, to be recollected by the King; but his Majesty received him in the most gracious manner, and honoured him by repeated marks of kindness both in public and private, — a distinction which led to his intimacy with the most influential persons of the day.

While quartered at Weymouth, he commenced his first efforts to introduce the *sword exercise.* The original idea of this suggested itself to his mind in Flanders, from observing the many instances of discomfiture which our dragoons experienced in single combat

with the enemy; nor was it in such personal duels alone that the English troopers exhibited their awkwardness with the sword. Major Le Marchant was informed by the surgeons that many of the wounds which the men received in the field could have been inflicted by no other weapons than their own. One of his own acquaintances, a captain of dragoons, wounded himself in the foot seriously during the confusion of a *mêlée*. The horses were perhaps the principal victims, as they were often gashed about the head and neck by their riders. He therefore determined to instruct himself by consulting all individuals amongst the different armies who were supposed to be the ablest swordsmen, according to the system practised by each. The immense body of cavalry in the field, and the diversity of the nations of which it was composed, materially aided his researches. Through this process, combined with many new principles of his own, he formed a system of attack and defence, which he embodied in a code of instructions, and commenced its practical exercise in his own person. He was not long in acquiring a considerable degree of skill and graceful execution. His next step was to instruct two privates of his own regiment, who made rapid proficiency. A detachment of twenty selected men and a few officers was formed with equal success. The co-operation of other corps was then invited; but the overture was rejected, partly from prejudice, but more from laziness. The inventor of the new system was prepared for this, and appealed to higher authority. The method under which he proposed to train the whole British cavalry in

the use of the sword was submitted to the Duke of York. The result of the personal inquiries of his Royal Highness, and the report of a committee of general officers, decided the question in its favour. The proposed code became established amongst the permanent regulations of the service; and Major Le Marchant received orders to begin his course of instruction with all possible despatch. The subsequent events of the war afforded many triumphant tests of the merit of the invention. On repeated occasions, in the Peninsula and elsewhere, our dragoons evinced as marked a superiority in single combat with the enemy as they had experienced defeats during the early compaigns in the Netherlands. The system survived the founder, and was adopted without alteration for several years. Towards the close of the war, another and an improved form of practice was introduced, with an important change in the shape of the sword, to render it more handy for the thrust. This occurred in the natural course of things, as no system is likely to be perfect on its first introduction; but the merit of an invention is not diminished because it has been subsequently surpassed. The first pioneer who opens a passage through the rock has quite as hard a task to perform as the succeeding labourers who smooth and macadamise the road.

Major Le Marchant's "Treatise on the Sword Exercise" was printed, by authority of the Adjutant-General, in the year 1797, and many thousand copies were sold for the benefit of the service, as he declined all pecuniary remuneration. His labours received a far

more gratifying recompence in his promotion, without purchase, to a lieutenant-colonelcy in Hompesch's Horse, from whence he was speedily transferred to the 29th Dragoons, and finally to the 7th Hussars. These successive appointments he owed solely to the estimation in which his abilities were held by the King. In consequence of the absence of Lord Paget, his senior officer, he commanded the 7th for a considerable time, and set himself vigorously to work to produce regimental reforms, much needed, but unpalatable to both officers and men, from their severity and the personal exertions by which they were attended. This course rendered him for a time unpopular; but the permanent advantages long outlived the unfavourable impression. The intimacy which sprang up between Lord Paget and his junior lieutenant-colonel, from their serving together in the same regiment, terminated only with the life of the latter.

Shortly before joining the 7th, Colonel Le Marchant prepared and submitted to the commander-in-chief, "a plan for preventing peculation in the foraging of the cavalry," which was approved by his Royal Highness, and carried into effect. Up to that period the existing system had degenerated into a most fruitful source of fraud. The advantage lay with the quarter-master, rather than with the captain of the troop. The colonel next composed a work called "The Duty of Officers of Cavalry on the Outpost," the substance of which he had collected whilst serving with the advanced guards of the Prussian cavalry in Flanders. This treatise was also approved, and directed to be printed under authority

from the Horse Guards, but by some intervening accident it never went to the press, and no trace of it can be found amongst the papers of the author. Another work, being an enlarged revision of his code of instructions, under the title of "An elucidation of several parts of his Majesty's regulations for the formation and movements of Cavalry," was published in 1797, and has since passed through five very large impressions. To this he added one more, under the head of "Instructions for the movements and discipline of Provisional Cavalry," a popular and useful manual, which his accustomed disinterestedness rendered as little profitable to himself as his previous publications.

Colonel Le Marchant had now established his reputation as one of the ablest regimental officers in the army; but his active and ambitious spirit was little disposed to rest satisfied with that ordinary distinction. He had long satisfied himself that much of the deficiency in our military character and practice, arose from the total absence of professional education on the part of the officers. This could only be remedied by the establishment of some uniform system of instruction, embracing the principles and practice of war in all its branches, and which should be accessible to officers of every grade and arm. England, then engaged in a most arduous struggle, was the only leading nation of Europe without a military school or college. The seminary at Woolwich admitted only cadets for the artillery. The subject of our memoir having maturely revolved the question in his mind, and feeling convinced that it might be carried into

effect, drew up an essay, under the title of "A plan for establishing Regimental Schools for Officers throughout the service;" but he soon became convinced that the scope therein proposed was too narrow for the purpose, and abandoned his first conception. Ruminating continually on his favourite speculation, as he was travelling alone in the autumn of 1798, he became firmly persuaded that nothing short of a national establishment, on a scale far more extensive than he originally meditated, would be found to yield any solid or adequate advantage to the state. At once he committed his ideas to paper, and was often heard to say afterwards, that, as he wrote, he acquired the most perfect confidence in the success of his undertaking. His work being sufficiently matured, he submitted it to the Duke of York in January, 1799. His Royal Highness, after an attentive perusal, at once expressed his approbation of the design, but added his fears that the difficulties were too great to be overcome. The Duke of Richmond had some years before proposed a national military institution, and ministers had received the suggestion favourably. But when the subject came to be more minutely discussed, so many objections were stated by public men, as well to the principle as to the expense of the measure, that his Grace proceeded no farther in it. His Royal Highness then observed, "I have no wish to discourage you, yet I can hardly recommend you to sacrifice your time and talents to a project which seems so very unlikely to succeed. Nothing can be done as long as people think on the subject as they do now, and I despair of removing

their prejudices, for prejudices they are, unless you can absolutely demonstrate them to be groundless. This cannot be done in a moment, and it will require stronger arguments than those you have laid before me. If you will revise your plan, and accompany it with all the details necessary for satisfying the public, it shall have my warm support."

Here was as much encouragement as the sanguine projector could have hoped or desired at the outset. Accordingly he left the Duke with an assurance that he would soon render the measure worthy of the public support: and he kept his word. In three months from that time he presented his Royal Highness with an elaborate statement of his views, comprising all the financial estimates, which formed the most important calculation in elucidating the expense of the proposed plan. The income and expenditure of the establishment in all its branches were enumerated with mercantile minuteness, and the result certainly showed the possibility of conducting it at little or no charge to the government.*

The Duke of York, convinced by the able arguments of Colonel Le Marchant (who, as soon as the leading objections were placed tangibly before him, grappled with and overthrew them), entered into his plans with entire acquiescence. It so happened that General Jarry,

* The college then projected has now been carried on for more than fifty years; and no institution in the kingdom, of corresponding magnitude, has produced so much benefit with so slight a pressure on the revenue of the country.

a French tactician, and an officer of the highest eminence, who had served under Frederick the Great throughout the whole of the Seven Years' War, and afterwards with Dumouriez, was at that time an exile in this country, and ready to turn his talents to the best account. On the invitation of his Royal Highness, the veteran willingly undertook to instruct our officers in the art of war, with Lieutenant-Colonel Le Marchant as his associate in the task. A temporary establishment on a limited scale was then formed at High Wycombe in Bucks, which opened on the 4th of May, 1799, under the direction of the above-named officers, without the aid of professors. Thus began what has since risen into the senior and junior departments of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. The lectures then delivered by General Jarry were greatly admired by the select few who could understand them; but being confined to the higher branches of the military art, and delivered in a foreign language, they were quite lost on the great majority of officers, who knew little of the science of their profession beyond the mere routine of regimental duty. It soon became obvious that a preparatory course of instruction was indispensable, and the government was reduced to the necessity of appointing the requisite professors, or of breaking up the establishment in its infancy. Colonel Le Marchant knew and felt from the first that his plan must stand or fall by public opinion; he had, therefore, taken care to distribute, on the opening of the institution, a concise sketch of his design amongst those persons whose interest or advice was likely to

afford him any assistance. The effect of this limited circulation increased his confidence and more than answered his expectations. Letters poured in upon him from all quarters, expressing the highest approbation of his plan; one in particular of a most gratifying nature from the Duke of Richmond. That high-minded nobleman praised his design in the strongest terms, and wished him the success that his abilities and perseverance deserved. The Duke of York being now secure of the support of some of the most distinguished political characters in the country, came forward actively as the avowed patron of the institution, and authorised Colonel Le Marchant to select the necessary professors, — a trust he most conscientiously discharged. His first appointment was that of Mr. Isaac Dalby to the mathematical chair, and the situation could not have been filled by an abler or a better man. His two immediate colleagues were Mr. Thomas Leybourn and Mr. W. Wallace *, who were carefully and judiciously selected after much deliberation. Isaac Dalby then prepared a "Course," in two volumes, for the exclusive use of the new establishment, and which, having gone through several editions, is still the text-book at Sandhurst. He was a natural genius, self-taught, and originally of humble origin. It has been said that he had ridden as a post-boy in his early youth. His manners were homely, almost uncouth, but his disposition was kind, and his character unsophisticated; moreover, he had mastered his science with the power of a giant, and

* Afterwards professor of mathematics in the Edinburgh University.

conveyed instruction in clear, impressive language, abounding with apposite illustrations, and concise withal.*

Colonel Le Marchant, having settled the mathematical branch, was proceeding to select the professors of fortification and military drawing, when the Queen's Dragoon Guards, the regiment to which he had been transferred from the seventh, and then commanded, was ordered to prepare for immediate embarkation on foreign service. Here was an unexpected check when he had overcome many difficulties; but, without solicitation, the authorities permitted him to name an officer to hold his post, in connection with the college, during his absence. He

* The writer had the good fortune to be a special favourite of the great professor, with whom he often came in contact during his periodical visits to examine the cadets of the junior department, then at Great Marlow. They were awful moments, when, with chalk in hand, he designed a complicated problem on the black board, and muttered in a gruff tone, "Let me see what you can make of that!" If you succeeded without boggling, he patted you on the head with a gracious, "You may go." As he entered the grounds on those momentous occasions, many would gather round him with obsequious bows and earnest inquiries after his health; but as he saw through the overstrained courting, he replied half jocularly, "Ah! I suppose you are coming up presently. Take care I don't spin you like tops." By a strange arrangement of the authorities, Mr. Dalby was also appointed examiner in history, of which, although a professed mathematician, he knew nothing beyond very general notions. He usually began with a common-place question in chronology; such for instance as, "When was the battle of Hastings fought?" which, as a matter of course, you were unable to answer; and as you hesitated, he helped you out by saying, "Never mind a hundred years or so, give me a good round guess." Peace be to the ashes of Isaac Dalby! who, with all his eccentricities of manner and appearance, was generally loved and reverenced by young and old.

accordingly fixed upon an intimate friend, the late Major Brock of the 16th Light Dragoons, and then joined his regiment, which was one of the finest in the service, with the most sanguine expectations of distinguishing himself in the field. He wrote to his wife: "I am determined to rise to the head of my profession, and nothing but death shall stop me." But the expedition of which he was to form a part, being abandoned after many preparations had been completed, he was released in the course of a few months from his regimental command, and allowed to return to High Wycombe, where he found every thing at a stand-still, and exactly as he had left it, government having made no appointments after his departure. The fate of the institution seemed as doubtful as ever. The ministers were unwilling to add a shilling to the overloaded estimates, under which the country was groaning, and the Duke of York felt a natural reluctance to add to their embarrassments by proposing the slightest increase in the expenditure of the army. Still Colonel Le Marchant persevered in his efforts, and offered to lend his services gratuitously until the institution should be fully established, and then to retire without any other recompence than the honour of having thus contributed to so important a measure. Finally he won over the Hon. Mr. John Villiers, Mr. Huskisson, and through them, Mr. Pitt, to adopt his views warmly and effectually. The latter proposed that the Duke of York should appoint a committee of general and staff-officers, under directions from his Majesty, to decide on all the details connected with

the permanent existence and extension of the present establishment. The committee was appointed in due course, and with some modification, adopted and recommended the plans so elaborately explained by Colonel Le Marchant. In their "report," they advised that the institution should be established under the Royal warrant, and that a sum of 146,000*l.* should be laid out in building a proper edifice for its reception. The report, dated the 2nd of December, 1801, was accompanied by a letter from the Duke of York, the president of the committee, to the secretary of War, which concluded with these words:—

"The committee have further desired me to express in very strong terms the sense they entertain of the ability and uninterrupted assiduity which Lieutenant-Colonel Le Marchant has displayed in preparing and arranging the very intricate and voluminous details necessary to bring this important object to the state in which it is now presented to his Majesty's ministers; and from a consideration of the unavoidable expences to which he has been exposed, during the long period he has been engaged in this undertaking, they recommend that he shall receive, not less as a token of approbation than as a just remuneration for the same, the sum of 500*l.*"

Lord Hobart (secretary of state) immediately forwarded the King's warrant for 500*l.*, with expressions of his high sense of Lieutenant-Colonel Le Marchant's merit. A board was then appointed to manage the affairs of the institution, which for the present was not

enlarged, but from thenceforth received the title of the Royal Military College. The expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby had afforded a favourable opportunity of employing on the staff some of the officers who were most forward in their studies. The manner in which they acquitted themselves vindicated the judgment with which they had been selected, and stamped the utility of the new establishment. The historian of that short but brilliant campaign, Sir Robert Wilson, bears ample testimony to the merit of those students, and his praise is confirmed by an enlightened French writer of the present day, Dupin, in his work entitled "The Military Force of Great Britain."

Soon after the first warrant received the royal assent, Lieutenant-General the Hon. William Harcourt was appointed the governor; at the special recommendation of the committee, General Jarry the inspector-general of instruction*, and Colonel Le Marchant the lieutenant-governor and superintendent-general of the Royal Military College. On the 4th of May the latter received the final triumph of his long and persevering exertions. On that day his Majesty issued a second warrant "for the formation and government of the Junior Department of the Royal Military College, for the instruction of those who, from early life, were intended for the military

* General Jarry died in 1807, aged 75, and was succeeded by Sir Howard Douglas. It was at one time intended that the office should be filled by General Dumouriez, and negotiations were entered into with that view; but the government declined to give him the rank in our service which his overweening pretensions led him to demand as an accompanying stipulation.

profession, and who might thereby be grounded in science previously to their attaining the age that enables them, consistently with the regulations, to hold commissions in the army*; and to afford a provision also for the orphan sons of those meritorious officers who had fallen or been disabled in the service of their country, as well as for the sons of those officers who from pecuniary difficulties might not otherwise be able to give them a proper education."

The new college being thus firmly established and elevated, Colonel Le Marchant resigned the command of the Queen's Dragoon Guards, and devoted himself entirely to the duties of his new and most responsible office. The subsequent years of his residence at High Wycombe formed the brightest period of his life. More fortunate than most public benefactors, he had received an early and substantial reward. He had been appointed, without any solicitation on his part, to the most distinguished as well as the most lucrative post in the service that was compatible with his rank; and to crown all, his wife and children were the witnesses and partners of his elevation. It cannot be disputed that to

* This was fixed at sixteen, and as thirteen was the age for entering the college, three years was the allotted time for completing the regular course of study, and passing the examination before the supreme board, which entitled the successful candidate to a certificate and a commission. The writer had the singular good fortune to accomplish this within sixteen months, so that he became a gazetted officer, without purchase, at the age of fourteen and a half, and received the additional indulgence of continuing his studies for eighteen months more before he was ordered to join his regiment. During this time his pay and promotion went on regularly.

Colonel Le Marchant is due the full, undivided merit of giving to England a permanent school of instruction for her army. Promotion, honours, and titles achieved on the battle-field, are undoubtedly the most brilliant and captivating of the soldier's trophies, as well as the most popular evidences of his courage and executive ability; but here is a remarkable example to show that other avenues to distinction fall within the wide scope of his duties, and may be followed with success by an active and accomplished mind. The prompt conception which executes a daring manœuvre in the decisive moment, and the happy courage which braves and escapes the accompanying danger, are dazzling endowments; but they are intrinsically inferior to, and more commonly exhibited, than the high intellectual energy which plans, matures, and establishes, in the face of many obstacles and prejudices, such an extensive innovation as a National Military College.

The appointment of a governor was little more than a nominal dignity. The active duties rested with the lieutenant-governor, whose immediate province, the personal charge and supervision of the senior department, by no means interfered with his constant visits to the junior branch of the institution, which occurred regularly twice a week. The resident commandant, Colonel Butler, transmitted to the lieutenant-governor a weekly report detailing every particular connected with the studies, discipline, and general state of his charge. Colonel Le Marchant exercised his extensive authority with strict impartiality, and although naturally of an

irascible temper, never suffered himself to be betrayed by constitutional warmth into an act even bordering on injustice. If he was sometimes severe, he was always upright, inflexible in principle, kind where indulgence was appropriate, and sedulous to discover merit. It would have been difficult indeed to have selected another individual so admirably adapted to the post he filled. Many young men of humble fortunes were materially forwarded by his support. Few persons possessed the art of reproving with such effect. The serious expression of his features, combined with the dignity of his manner, and the deep tones of his voice, struck his youthful audience, when he addressed them, with an awe which many of them were unable to forget when grown to manhood, and engaged in the stirring scenes of military life.

The compiler of these memoirs happened to be sent to Marlow, under the immediate patronage of the late Sir Herbert Taylor, within four years of the opening of the junior department. A relation of high rank in the artillery accompanied him, and took the opportunity of introducing the shy and trembling stripling to the notice of the lieutenant-governor, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and who sat with other magnates at the board while the neophyte was undergoing his preliminary examination. Ever after this, Colonel Le Marchant kept an eye upon the young cadet, and constantly addressed a few words of friendly encouragement to him, when he visited the halls of study, and received favourable reports of his progress from the different

professors. Once he justly incurred his displeasure for a heavy breach of discipline. He was on sentry at the main guard, and had placed an open book of light reading on the arm-rack, to solace his monotonous walk by the occasional perusal of a page. Suddenly the lieutenant-governor came round the angle of the guard-room, accompanied by two or three of the officers, and detected the culprit in the very act. He recovered himself as well as he could, presented arms in trepidation, and stood motionless, with visions of the black hole and bread and water swimming before his eyes. "A sentry reading on his post," pronounced the well-known sonorous voice; and on this text a severe homily was delivered, which the delinquent long remembered, and inwardly blessed the lenity that suffered him to escape with so slight a punishment.

Colonel Le Marchant was particularly careful in administering the finances of the college, and with this view was ever on the watch to prevent waste or peculation in any of its departments. By this assiduity, serious abuses were brought to light and checked with a strong hand. He had also a strong aversion to carry on business of any importance by conversation, when it could be done in writing, which he conceived to be the best check on bad men and the best security to good ones. He was accustomed to say that this habit had on one occasion saved him from utter ruin. His *official* letters, purely relating to college matters, during the nine years that he held his command, fill five massive folios. Many practical men of business, on the other

hand, hold that in most cases half an hour's conversation does more than a volume of correspondence. As in most other arguments, there is much to be said on both sides; but the question of *time* would seem to be the first consideration. Notwithstanding the multifarious duties attached to his post, Colonel Le Marchant found leisure hours, during which he principally occupied himself in drawing, in which he was originally self-taught, but had recently improved by taking lessons from Payne and Glover. The beautiful environs of High Wycombe, and occasional visits to his native island of Guernsey, afforded picturesque subjects for the pencil, of which he availed himself with mingled delight and assiduity. He rose early, slept little, and was by constitution both temperate and abstemious. Under the excitement of society, he spoke with fluency and spirit on subjects with which he was well acquainted; but as his knowledge of books was limited, he never ventured beyond his depth. By nature he was habitually taciturn, and, though tenderly attached to his wife and children, he seldom joined in their conversation. His pen was constantly in his hand, and he composed many treatises on subjects connected with the military profession. Amongst the most important were, "A Plan for recruiting the Army," which the adjutant-general strongly recommended the government to carry into effect; "A Plan for the general Enrolment and effectual Discipline of the Population of the country capable of bearing Arms," the substance of which was introduced into an act passed at the close of the session of 1803; "An

Outline of the general Staff of the Army," in a quarto volume of two hundred and eighty pages; and at the suggestion of Mr. Windham (then secretary of state for war and the colonies), an elaborate treatise entitled "Outline of a general Organization of the Military Establishment of Great Britain."

On the 7th of April, 1804, the lieutenant-governor was honoured with a conversation by George the Third, on the terrace at Windsor, in which his Majesty expressed himself in the most complimentary terms. "I consider the military college," said the King, "an object of the deepest national importance. The Duke of Cambridge has just given me a most favourable account of it, and I hear from scientific men that your studies are conducted by very able masters, and according to an excellent system. I entirely approve of the measures you have pursued in the late disturbances*, and I think the example must lead to the improvement of the cadets. There was no expecting them to be docile at first, but their management will become, every day, less difficult; and you will all the while be raising a race of officers who will make our army the finest in Europe. The country is greatly indebted to you."

After the battle of Corunna, in January 1809, the immediate attention of England was directed to the preservation of Portugal; it was therefore determined to re-organise the Portuguese army on the British sys-

* There had recently been a sort of rebellion or mutiny at the Junior Department, which was speedily suppressed by a judicious blending of decisive with lenient measures.

tem, and under British officers. Colonel Le Marchant was named by the ambassador, the secretary of state, and the general in command on the spot, as the most eligible person to assume this arduous duty. He received the notice of this intended appointment with the most unfeigned satisfaction. It was a great advance on the road to high professional distinction, for which, in the midst of his many avocations, he incessantly panted. But the commander-in-chief refused his consent, on the ground, as his Royal Highness informed Lord Castlereagh, "that Colonel Le Marchant could not be spared from the college." It remains only to add that the colonel submitted to his Royal Highness's decision without a murmur, being sensible, as he said, that the college was his chief care, and its success the great object of his life.

He now conceived his connection with the institution to be indissoluble, and perhaps he was not sorry for it. The conviction operated a material change in his views and feelings. Ambitious, as he had hitherto been, of military honours, he felt an attachment almost paternal for the college, and its growing success was continually adding to his reputation. Many of the most rising officers in the Peninsular army, both staff and regimental, had issued from its walls. In the early summer of 1811, Colonel Le Marchant was raised, in the ordinary routine of promotion, to the rank of major-general, and about the same time he went to Sandhurst to inspect the progress of the long-projected new buildings, which were at last commenced on the magnificent scale originally

contemplated. All that he saw increased his satisfaction, and he returned to Wycombe, happy in the certainty that all difficulties under which the college had been labouring were removed, and that he was destined to pass the remainder of his days where he could witness and participate in the accomplishment of the schemes that had occupied him for so many years.

The work was scarcely over, before he received a letter from the adjutant-general, acquainting him "that their Royal Highnesses the Prince Regent and the Duke of York were of opinion that his situation at the college was incompatible with his rank in the army, and he must therefore expect to be immediately removed."

The communication came upon him with the effect likely to be produced upon a man of strong feelings, who was totally unprepared for such an announcement. His wife was in a very advanced state of pregnancy; and although the pay and appointments of lieutenant-governor of the college were nominally considerable, they had hitherto proved inadequate to the incidental expenses (much increased by the non-residence of the governor), and his private fortune had suffered in consequence. All these expenses would have ceased on the removal of the college to Sandhurst, and an honourable opportunity would have been afforded to him of recruiting his finances. Though what may be termed a very successful soldier, he was many thousand pounds poorer than when he entered the army. His letter, in reply

to the adjutant-general, is so manly and characteristic that we may be excused for quoting it.

"High Wycombe, 9th June, 1811.

"My dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the early intimation that you have had the goodness to give me of my intended removal from the Military College. I would have answered your letter immediately and without hesitation, to the same effect as I am now about to do, but unfortunately there was yesterday no post.

"I cannot disguise from you that this change in my situation will make a very sensible difference in my income, which must unavoidably be heavily felt by a numerous and young family. I had certainly (though without sufficient consideration) looked forward to my continuance at the College, as the more natural course that my military life would have taken, under the particular circumstances of my having given rise to an establishment which is admitted to have been of essential service to the army, and of my having devoted my best military years to its advancement and improvement, during which time I have unavoidably lost every opportunity of distinguishing myself, in common with those of my own standing, by active service in the field. But as the appointment of lieutenant-governor is deemed incompatible with my present rank in the army, I hope that I need not say to you that these thoughts shall never occupy me for a moment; and I shall thank you to assure his Royal Highness the commander-in-

chief, that I never can have any other object in view as to my professional employment, than that of showing myself worthy of that situation (whatever it may be) in which his Royal Highness may be pleased to think my humble services may be most useful and acceptable.

"Of course, I do not know whether it is to you alone that I am indebted for this early communication of what is intended; if so, pray allow me to repeat my best thanks; but if you have done it with the permission of his Royal Highness, I beg that you will express in the strongest terms my humble acknowledgment of this mark of his condescension and kindness."

Within little more than three weeks from the transmission of this letter, the general received official notice that an additional brigade of cavalry was ordered for immediate service in Portugal, and that he was selected for the command. He accepted the proffered distinction with alacrity, and two days afterwards issued the following order at the College:—

"Royal Military College, 6th July, 1811.

"His Royal Highness the Prince Regent having been graciously pleased to appoint Major-General Le Marchant to the command of a brigade of cavalry, under immediate orders of embarkation to serve in Portugal, he desires that, until further orders, all reports may be made to Colonel Butler, as senior officer at the College.

"The lieutenant-governor cannot resign his command of an institution which he had the good fortune

to be instrumental in forming, and to the advancement of which he has devoted so many years, without expressing his ardent wishes for the welfare of its members; and his sincere hope and conviction that it will completely fulfil the just expectations of the army and public from so important an establishment."

The retirement of the general produced the strongest expressions of regret; and it may encourage others in a strict and honourable discharge of their duty, to learn that one so scrupulously just and fearlessly impartial as he had always proved, carried away with him, not only the respect, but, in general, the attachment of those under his command. He was immediately waited upon by a deputation of the officers, requesting him to name a day on which a public dinner might be given in testimony of their sentiments; but the urgent nature of his orders precluded his receiving so gratifying a tribute to his merit, and the dinner was not given. In little more than a week he was obliged to take leave of his family, and proceed to London, on his way to Plymouth, where he was to find the frigate appointed to convey him to Lisbon.

He visited some of his friends in town preparatory to his departure, and, amongst others, the late Marquess of Anglesey, whom he requested to furnish him with any hints that a more recent experience of active service might suggest. "The best advice that I can give to a cavalry general," said his Lordship, "is to inspire his men as early as possible with the most perfect confidence in his personal gallantry. Let him but lead,

they are sure to follow, and I believe hardly any thing will stop them."* General Le Marchant sailed from Plymouth in the middle of August. His brigade had already embarked in the transports convoyed by the frigate. On the morning of the 24th, they entered the Tagus, and the general landed at Belem on the afternoon of the same day. For sixteen years he had not left England, and had never penetrated into the continent beyond Flanders and France. All was equally new and interesting to him. His sketch-book was busily employed, and his residence at Lisbon passed profitably and agreeably. He remained there with additional satisfaction, as it afforded him the means of receiving more frequent tidings of his wife. He had left her in a state that caused great anxiety, but constant letters assured him that all was going on well. The last was most encouraging. Two days after its receipt, in the midst of his gratitude and hope, the news arrived that the object of his affections, the mother of his children, was no more. She had gone to bed in perfect health, but the pangs of labour had come on during the night, and after giving birth to a fine boy, she had expired. The blow, so sudden and unlooked for, completely crushed his spirit for a time, and he never after reco-

* This appears to have been Murat's secret, and Napoleon understood its effect; for he once observed at St. Helena, "I wish we had had Murat at Waterloo; one of his daring charges might have retrieved the day." Murat, with very little tactical science, performed some wonderful exploits by sheer courage, and his soldiers conceiving themselves to be invincible under his guidance, pursued, perhaps, the best means of being so.

vered its perfect elasticity. A long union had cemented the early attachment between him and the object of his choice. She became the partner of his fortunes from his youth up, and not only participated in, but aided all his plans for advancement. The most perfect community of thought existed between them, and whether it were joy or sorrow, hope or fear, it came upon them both alike. By the same packet which communicated to General Le Marchant his heavy domestic bereavement, the Duke of York, anticipating that he might wish to return to his family, had written to Lord Wellington to request leave of absence for him. The act was kind and spontaneous, but the general declined availing himself of it. His relations in Guernsey undertook the charge of his children, eight in number, and he resolved to remain at his post. His brigade consisted of three splendid regiments, the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the 3rd (King's Own) Dragoons; mustering two thousand sabres and horses of a superior quality. With very few exceptions, they were young soldiers, who had never yet faced an enemy; but the Portuguese, who had not seen any English heavy cavalry before, were struck with admiration at their imposing appearance, and predicted their signal triumph when brought into conflict with the enemy. For many family and private reasons, it would have been extremely agreeable as well as convenient to General Le Marchant to have taken his eldest son, then an ensign in the first Foot Guards, as his aide-de-camp, on his first appointment; but he refrained from doing this for

some time, on strictly conscientious motives, until he felt that the young man had qualified himself by more experience, and a more competent knowledge of the leading continental languages.

In the middle of September, 1811, General Le Marchant, under orders from Lord Wellington, marched from Lisbon with his brigade to watch the movements of Regnier at Alcantara. He fixed his head-quarters with the 4th Dragoons at Fundao, a small town in the mountains, and posted the 3rd and 5th at Castello Branco, Thomar, and the neighbouring villages. His duties required activity and a sharp look out, but the early part of the winter passed over without any offensive movements on the part of the enemy. The supineness of the French enabled him to visit Frenada to pay his respects to Lord Wellington, to whom he was no stranger by reputation, and who gave him a cordial welcome. He was still further gratified by renewing intercourse with many of his oldest and dearest friends, at that time attached to his lordship's immediate command. One of these officers has thus recorded, in a letter, the impression left upon him by the unexpected meeting: — "I found the general as active and energetic as when I had first known him fourteen years before. I was happy also to perceive that his temper had greatly improved; and, indeed, he seemed to have spared no pains to get it under his control. He once said to me, 'I have been all my life squabbling and quarrelling, and unable to get out of troubled waters. I am determined henceforward that no one shall have

any just ground of complaint against me.' I thought this was being too hard upon himself, and could not help telling him that it was not so much from defect of temper that he had fallen into these difficulties, as from expecting all men to be as eager and able to do their duty as himself, and treating them, in case he happened to be disappointed, as if they were the very reverse of what he had supposed them. If he would but adopt a more humble standard, he would form a more accurate estimate. I afterwards observed that my advice had not been thrown away; for no general could show more judicious indulgence than he did to his officers and men, or in return be more beloved by them."

Towards the close of 1811, Lord Wellington conceived the design of attacking Ciudad Rodrigo. The project had been suspected by some of his staff for some weeks, but nothing certain transpired until he communicated the necessary orders at the appropriate time. The investment of the doomed fortress commenced on the 8th of January, 1812, and General Le Marchant was ordered to bring up the heavy brigade from Castello Branco to cover the operations of the besieging army. He marched on the 13th, and on the 17th arrived within a league of the place. His headquarters were established at Aldea da Ponte, a straggling town on the Portuguese side of the Agueda, which with the surrounding neighbourhood had been so exhausted that it was found extremely difficult to procure either forage or food. The siege was pressed rapidly,

and from the unprecedented vigour of Lord Wellington's operations, terminated much sooner than could have been expected. The French had been accustomed to say, that although the English might win battles, they would never take a town. The assertion was now about to be dissipated by a plain proof to the contrary, destined to be corroborated by others of even a more signal character, before the long competition for ultimate victory was brought to a conclusion. The storming and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo took place on the 19th of January. As there was no probability of the cavalry being engaged, Lord Wellington directed General Le Marchant to remain with him during the assault. Accordingly he continued by his side until the struggle was over, and accompanied him when he entered the city to take formal possession. He witnessed with pain the excesses committed by the troops upon the unfortunate inhabitants, and with many other superior officers used the most strenuous efforts to suppress them. The French governor, General Barrié, was for a while placed under his charge; but his manners were uncouth, and he appeared so little accustomed to the courtesies of society, that there was considerable rejoicing when orders were issued for his removal to Lisbon. General Le Marchant wrote a detailed account of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, for the information of one of the highest military authorities in England, which was greatly praised at the time, but unfortunately cannot now be found. This noble feat of arms was performed by the third and light divisions, under their two distin-

guished commanders, Picton and Craufurd; the latter of whom fell, and was buried close to the breach, up to which he led his devoted followers with his usual undaunted courage. In the memoir of that brave officer, we have quoted the celebrated parallel between him and Picton from the masterly pen of Sir W. Napier. We here introduce another by the writer from whom we have compiled the present biography, differing in some points from the earlier one—more minute, perhaps, (as some may think), more just, and equally deserving to be read and remembered.

"Picton and Craufurd were officers alike distinguished by gallantry and talent, but most opposite in disposition and deportment, and, it may not now be uninteresting to add, in person. Picton, when wrapped in his military cloak, might have been mistaken for a bronze statue of Cato, and was equally staid, deliberate, and austere; whilst Craufurd, of a diminutive and not imposing figure, was characterised by vivacity almost mercurial both in thought and act; his eager spirit and fertile brain ever hurrying him into enterprises of difficulty and danger, which he loved the more because they sometimes left him at liberty to follow his own view of the crisis of the moment. Others shunned responsibility—he courted it. He had served on the staff of the Austrian armies during the revolutionary war, and was well versed in their tactics, as he had shown by his translation of one of their best military histories; but this knowledge was of very questionable benefit to him, for it occasionally led him to try experiments which were hardly

consistent with the comparative insignificance of his corps. In short, he was too much disposed to aim at objects which were the province of the commander rather than of a subordinate general. Picton had no such ambition, but he was slow to execute orders of which he disapproved, and the quickness of his perception was not equal to the soundness of his judgment. Craufurd had the faults incidental to a hasty temper — Picton those belonging to a morose one. Each was possessed of indefatigable industry, and perfect familiarity with all the duties of his profession; and last, though not least, both were men of the highest integrity and honour. Next to Lord Wellington, none stood higher in the estimation of the army. Both these officers were the friends of General Le Marchant. He had known Craufurd long and intimately; and there existed between himself and Picton, a degree of affection, which the latter did not often show but could most strongly feel. He was a man much more generally admired than beloved, though he possessed in an eminent degree, qualities calculated to inspire attachment. In this respect, as well as in his military talents, — and, in some degree, his person, — a resemblance might be traced between his friend and himself."

The constant intercourse which General Le Marchant had so fortunately enjoyed with Lord Wellington at Frenada and Ciudad Rodrigo, inspired the great commander with such confidence in his subordinate, that he left him almost the independent control of his brigade without interference from other authorities. Too ex-

alted for jealousy himself, he required only to be well served, and possessed the peculiar tact of all superior minds in discovering the ability and activity of those under him. These qualities he ever turned to the best account by giving their possessors the most unfettered facilities for their exercise. A new field was at this time opened to General Le Marchant by his being appointed president of the Board of Claims; a busy and complicated office, which required great knowledge of business, with more than common sagacity and discernment. The encroachment on his time often abridged the few hours that after a hard day's march remained for repose; but his decisions, however, were so carefully made, that they materially contributed to the high estimation which he gained in the army.

Lord Wellington having carried Ciduad Rodrigo with a rapidity which utterly disconcerted the French generals, determined to follow up his success by a similar attempt against the more formidable stronghold of Badajos, which had twice foiled his utmost endeavours. He disregarded the season, and seized the favourable contingency which circumstances presented. In co-operation with this design, General Le Marchant's brigade of heavy cavalry moved from Castello Branco on the 21st of February, and crossing the Alemtejo, he halted on the 5th of March at Villa Vicosa. Here they were detained several days by the incompleteness of the preparations for the projected siege. Every officer in every department worked with untiring zeal to advance the object of their chief. The subject of our

memoir in particular exerted himself; and those who saw him labouring early and late, with a mind always collected, vigorous, and apparently at ease, little guessed the depth of anguish which lay concealed under this calm exterior. The real state of his feelings betrayed itself in his private correspondence. In a letter to an intimate friend, written about this time, he says: "As for myself, my days have been wofully embittered by misfortune, and discouraged by disappointment. I have now little to look forward to. Whenever I allow myself to think of my family in their present dispersed and dependent state, I am made truly wretched. Still, whatever may be my lot, I feel that I shall have done my duty to my country and to them, and if I have not been more successful, it will not be owing to any want of exertion on my part to merit a more fortunate issue."

Badajos was invested on the 16th of March, and fell on the 6th of April. During the operations, the cavalry were posted in advance with the covering army under Sir Thomas Graham, and two or three unimportant skirmishes took place which led to nothing. Soult advanced with a strong corps to relieve the endangered city, but retired precipitately when informed, to his utter amazement, that he was too late, and it was already taken. On the evening of the 10th of April, the cavalry of his rear-guard were somewhat carelessly posted between Villa Garcia and Usagre; and Sir Stapleton Cotton conceived hopes that it might be possible to cut them off. The forces collected for this enterprise numbered about nineteen hundred men, consisting of

the heavy brigade under General Le Marchant, and the light brigade of General Anson, then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, who had distinguished himself at Talavera and Barrosa, and was destined to achieve still higher fame in after days, by his romantic escapes at Waterloo. The French cavalry amounted to nearly two thousand three hundred, all experienced soldiers; and Lallemand, one of the brigadiers, was a favourite pupil of Napoleon, and had already established a brilliant reputation. Peyremmont was also a first-rate soldier, but given to boasting, and entertaining an utter contempt for the English cavalry and their leaders, which he expressed on all occasions in unmeasured terms.

The troops marched on the night of the 10th, Sir Stapleton Cotton accompanying Ponsonby's brigade. It was intended that he should attack the enemy in front, while Le Marchant assailed their rear, and intercepted the retreat on Llerena by the Benvenida road. The success of the surprise entirely depended on simultaneous action. General Le Marchant approached the ground he had been directed to occupy, without being discovered by any of the French out-piquets, but found that Ponsonby, by some mistake, had arrived before the appointed time and commenced the action too soon. The surprise had failed. The enemy were thus enabled to escape the snare, and retired; but soon halted and drew up in order of battle, concentrating their squadrons for a decisive charge, when they discovered the weakness of the attacking force; for Le

Marchant's brigade were concealed from their view. They then advanced boldly against the weak body under Sir Stapleton Cotton, who stood patiently to await the onset, although opposed to such odds, that their total overthrow appeared certain and immediate. Lallemand at this crisis suddenly descried a small body of British cavalry emerge from an olive-grove in his rear, and push boldly towards him across the plain. They evidently did not exceed three or four hundred men, and no others were in sight, but they moved with such confidence, compactness, and precision, that he suspected a support could not be far distant.

These troops were four squadrons of the 5th Dragoon Guards, which General Le Marchant had moved quickly on through a defile, while the rest of the brigade hastened by the longer circuit of the road, to sustain him. Every thing depended on time, and with this select body he resolved to make a daring effort to gain the day. Lallemand hurried to Peyremmont, and delivered his opinion of the danger; but his suggestions were ill received by his superior. He insisted that the officer commanding the British detachment must be a blockhead, and was throwing himself upon certain destruction. To Lallemand's more correct eye, the disposition of the British denoted any thing rather than want of skill, and he could not help observing that if their commander were not a blockhead, he must be no ordinary soldier. Peyremmont smiled contemptuously at a supposition which he treated as absurd, and turned away.

The question was soon decided, for while the French

were in the confusion inseparable from a sudden change of position to encounter an unexpected enemy, Le Marchant dashed upon their flank with desperate impetuosity at the head of his brave followers, who, in close array, unbroken by their extraordinary speed, went as one unbroken mass into the ranks of the enemy, from whom they encountered a very ineffectual resistance. A sanguinary conflict ensued, in which several single combats took place, and many wounds were given and received by the victors. A moment or two after, Ponsonby charged against the front, and the two other regiments of the heavy brigade arriving in support, the French gave way in all directions: the rout was complete, and the plain was soon covered with fugitives. The pursuit continued for more than four miles, and was pushed up to the suburbs of Llerena.

In this creditable affair, as skilfully combined as it was gallantly fought, the English had only fifty-six troopers killed and wounded, forty-five of these being of the 5th Dragoon Guards. The French deserters (and the account was corroborated by other evidence) stated their loss at little less than five hundred men in killed, wounded, and missing, of whom one lieutenant-colonel, two captains, and one hundred and twenty-eight privates were made prisoners.

The cavalry action at Usagre, being fought in the vicinity of both armies, attracted unusual attention, and established General Le Marchant's character as a quick, daring, executive officer. Lord Wellington, in his despatch, speaks of the engagement as "highly cre-

ditable to Sir Stapleton Cotton, General Le Marchant, and the officers and troops under their command;" thus coupling the subordinate general with his chief — an unusual distinction, which plainly showed the sense that his Lordship attached to his services on that occasion. The merit which he claimed for himself was very moderate; for in a letter to a friend, he merely observes, "The affair, though of no great consequence, brought myself and my brigade acquainted on essential points, and I have reason to believe that we are mutually well pleased with each other."

The day after the combat, the general was joined by his eldest son, who had obtained permission to quit Cadiz (where he was quartered with his battalion), that he might serve in future under his father's eye on the staff of Lord Wellington's army. His arrival was the source of great delight to his father, who had ever preferred him above his brothers, and indulged towards him a mingled feeling of pride and affection.* Time passed on, and the events of the campaign led to the great movements and complicated manœuvres between the mighty hosts of Wellington and Marmont, which worked up to the crowning glory of Salamanca. General Le Marchant, in the midst of incessant and harassing

* This accomplished and promising young officer fell at the early age of twenty-three, being mortally wounded at the battle of the Nive. He expired at St. Jean de Luz, on the 12th of March, 1814, and was buried on the ramparts of that city. The writer bears willing testimony to his talents and amiable qualities, for he knew him intimately when they were both cadets at the Military College, and afterwards when they served together for a short time in Sicily.

duties, still found intervals during which to indulge in his favourite recreation of sketching, and to write many letters to his family and friends. During the whole of May, the head-quarters of his brigade continued at Crato, about three leagues from Portalegre. This month passed so quietly that it would have been difficult for a casual writer to believe that vast combinations of war were gathering together in the neighbourhood, and two large armies gradually moving, as through a labyrinth, to meet in a common centre. The surprise and destruction of the bridge of Almaraz, on the 19th of May, by General Hill, insulated the force of Marmont from the army of the centre, and thus opened to Lord Wellington the prospect of fighting a general action on more equal terms than the vast numerical superiority of the enemy usually admitted.

On the 1st of June, General Le Marchant, having received orders to join Lord Wellington, left Crato, and proceeding through Castello Branco, Alcaniz, and Casea, reached the head-quarters of the British army at Gallegos, on the 9th. Forty thousand men were here encamped ready for action, and confident of victory under the chief who had never been defeated. On the 12th, the heavy brigade (5th Dragoon Guards, 3rd and 4th Dragoons) bivouacked on the Agueda, not far from Ciudad Rodrigo, and was inspected by Lord Wellington, who bestowed the warmest commendations on their service-like appearance and steady discipline. For the latter quality they found favour even in the eyes of Sir Thomas Picton, who, with all the stubborn preju-

dices of an old infantry officer, was slow to accord any praise to the cavalry branch of the service which could reasonably be withheld. After relating, on one occasion, how he found an unfortunate subaltern of Light Dragoons with his piquet all fast asleep on their post close to the French, he added, "I always feel easy when Le Marchant's men are between me and the enemy; they do their duty, and can be trusted, and I heartily wish the rest were like them." This systematic superiority was produced by personal example. The general absolutely identified himself with his brigade, in which he appeared like a parent amongst his children. The hardest day's march could not prevent his walking through the cantonment or bivouac to see whether the comforts of the men had been properly cared for; and to the surprise of those who had known him in early life, if there ever was a complaint raised against him in these campaigns, it was that of over-indulgence to the men, who in return almost idolised him.

On the 13th of June, the heavy brigade crossed the Agueda, and on the 19th, marched through Salamanca. Marmont had evacuated the city, leaving strong garrisons in the forts, which he trusted would hold out until he could return to relieve them. Lord Wellington followed him, but had little disposition to risk a general battle until the forts were taken.

On the 20th, Marmont, who had not fallen back further than two leagues from Salamanca, collected four divisions and advanced towards the British position, appearing to invite an engagement. Lord Wellington's

army was strongly posted on the heights of St. Christoval. General Le Marchant's brigade was stationed in the centre. During the three or four following days, a battle appeared inevitable. At first the allies were superior in number, and a victory might be safely anticipated. But Lord Wellington knew his own plans better than those about him, and no temptation could induce him to depart from them. On the 27th, the forts fell, and during the night which followed, Marmont retreated towards the Duero, by the roads of Tordesillas and Toro.* Some military critics of pretension, have blamed the English general for not striking a blow on this occasion when the chances were so palpably in his favour; others of equal repute have shown by strong argument that he decided wisely. At that moment, Marmont had every thing to gain by a battle; Wellington had every thing to lose. The French general crossed the Duero and the two armies remained eagerly watching each other on opposite sides of the river for nearly a fortnight, without undertaking any hostile movements. At length, activity was resumed on both sides; the ground that had been already traversed was crossed and re-crossed again in complicated manœuvres, and a trial of skill took place between the

* Major-General Bowes, a rising officer, who had never been engaged without distinguishing himself, lost his life in the first attempt to carry the forts by escalade. He was wounded early, but hearing that the troops were giving way, he returned to head them a second time, and fell. There was no occasion for his leading so small a force, which duty belonged more properly to a lieutenant-colonel or major; but British generals are ever prone to sacrifice themselves by unnecessary daring.

two contending chiefs, as nicely balanced and as carefully calculated as a game of chess between two equal players. During this, there occurred many skirmishes both of cavalry and infantry, with mutual interchanges of daring gallantry, but without any decisive result. On the 21st of July, the English found themselves in their old position of St. Christoval in front of Salamanca, and the French behind Calvariza de Ariba. As the infantry kept the high ground, the cavalry scoured the plain, and it was beautiful to behold the latter performing the various evolutions of their arms, sometimes in large bodies, sometimes in small, constantly on the point of engaging, yet seldom coming into serious collision. The skill with which General Le Marchant handled his brigade during these movements was much remarked, as was his noble and imposing mien, enhanced in no slight degree by his admirable horsemanship. The Spaniards and Portuguese, who greatly value personal advantages, watched him with admiration as he rode along the field with his men; and indeed there were none amongst his followers who excelled him in the ordinary qualifications of a soldier. As Sallust has recorded of Pompey, he was perfect in all martial exercises; and in spite of his grave demeanour, he could not always keep himself under restraint sufficiently, to withstand the temptation of displaying his personal prowess. Once in particular, when in Estremadura, seeing a party of German horse give way before an equal force of the enemy, he hastily collected a few of his skirmishers, at the head of whom he fell furiously on the

victors, cut down two of the foremost with his own hand, and speedily routed and dispersed the whole body, after which he returned to his former position with his usual composure, as if nothing had happened. He was, however, far from approving of such exhibitions being made by officers of superior rank; and so little did he contemplate the probability of these occurring in his own case, that during the whole campaign he was not possessed even of a pair of pistols, and upon being recommended to provide himself with them, merely answered that a general officer had always abundance of protection, and he almost considered his sword an unnecessary appendage.

The heavy brigade halted for some hours during the afternoon of the 21st at Cabenza, a village on the banks of the Tormes, within half a league of Salamanca; from the mill of which place General Le Marchant took the last sketch in which his pencil was ever employed. The relic possesses a melancholy interest, and was carefully preserved in his portfolio. Whether, while thus employed, any thought of his impending fate entered his mind can never be ascertained, but his letters to various friends at home, furnish ample evidence of the impression continually hanging over him that he should fall in battle. His own family were tremblingly alive to such apprehensions, but from them he carefully concealed his own forebodings. He repeatedly urged that the risk must be slight, when not one cavalry general had been killed during the whole

contest in the Peninsula, and why should he be the first?

During the night of the 21st, a storm of unusual violence came suddenly on, in the progress of which a thunderbolt fell amongst the 7th Dragoon Guards who were bivouacking in the open field. Fortunately none of the soldiers were struck by it, but many of the troop horses, breaking loose from their piquet-ropes in terror, ran wildly about, trampling upon and wounding their dismounted riders, who lay sleeping beside them, and finally darted off at full speed across the plain towards the enemy's outposts. The confusion, which was at first supposed to have been caused by the enemy's cavalry charging in the darkness, was soon suppressed when the real cause became known; but, notwithstanding the exertions of both officers and men, from the general downwards, the loss of the 5th Dragoon Guards eventually proved to be twenty-eight horses. These had escaped into the French lines, and although no great number, they must have been very acceptable there. Marmont had recently been driven from absolute necessity to seize all the horses in his camp, not belonging to mounted officers, for the use of the cavalry,—a measure that made him very unpopular.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of July, the heavy brigade, headed by their general, marched to take the post allotted to them in the rear of the infantry, towards the right-centre of the army. An hour or two after they were called to escort Lord

Wellington in a reconnoitre of the enemy's position, which he carefully examined in close proximity until a discharge of artillery warned him to retire. The day waned on, and the expected conflict seemed once more about to be postponed, when suddenly, Marmont determined on the rash attempt of turning Lord Wellington's right with the division of Thomieres, which led to his destruction. It was then half-past three in the afternoon, some of the English infantry had been allowed to cook their dinners, and General Le Marchant had sent the 3rd Dragoons into the village of Aldea Tejada to rest and feed their horses. In a moment, all was activity and high expectation in Lord Wellington's ranks, and the battle began in fearful earnest. It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the general details which have been given elsewhere in these pages. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the movements of General Le Marchant's brigade, and a description of the decisive charge by which they operated so materially on the fortune of the day.

The orders of the British commander-in-chief were simple and precise. General Pakenham with the third division was directed to advance from his place of concealment at Aldea Tejada (where he had been most skilfully posted out of sight of the enemy), and to take Thomieres' division in flank as it reached the heights. At the same moment, the infantry in the centre, consisting of the fifth division under General Leith, and the fourth under General Cole, drawn up in two lines, with strong reserves of British, Spaniards, and Portuguese, were

to assail the enemy on the high ground in front. These movements were to be supported by the cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton. The particular duty assigned to General Le Marchant was to occupy the space between the infantry in the right and centre, and to charge as opportunities might offer.

During the advance of General Pakenham's division, and while they were still concealed, the French opened a smart cannonade upon the right of the English line. General Le Marchant having halted his men under some rising ground, caused them to dismount and lie on their faces, while the balls passed harmlessly over them. In the midst of the fire, a horse without a rider galloped across the plain from the enemy's ranks, and approached the brigade, neighing and snorting as if in token of recognition. It was easily seized by a dragoon, who was congratulating himself on his prize, when it was discovered to be one of the horses of the 5th dragoon guards that had escaped in the storm, and its owner, Lieutenant Miles, happening to be on the spot, interfered and brought it back with him to the ranks, and rode it during the remainder of the day.

Lord Wellington now came up, and accosting General Le Marchant, told him that the success of the movement, then in progress of execution by the third division, would greatly depend upon the assistance they received from the cavalry; and that he must therefore be prepared to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity to engage the enemy's infantry. "You must then charge," said Lord Wellington, "at all hazards."

After some brief remarks on the chances of the day, Lord Wellington rode towards the centre, having desired the dragoons to remain in their present position, until the time of action was come. They had not long to wait, for in less than a quarter of an hour, and towards five o'clock, Pakenham emerging from the hills, fell furiously upon Thomieres at the instant when that general, deeming his own movement successful and unopposed, expected to see the allies in full retreat towards the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, closely followed by Marmont from the Arapiles. Thomieres was confounded by the unexpected counter stroke. He and his division felt that they were lost, but they stood their ground undauntedly, and fought with the stern resolution of veterans, surprised but not intimidated. Pakenham's attack, well supported by artillery and cavalry, proved irresistible.

With the rapidity of a vision Thomieres was checked and broken, he himself was killed, and his corps were thrown into irremediable confusion. But Clauzel hastened to repair the disaster, and the advanced columns had pushed so far as almost to restore his communication between the left and centre of the French army. The movement was still incomplete, and General Le Marchant saw at once that if he could succeed in defeating it, the entire destruction of Thomieres' division must follow, and the whole of the left flank of the French being thus laid bare, the battle would probably be decided. In an instant his resolution was formed. The disparity of force, the disadvantage of the ground

— for they were now on the skirts of the forest that covers a large portion of the plain of the Tormes near Salamanca — did not intimidate him. With happy decision, he saw and seized the right moment, which constitutes the leading secret of all generalship. Ranging his nine squadrons, of about eight hundred horse, in two lines, and giving the word to charge, he led them down the slope at full gallop against the advancing masses of the enemy.

These masses, consisting of upwards of five thousand of the best men in the French army, presented such a formidable appearance, that several British officers of distinction, who saw the advance of the brigade from the hills, pronounced the attempt too daring, and predicted its failure. But at that distance they could not discern that the troops of Clauzel, as well as those remaining of Thomieres, were not in the compact order which the crisis demanded: some were in double lines, some in columns, some in squares; the sun shone full in their eyes, whirlwinds of dust and the smoke of artillery came towards them in stifling clouds, driven onward by a strong breeze which arose at the instant of attack; they could scarcely distinguish the assailants, and their fire was given with uncertain aim and trifling effect. The volley made no impression, and the brigade, unchecked for a single moment, continued their career in perfect order and with redoubled speed. The blood of the men was up, and their horses were in perfect condition. The French attempted to reload, but before they could charge their muskets, the dragoons burst in upon them

with a weight and impetuosity that nothing could withstand. The troops first encountered, which consisted of the French 63rd regiment, were cut off to a man. Those who resisted were hewn down indiscriminately; but the greater part cast away their arms, stooping and demanding quarter, and readily surrendered to Pakenham's division, then on the flank and in the rear.

No sooner was the success certain, than General Le Marchant, without waiting to make prisoners, which he left to the infantry, led his brigade against other bodies of the enemy, which had formed a second line in support of the first. A more serious resistance here awaited him. The enemy were better prepared, and their fire brought down many men and horses; but he dashed boldly through it, and penetrated their ranks with an impetuosity that quickly strewed the ground with killed and wounded, and the French were again totally discomfited. The third and strongest body of the enemy still remained entire, and had they fallen on General Le Marchant before he could recover the shock of his previous charge, all his skill would have been required to maintain his ground. But a defeated foe does not always take advantage of a momentary opening, and the leader who pauses to calculate every chance against him will never achieve a great exploit.

The French were thrown into consternation by the sudden overthrow of their front and flank, and enveloped as they were in mixed clouds of dust and smoke, with the crashing thunder of artillery and musketry closing on them, the reserve lost their opportunity and

stood in wavering doubt as to what they were to do. General Le Marchant took advantage of their hesitation, and instantly pressed onwards in as good order as the emergency would admit, to his last and most hazardous conflict. The three regiments had become mixed together, the officers rode where they could find places, but a good front and a connected body without intervals was still maintained, and although going at full speed, they did not fall into the least confusion. The French, in the meantime, recovered themselves, and having formed a *colonne serreé*, partly covered by some trees, reserved their fire with the utmost composure until the dragoons were within ten yards distance; they then poured a volley so close and well aimed upon the concentrated mass of men and horses, that nearly a fourth of them fell. Tremendous as was the effect of this discharge, the dragoons were not arrested in their course. Diminished in numbers, but exhaustless in spirit, they still pressed on as if carried forward by an irresistible impulse, broke through the opposing bayonets, and plunged into the dense masses of the enemy. A dreadful combat ensued in which the bayonet and sabre were used against each other with various results. The French, cut down by the troopers, and trampled under the horses' feet, offered all the resistance that brave men could make. The loss on both sides was considerable. Captain White of the staff, and Lieutenant Selby of the 3rd Dragoons, officers both highly esteemed by General Le Marchant, were killed. The general himself had some narrow escapes. He fought like a private

soldier, and more than one of the enemy fell by his hand. It was only after a fierce struggle that the French yielded, and he had the satisfaction of seeing them fly before him in helpless confusion.

General Le Marchant checked his horse to gaze upon the scene before him. His heart beat high,—nor can it be denied that it was the brightest, as it proved unhappily nearly the latest of his life. The defeat of a large body of French infantry by even an equal force of British cavalry would of itself have been a just subject of exultation. Far beyond this, he had signally triumphed in less than twenty minutes, with very inferior numbers, under every disadvantage of ground, and with men and horses who had been for ten hours actively moving in the field. Moreover, he had the proud reflection that all was due to his own brigade, no other portion of the cavalry having been in the charge. Even at that early hour it promised to be attended with results so brilliant as to decide the fate of the day, and thus lastingly associate his name with one of the most glorious achievements of the British arms.*

The violence of the onset had thrown the brigade into disorder. The dragoons, excited by the struggle,

* More than one French officer of distinction has asserted that, but for the charges of the heavy brigade under Le Marchant, the battle of Salamanca would have had a different result. Alison, in his description (Hist. of Europe, vol. viii.), says, "Great as the success was, it was dearly purchased by the death of the brave Le Marchant, who died in the moment of victory, while carrying the standards of England triumphant through the ranks of France." There is a little inflation in the concluding sentence, which, nevertheless, does not interfere with the justice of the intended eulogy.

vied with each other in the pursuit, and galloped recklessly into the crowd of fugitives, sabring those who came within their reach. To restrain them at such a moment was almost beyond the control of the officers. The general having despatched his son (and aide-de-camp) for some fresh troops, continued amongst the foremost, with the view of guarding against any attempt on the part of the enemy to rally, which the nature of the ground rendered far from improbable. After a few minutes, he perceived a considerable body collecting in the wood, where they endeavoured to make a stand. Lieutenant Gregory, with part of a half squadron of the 4th Dragoons, was approaching them. The general, with his usual contempt for danger, immediately headed this little band, and waving his sword, with a few words of encouragement, charged at full gallop. The French had formed a hollow square; they waited until the British cavalry almost plunged on their bayonets, and then fired. Several of the dragoons fell. Lieutenant Gregory's clothes were perforated with balls, and General Le Marchant received a shot in the groin, which caused him to fall senseless from his horse, absolutely within the enemy's ranks. The French had no sooner fired than they fled, and the dragoons, having been joined by some men of the 9th Foot, belonging to General Leith's division, raised their gallant commander from the ground, in the hope that he might yet be spared to lead them to future victory. Life was totally extinct. The bullet, passing through the sash, had lodged deeply in a vital part, and the surgeons upon

examining the wound stated that death must have been instantaneous.

In the meantime Sir Stapleton Cotton galloped up with a large staff, and having recalled the dragoons to their ranks, would have resumed the attack; but both men and horses had suffered too much to do more service that day, and with the exception of the capture by Lord Edward Somerset, of seven pieces of artillery, abandoned by the enemy in their retreat, the brigade was not subsequently engaged. They did not halt, however, until they had taken fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed and wounded vast numbers of their opponents. It seems probable that the last of their own slain was General Le Marchant. The facts we have here detailed are specifically dwelt upon, because some historians of the war have stated that General Le Marchant fell at the onset instead of at the close of the movements which he alone conceived and executed. Much of the credit which was his due has thus been given to his successor, the Honourable Colonel William Ponsonby, who, in the action, commanded the 5th Dragoon Guards, and behaved most gallantly. He was afterwards second in command of the British cavalry at Waterloo, where he gloriously fell.

General Le Marmont's body was carried off the field and placed in a stable in the rear. Two days afterwards it was interred in a grove of olives, adjoining the spot where he received his death-wound. The brigade having advanced with the rest of the army in pursuit of the French, the military honours usual at the

burial of officers of rank were necessarily omitted. A medical officer who had been left in charge of the wounded at Salamanca, Major Onslow, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, with Ensign Le Marchant, and a faithful domestic, who had accompanied the general from England and managed his household, were all who attended. The major read the funeral service, and the corpse, having been wrapped in the military cloak worn by the deceased in the battle, was committed to the earth, and left to the loneliness and obscurity of a soldier's sepulchre in a foreign land.

The full particulars of the brilliant exploit in which General Le Marchant lost his life were slowly and imperfectly disclosed to the public. The accident which unfortunately befel Sir Stapleton Cotton at the close of the day* had prevented his sending in a detailed report of the operations of the cavalry throughout the fight, and the deficiency, as far as related to the heavy brigade, could no longer be supplied by its chief. Lord Wellington, in his despatch, stated generally that "the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, made a most gallant and successful charge against a body of the enemy's infantry, which they overthrew and cut to pieces. In this charge Major-General Le Marchant was killed at the head of his brigade, and I have to lament the loss of a most able officer." The histories of Dr. Southey, Colonel Jones, and Captain Hamilton

* He was wounded severely by one of our own sentries in returning to his quarters after nightfal.

do little more than repeat the very words of that part of the despatch. Many years elapsed before any more distinct statement appeared, and then it rested on the authority of an anonymous writer, under the signature of A. Z., in the "United Service Journal" for November, 1833. Colonel Mitchell adopted this account in his remarks on the movements of cavalry in his work on Tacitus, and finally it was reserved for Sir W. Napier to place on lasting record the claims of General Le Marchant and his gallant comrades to the gratitude of their country. The narrative of this charge in the "History of the War in the Peninsula" is a noble specimen of military description, which stirs the soul of the reader "like the sound of a trumpet," as Sir Philip Sydney said of the old martial ballad of Chevy Chase; but still it may be questioned whether it attaches sufficient importance to the effect of the charge in deciding the battle. The following passage is extracted from a letter to one of General Le Marchant's sons, written on the first publication of Sir W. Napier's fifth volume, by an officer, then of high rank, who bore a most honourable part in the day :—

"The brigade of heavy cavalry under your good father has never had justice done to its service at Salamanca. Even Colonel Napier does not do it well. He goes on to detail a part of the action of little or no consequence, before he turns to that body of cavalry. The action commenced by our artillery shelling the head of the French column that was showing itself on

some rising ground, the third division under General Pakenham advancing at the same time, and the moment they drove back the enemy, the heavy brigade charged and completed the confusion that had begun. All this was accomplished in little more time (speaking figuratively) than I take to write it; and I have always thought it the finest combination of the use and effect of artillery, infantry, and cavalry that I ever witnessed. Now, Colonel Napier's book does not show this with sufficient distinctness."

The services of Major-General Le Marchant were warmly acknowledged by Earl Bathurst in the house of Lords and Lord Castlereagh in the Commons, in moving the vote of thanks. His old and attached friend the Duke of York, actually wept when the particulars of his death were related to him. A pension of 1200*l.* per annum was settled upon his orphan children, and fifteen hundred guineas were voted for a monument to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. The monument is tabular, and was executed by Rossi from a design of the late Mr. Smith, to whom the prize was awarded by the government committee of taste. The infant represents Spain placing trophies of victory on the tomb of the hero, while Britannia inspires a young cadet with emulation. It is but a feeble production, though not inferior to many of its companions.*

* The inscription runs thus:—"Erected at the public expense to the memory of Major-General Gaspard Le Marchant, who gloriously fell at the battle of Salamanca, July 22nd, 1812."

Of the deceased general's four sons, the eldest, as we have seen, was killed in early youth, at the passage of the Nive in 1813; the second is the present Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart.; the third, Sir John Gaspard, is a full colonel in the army, and governor of Nova Scotia; the fourth, Thomas, has at present reached the rank of an unattached lieutenant-colonel. Their five sisters were brought up with the affection of a mother by their maternal aunt, and all married happily; but the fourth, Helen, the wife of Henry Shaw Lefevre, Esq., died prematurely, in the bloom of youth and beauty.

We approach the term of our memoir; but it cannot be inappropriate to add that General Le Marchant had a deep and practical sense of religion as a member of the Church of England. His eldest son, once admiring his calm composure under a heavy fire, asked him how he had obtained such a command over himself. "I never," was his reply, "go into battle without subjecting myself to a strict self-examination; when, having, as I humbly hope, made my peace with God, I leave the result in his hands with perfect confidence that he will determine what is best for me." Even amidst the duties of an active campaign the general found time for frequent attention to the Scriptures. One of his last letters to his family requested that another Bible might be sent to him, as the type of the copy which he had brought from England was so small as to be painful to his eyes.

In the foregoing pages we have endeavoured to

present a faithful transcript of the life and actions of an upright honourable man, a zealous servant of the public and his country, and a first-rate cavalry officer. The character combines, in blended harmony, the Christian, the soldier, and the gentleman; the noblest elements which nature and education can unite in one individual, to adorn society and spread abroad the lustre of example.

No. XII.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROSS.

" O'er him whose early doom we grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head !
And, fall'n to serve his native land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his distant bed."

COLLINS.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROSS.

Born 1774. — Killed at Baltimore 1814.

THE lines we have selected as forming an appropriate motto for this biography, are included in an Ode written by Collins to commemorate the death of a gallant and rising soldier who fell prematurely at Fontenoy in 1745 — Colonel Charles Ross, a namesake, and, as we have been assured, an ancestor of the subject of our present memoir. To the latter they may be applied with equal felicity. Had he not been cut off in the prime of life, and in the opening scenes of his first detached command, there was a general expectation that he would have achieved high honour and exalted rank. He had ever been a mark for praise when employed, and was looked upon as a man who would seek or make opportunities; the eyes of the nation were fixed on him with hope and confidence, as soon as it was known that he had sailed with a portion of the Peninsular army, and was charged with an expedition against the shores of America. The force entrusted to his orders was too small for great objects; but success had rendered England presumptuous, and led her to expect from her generals and soldiers the miracles they sometimes accomplished. General Ross opened his proceedings by a brilliant *coup d'essai*, which raised ex-

pectation to the tip-toe. The news of his untimely death almost immediately following, produced a corresponding depression. It is seldom that the fall of one man has so conclusively influenced the operations of an armament. Like Wolfe, his career was short, and terminated in the field of battle at a critical moment. Both these distinguished officers served in the same regiment, the 20th, as major and lieutenant-colonel commanding, with an interval of rather more than forty years between; and both, by their superior ability and judicious practice, trained that gallant corps in the system of discipline which has raised its name so high in the historical records of the British infantry.

Major-General Robert Ross, descended from an ancient family, was born at Ross Trevor, in Downshire, the seat of his ancestors, in 1774, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He passed quickly through the usual course, and, having adopted the military profession, entered the army at a very early age. He received his first commission as ensign in the 25th Foot on the 1st August, 1789, and was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 7th Fusileers on the 13th July, 1791. His advance through the junior gradations was more than usually rapid. On the 19th, April 1795, he obtained his company in the 7th, and on the 23rd December in the same year was gazetted as major, by purchase, in the second battalion of the 90th. On the 5th August, 1799, being desirous of active employment, he exchanged to the 20th Regiment; with which he

continued to serve during the remainder of his life, wherever they were employed, until he reached the rank of general and the command of a brigade. During the campaign in North Holland under the Duke of York, his gallantry was conspicuously displayed. In the attack on Sir Ralph Abercromby's lines at Krabbendam, on the 10th September, he received a severe wound, which deprived the country of his services for some time; but he recovered sufficiently to accompany the 20th to the Mediterranean in 1801; and was stationed at Minorca, where he was appointed to the command of a flank battalion of light infantry, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. Towards the latter end of June he embarked for Egypt, and was present at the different operations which took place during the siege of Alexandria, and up to the close of the campaign. During the short peace, and at the commencement of the war, the 20th were stationed at Malta. Major Ross, in 1803, being promoted to the regimental lieutenant-colonelcy, succeeded to the permanent command. In 1805, a contingent of British troops, commanded by Sir James Craig, landed at Naples, to co-operate with a Russian army for the defence of that kingdom; Colonel Ross accompanied this expedition, which proved short and abortive; but the English troops then took possession of the Island of Sicily, and continued thenceforth to hold that important post for the Neapolitan dynasty until the peace of 1814. In 1806 a landing in Calabria was planned by Sir John Stuart, to anticipate a threatened invasion of Sicily, for which

extensive preparations were making; and to attack the insulated French division under General Regnier. As usual, our intelligence proved erroneous, and the force of the enemy was found to be much greater than had been reported. On the day of action, Regnier contrived to bring seven thousand experienced troops against considerably less than five thousand English, many of whom had never seen shots exchanged in actual warfare.

At the battle of Maida, fought on the 4th of July, 1806, Colonel Ross eminently distinguished himself, and by his rapid as well as skilful movements decided the fate of the day. The action was fought near the sea-shore. He landed with the 20th, while it was yet in progress and the result doubtful. The French left had been defeated and driven from the field by Kempt's light brigade. In that quarter all was safe; but their centre stood firm, while their right, supported by cavalry and trusting to their superior numbers, were endeavouring to creep round the English left and charge them on the flank. Colonel Ross, who was pressing through the brushwood in double-quick time, on being met by the Quarter-Master-General, Colonel Bunbury, and having the state of affairs briefly explained to him, caught it up with the intuitive spirit of genius, and without a moment's hesitation accelerated his pace, drove the swarm of French skirmishers before him, gave their cavalry such a volley as sent them off in confusion to the rear, and, passing beyond the left of General Cole's brigade, wheeled the 20th to their

right, and opened a heavy fire on the enemy's battalions. Regnier was completely taken by surprise at this unwonted apparition, which appeared on the instant like a second army, and retired in haste from the only portion of the field he had until then retained, covered by his cavalry, in which arm we were totally deficient. The opportune arrival of the 20th was one of those lucky casualties which fall entirely without the scope of previous combination or calculated arrangement; but the mere accident would have counted for nothing had it not been improved with such judicious rapidity. Sir John Stewart does ample justice to Colonel Ross in the following passage of his despatch:—

"The enemy being completely discomfited on their left, began to make a new effort with their right, in the hope of recovering the day. They were resisted most gallantly by the brigade under Brigadier-General Cole. Nothing could shake the undaunted firmness of the Grenadiers under Lieutenant-Colonel O'Callaghan, and of the 27th under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith. The cavalry, successively repelled from before their front, made an effort to turn their left, when Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, who had that morning landed from Messina with the 20th regiment, and was coming up to the army during the action, having observed the movement, threw his regiment opportunely into a small cover on the flank, and by a heavy and well directed fire entirely discomfited this attempt. This was the last feeble struggle of the enemy; who, now astonished and dismayed by the intrepidity with which they were

assailed, began precipitately to retire, leaving the field covered with carnage." There has seldom been a more complete and brilliant affair than this little insulated battle of Maida, which, though in the sequel it proved barren of political consequences, raised the spirits of the nation, confirmed the prestige of Alexandria, gave the army confidence in themselves, and showed the world what British soldiers could do, when well commanded and brought into the field on anything like terms of equality. It was an honest stand-up fight, without dodging, shifting, or manœuvring; and the bravery of the men deserved the encomium in their general's despatch, in which he says, of the bayonet contest between Kempt's and Compère's respective light brigades: "The prowess of the rival nations seemed now fairly to be at a trial before the world, and the superiority was greatly and gloriously decided to be our own." It has been generally admitted that no one more prominently contributed to the result than Colonel Ross. His manner of bringing his regiment into action was the gem of the day. The power of unhesitating decision at an important crisis distinguishes the broad line between ordinary talent and first-rate capacity. As a gratifying result, his Majesty, King George the Third, appointed Colonel Ross one of his aides-de-camp, which gave him a step of rank, ever more desirable in the eyes of a true soldier than a mere nominal distinction.

A recent writer of authority and high position (Sir H. Bunbury), and an important actor in the scenes he describes, has passed a severe judgment on the general-

ship of Sir John Stuart, both in the battle of Maida and the subsequent operations in Lower Calabria. He describes him as a mere dawdler, incapable of grasping a comprehensive idea, flighty and superficial, vain, frivolous, and sarcastic. The army and the brigadiers (he says) won the battle, while the general issued no orders and made no dispositions. The criticism reads a little harsh and gratuitous, when we remember that the subject of it has slumbered in his grave with undisturbed reputation for nearly forty years. He cannot speak for himself, and has left no representatives to raise a voice in his defence. That his services were highly appreciated at the time, is evidenced by the rewards bestowed upon him; and it must be remembered also that he was a soldier of fortune, who rose to rank without any prominent family interest or hereditary fortune. For his conduct at Maida, he received the thanks of Parliament, a pension of 1000*l.* per annum for life, and the Order of the Bath. The King of the two Sicilies created him Count of Maida, and the city of London voted him their freedom and a sword. If incapable, he was singularly fortunate. At any rate he won his battle off-hand and with little loss, while he totally dispersed and destroyed the opposing force. As a sortie from Sicily (the term used by Sir H. Bunbury himself, and which it really was intended for), "nothing could have been more successful." The British minister at Palermo (Mr. Elliott) stated, in an official communication, "There is not to be found in the annals of military transactions, an enterprise prepared with more deliberate

reflection, or executed with greater decision, promptitude, and success, than the late invasion of Calabria by Sir John Stuart. I trust, therefore, you will not think me presumptuous for venturing to add my testimony to the high sense entertained by this court of the merits of the British general and of his gallant army, who on the fertile plains of Maida have added new trophies to those which the same troops had formerly earned, from the same enemy, in the sandy regions of Egypt." If Sir John Stuart was alive, he might point to these testimonies and say "on these I rest my pretensions." Sir H. Bunbury endeavours to show how, according to *his* reasoning, a more vigorous plan of operations immediately following up the success "might have marked the victory at Maida as a feat productive of an important change in the great war of European nations." Supposing this conclusion to be just, it was indeed a great opportunity most lamentably lost. But let us turn for a moment from Sir John Stuart to Regnier.

If it must be admitted that the English commander was not exactly Hannibal or Wellington, neither was his opponent Turenne or Napoleon. With a superior force he suffered himself to be soundly beaten; and, as if by a retributive fatality, the victors were led by the very officer whom, in his own account of the Egyptian campaign, Regnier had spoken slightingly of as a very common-place individual, without mark or ability. Stuart at Alexandria commanded the foreign brigade, which bore a distinguished share in that hard fight, and was brought into action with skill and valour, at a

very critical moment. Stuart contributed much to the victory of the English, while the inactivity of Regnier, with the strongest division under his orders, materially co-operated in the defeat of the French army. All the other French generals were loud in their denunciations of his supineness. We never could make out why Regnier was so long accounted a man of talent, and how he obtained so many opportunities of proving the contrary. Napoleon was more indulgent to failure than British ministers or the English public. At Sabugal in Portugal, on the retreat of Massena in 1811, Regnier committed greater errors than at Maida, and handled overwhelming masses so unskilfully, that he lost fifteen hundred men in an action, against incalculably inferior numbers, which Lord Wellington justly designated as one of the most glorious that English troops had ever been engaged in. But Regnier was a scholar, a man of science, and an able penman. The writer of this notice being once in conversation with a French officer on the events here alluded to, the latter remarked: "Ma foi, Monsieur, quant au Général Regnier, c'est absolument une encyclopédie ambulante!" which proves that a walking polyglot dictionary, or a clever theorising *bureaucrate*, may be a very poor executive general.

Colonel Ross and the 20th returned from Sicily in October, 1807, with other troops, drawn off by Sir John Moore from the Mediterranean army, to support the Portuguese government; but the royal family of Braganza had fled to the Brazils before they

reached Gibraltar, and the intended succour came too late. The regiment then proceeded to Portsmouth, but, before a year had elapsed, embarked again for Portugal, and arrived just in time to be present with General Acland's brigade at the battle of Vimiera. Colonel Ross after this, accompanied his battalion throughout the campaign of Sir John Moore in the north of Spain, which terminated with the battle of Corunna. The 20th formed part of the reserve under General Edward Paget during the retreat, and was frequently employed in the rear-guard. In the course of this long and painful march many skirmishes took place with the French advance, and in these minor engagements Colonel Ross and his corps more than once attracted notice by their exemplary conduct. Returning to England after the battle of Corunna, in the July following, he served in the Walcheren expedition, and was attached to the division under Sir John Hope, which landed on the island of South Beveland. This unhappy enterprise has been so often groaned over, that all allusions to it come under the head of a mournful reminiscence. The 20th, in common with nearly all the other regiments employed, were decimated by the fever, and returned to England, in September, a mere shadow both in numbers and substance.

In the autumn of 1812, Colonel Ross once more repaired to the Peninsula, and joined Lord Wellington's army, then cantoned on the frontiers of Portugal. On the 4th of June 1813, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and commanded a brigade at the great

battle of Vittoria, fought on the 21st of that month; as also in the series of obstinate contests which took place in the Pyrenees, when Soult advanced in force, hoping to relieve Pampeluna and drive Lord Wellington back behind the Ebro. On the 28th of July, usually called the battle of Sauroren, when the final struggle took place which ended in the total discomfiture of the French, this particular brigade of the 4th division repulsed several desperate attacks and obtained special mention in the commander-in-chief's despatches. "In the course of this contest" (thus writes the Marquis of Wellington) "the gallant fourth division, which has been so frequently distinguished in the army, surpassed their former good conduct; every regiment charged with the bayonet, and the 40th, 7th, 20th, and 23rd, four different times. Their officers set them the example, and Major-General Ross had two horses shot under him."

The following letter (first published in the "United Service Magazine" of April, 1829) to a near relative, written on that occasion, is highly characteristic of the writer's frank and amiable disposition.

"Heights above Eschalar, in the Pyrenees,
Aug. 3. 1813.

"MY DEAR NED,

"Since my last, I have neither eaten the bread of idleness, nor has the grass grown much under my feet. On the 18th ult., having completed matters for our friends the *Dons*, towards carrying on the siege of Pampeluna, we withdrew from that place, and marched towards the frontier, taking post near Roncesvalles,

famous for feats in the days of chivalry. Our division (Sir Lowry Cole's), with two other brigades and some Spaniards, occupied that and some neighbouring posts. Soult having been sent to wipe off the disgrace of Vittoria, bringing with him strong reinforcements, attacked us on the 25th ult., and after a hard day's fight, by dint of superior numbers, obliged us to retire—which was safely effected, not without bloody noses—to the neighbourhood of Pampeluna, on the morning of the 27th. In the business of the 25th our (the 20th) loss was considerable. Old Wallace, Bent, Oakley, Crockett, Walker, Smith (all of whom I believe you know), Champagné, and Thompson, wounded. Buist, the adjutant, killed, with one hundred and thirty (serjeants, rank and file) killed and wounded.

"On the following day, Soult made his grand effort for the relief of Pampeluna, at about eleven o'clock, attacking the right and left of the position held by our division. His attack was conducted with great vigour, but without success; our push with the bayonet where the enemy gained a post was irresistible. At length, finding himself foiled in every attempt, after a very considerable loss, not less, certainly, than from two to three thousand men, he retired, and on the 30th was in full retreat. From that to the 2nd, our pursuit was equally hot; the number of prisoners taken will probably amount to three or four thousand. The total loss of the French, from the period of re-entering Spain until the 2nd, when they returned to France, is estimated to be from 16,000 to 17,000 men; add to which,

the complete *cow* under which their army is, being twice defeated, and latterly under the command of their very best general, sent for the express purpose with fresh troops to thrash us. The latter proceedings are more glorious, and in their consequences more eventful, than the brilliant business of the 21st of June at Vittoria. Poor Falls, my aide-de-camp, was wounded on the 28th, not, I trust, dangerously. On the 1st and 2nd we were at them again. We (20th) have lost, killed and wounded altogether, 263 (serjeants, rank and file). I am perfectly well."

Lord Wellington in the latter part of his despatch, detailing the proceedings alluded to in the foregoing letter, again expressed how much he was indebted to General Ross. It was in the battle of Sauroren that the Duke exhibited one of his most celebrated points of generalship, by bringing up the sixth division on the right flank of the French, at the precise moment when their arrival turned the scale against Soult, who had not the most distant notion that this decisive counter-stroke was in his adversary's hands, and ready to be launched against him. The movement has been justly commented on by Sir W. Napier as a masterpiece of strategy. After this complete overthrow, the French, although they still fought doggedly, no longer resisted with the inspiration of hope or the confidence of victory. At the battle of Orthès, fought on the 27th of February, 1814, Ross was severely wounded; and a third time, a passage in Lord Wellington's despatch expressed his warm approbation of the gallant general's

conduct and services. The following extract from a private letter, communicates to his correspondent the events of the day, and bears testimony to the conjugal attachment of his wife, who hastened through danger and privations to the side of her wounded husband. The incident reminds us of the devoted heroism of Lady Harriet Acland, in the campaign of Saratoga: —

"St. Jean de Luz, March 12, 1814.

"My Dear Ned,

"You will be happy to find that the hit I got in the chops is likely to prove of mere temporary inconvenience. I am doing remarkably well; and trust in two or three weeks to be again equal to the fight. My letter to Eliza, which she sent to you, will have reached you I hope in time to quiet your apprehensions respecting me; she is now at my elbow, having on the receipt of mine mounted her mule, and, in the midst of rain, hail, mud, and all the other accompaniments of bad weather, set off from Bilboa for this place, which she reached early on the fifth day, a distance between eighty and ninety miles, over snowy mountains and bad roads. Her anxiety and spirit carried her through, enabling her to bear the fatigue without suffering from cold or bad weather. Our little boy is left at Bilboa with his nurse; he is an uncommon fine fellow, and would hold hard fight with the *King of Rome*. He and his establishment are to join us as soon as the weather admits of movement by water. I was wounded early in the affair of the 27th, so that I per-

sonally could be but little acquainted with the proceedings of the day, which were highly advantageous to us. The Gazette has ere this supplied you with every information. The destruction in the French army has been very extensive."*

The abdication of Napoleon was officially notified to the allied army in the South of France, a few days after the obstinate but unnecessary battle of Toulouse, which was fought on the 10th of April, 1814. Peace followed as a matter of course; and then the English government had troops at liberty to prosecute the war in earnest, in which we had become involved with our transatlantic brethren. They had long been anxious for a pretext to go to loggerheads, and found one or more to suit their purpose with little difficulty. President Madison was smitten by the desire of glory, without reflecting on the cost by which that glittering shadow is acquired. The opportunity was tempting. We had Napoleon on our hands in the plenitude of his might, backed by the support of tributary Europe. Our resources were strained to their last fibre in that mortal contest, and instead of armies we had only weak detachments with which to defend our Canadian dependencies. The conquest of those fair lands appeared easy, and almost invited the attempt. The love of military achievement is a dangerous epidemic which spreads with electric rapidity. When once a nation and its rulers are inoculated with this fever, there is no hope of purification without indulgence. Accordingly, the Ameri-

* See United Service Magazine, 1829.

cans loudly declared their intention of annexing Canada, and spoke of the enterprise as already accomplished. It was a great error of our government not to employ a much larger force than they did, when the means were at their disposal. Again our preparations dwindled to a brigade, where an army was wanted and ready for the purpose. It was at first intended to despatch twenty thousand men to the Chesapeake, and to strike a decisive blow; but unfortunately the plan was laid aside, and what ought to have been "a great war" subsided into a second-rate buccaneering expedition. It must be admitted that the *animus* exhibited on both sides was scarcely creditable to civilised nations. As soon as the measures to be adopted were determined on, Lord Wellington was desired to select an officer for the command. The service was one that required dash as well as prudence — a clear head and a ready arm. He fixed upon General Ross, who, although scarcely recovered from his wound, accepted the charge with alacrity, and sailed from Bordeaux as soon as the regiments could be got together and marched to the point of embarkation.

The troops, accompanied by a naval force under Sir Alexander Cochrane, rendezvoused at Bermuda and proceeded up the Chesapeake. Their operations have been described in various works, and are familiar to the public. The capture of the federal city was the first object to be attempted. General Ross landed, and, marching direct upon Washington, arrived in front of the heights of Bladensburg on the 24th of August.

The American army, under General Winder, to the amount of eight or nine thousand men, were there posted to receive them. The President was in the field, expecting the certain defeat of the British, and anxious to witness a battle; but his ambition exceeded his valour, and he was amongst the first to fly when he saw his expectations unrealized. Commodore Barney, who commanded a flotilla and the artillery, behaved like a stout warrior, and defended the bridge where he was posted until wounded and taken prisoner. The British advance having carried the bridge, which was the key to the enemy's position, rushed impetuously forward. The first line of the Americans gave way and ran back upon the second, which, yielding to the irresistible attack of the bayonet, and a well-directed discharge of rockets, broke into confusion, and fled in a disordered mass from the field. They were followed rapidly, but were too nimble for their pursuers. Admiral Cockburn, in his despatch, gave a very sufficient reason for there being but few prisoners taken, by stating the simple fact, that it was "owing to the swiftness with which the enemy went off, and the fatigue our army had previously undergone." A veteran light infantry man, indignant at not being able to overtake them, grounded his musket for a moment to draw breath, and as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, observed to his captain, "Isn't it an infernal shame, sir, that the scoundrels won't stand?" Thirteen pieces of artillery were abandoned to the conquerors,

who, after a short halt to close up the rear, entered the city at eight o'clock in the evening.

The Americans made but a poor fight at Bladensburg; and our advance gave them an opportunity of a better resistance, by attacking in small force, and before the main body was sufficiently close up, in support. But it would have been no disgrace to more experienced troops to give way before such men as Ross commanded. The flight of the President is thus commemorated by the American General Wilkinson in his "Memoirs:" "Not all the allurements of fame, not all the obligations of duty, nor the solemn invocations of honour, could excite a spark of courage. The love of a life which had become useless to mankind, and served but to embarrass the public councils, and prejudice the public cause, stifled the voice of patriotism, and prevailed over the love of glory. At the very first shot, the trembling coward with a faltering voice exclaimed, "Come, General Armstrong—come, Colonel Munro, let us go, and leave it to the commanding general." So saying, he turned ingloriously, but was very nearly taken, with his attendant staff, when the advance of the British army entered Washington.

General Ross, at Bladensburg, was, as usual, in the hottest part of the field. His horse was shot under him; and the same accident happened again as he was riding into the city in the evening, at the head of the troops, accompanied by Admiral Cockburn and a small covering party. It was nearly dark, and as they passed the straggling outskirts, a volley was fired from the

windows of ten houses, and also from the Capitol, by which, in addition to the narrow escape of the general himself, one soldier was killed and three wounded. The light companies were immediately ordered up; but before they arrived, the houses were forced and burned, and the men who had fired were taken out and made prisoners. By the strict laws of war, they should have been shot, as a proclamation had been previously sent in, ordering the inhabitants to remain peaceably in their houses, and promising amnesty and protection to all who complied. In a private letter General Ross says,—"So unexpected was our entry and capture of Washington, and so confident was Madison of the defeat of our troops, that he had prepared a supper for the expected conquerors; and when our advanced party entered the President's house, they found a table laid with forty covers. The fare, however, which was intended for *Jonathan*, was voraciously devoured by *John Bull*; and the health of the Prince Regent, and success to his Majesty's arms by sea and land, was drunk in the best wines, Madison having taken to his heels and ensured his safety on the opposite bank of the river, by causing the bridge to be broken down." It is particularly gratifying to find Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane bear testimony to the mutual good feeling which existed between the military and naval forces employed on this occasion. The despatch says, "On combined services, such as we have been engaged in, it gives me the greatest pleasure to find myself united with so able and experienced an officer as Major-

General Ross, in whom are blended those qualities so essential to promote success where cooperation between the two services becomes necessary; and I have much satisfaction in noticing the unanimity which prevails between the army and navy, as I have also in stating to their lordships, that Major-General Ross has expressed his full approbation of the conduct of the officers, seamen, and marines, acting with the army."

At the capture of Washington, private property was carefully protected, but great was the destruction of public stores and buildings, including the Capitol, Senate Chamber, President's house, dockyards, and arsenals. The damage inflicted was supposed, by competent judges, to approach 2,000,000*l.* In war it is, doubtless, both just and prudent to cripple the enemy by every available means; but much difference of opinion has existed, as to whether we did not exceed ordinary practice in the severities here exercised. Some of them must be ascribed to the spirit of retaliation, as the Americans had set the example by burning the House of Assembly at York (now Toronto) in Upper Canada, when they obtained temporary possession of that capital; by plundering the defenceless inhabitants of that and other towns in the province, and by the wanton and unnecessary burning of the village of Newark. The worst feature of the retaliating process is, that it goes on continually increasing, and the evil consequences fall chiefly on the unoffending.

The thanks of both houses of Parliament were unanimously voted to General Ross for the capture of

Washington; and the Prince Regent, on opening the autumnal parliament in 1814, spoke in a complimentary and congratulatory tone of the general result of the operations. It seems strange that this service should not have been considered worthy of the war medal; and the exception is the more remarkable when we observe that the regiments employed are allowed to emblazon "Bladensburg" on their colours, and that several actions in Canada of less importance have been considered worthy of the decoration.

Soon after the arrival of the despatches, the Prince Regent directed the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath to be sent to General Ross; but his intermediate death caused them to be returned. The Prince, with that peculiar good taste which marked his character, commanded them to be transmitted to the widow of the deceased officer, with his royal permission that the family designation should henceforth be "*Ross of Bladensburg.*"

Having accomplished his object, by what may be called "the Raid" of Washington, General Ross marched back his troops, and turned his attention next to the attack of Baltimore. It was at one time intended to move towards the north, to make a descent on some undefended point of Long Island, and destroy the navy-yard at Brooklyn; but this daring scheme was abandoned, although, if rapidly carried out, it seemed to promise success. At this period, many States of the American Union were so thoroughly sick of the war, and their local interests so opposed to each other, that

whispers of separation began to spread abroad, and the inhabitants of the Island of Nantucket even went so far as to propose neutrality. Baltimore being decided on, the fleet, with the troops on board, came to anchor on the 11th of September off North Point, on the left bank of the Patapsco, and about thirteen miles distant from the city. Its population at that time amounted to 20,000. They were in a great state of alarm, and expected that the "Britishers" would have marched across the country from Washington, (the intervening distance being only thirty-five miles,) and attacked the place in the rear, while the fleet assailed from the river. Preparations for defence were hastily made, and vessels sunk across the mouth of the harbour, which is only half a mile wide. The attempt, heralded by the prestige of the success at Washington, might have been followed by the same result, but the force at General Ross's disposal was much too small to justify such a hazardous undertaking. The gross number, including marines and seamen, fell considerably below four thousand men. On the 12th of September, the troops advanced, and surprised a small detachment of the enemy's dragoons who were employed to protect a working party. The road lay through a country so closely wooded that riflemen might be concealed in every thicket, invisible except to the eye of an Indian. General Ross and Admiral Cochrane were both with the light troops in front of the column, when at a sudden turning the enemy appeared in position, and a fire of rifles was opened from a copse on the right. A single volley and

a rapid advance soon dislodged them, but the general had received his mortal wound. A ball passed through his arm into his chest, and he died on his way back to the boats at North Point. The first indication that the troops received of the fall of their leader, was the vision of his horse, dashing by them without a rider. The next was the sight of the expiring general, lying under a tree as they marched by. But there was no time for pause or lamentation. The enemy, to the amount of six or seven thousand men, were in position within two miles, and an immediate attack was indispensable. Colonel Brooke, of the 44th, succeeded to the command, as senior officer; the preparations were hastily made, and in little more than ten minutes after the order to advance was given, the Americans repeated the races of Bladensburg, and fled in every direction, leaving behind them two hundred prisoners, two field pieces, and above six hundred in killed and wounded. The loss of the British fell under three hundred, but the death of the general in whom they placed implicit confidence, more than balanced the advantage, and clouded the brilliancy of victory. On the morning of the 13th, Colonel Brooke advanced and took up a good position within a mile and a half of the suburbs. He made arrangements for a night attack, notwithstanding a belief that the intrenchments of the enemy were defended by fifteen thousand men; but during the evening, Sir Alexander Cochrane signified that the fleet could not cooperate, and that he considered an attack by the army alone might risk a greater loss than the possession

of the town could compensate for. In the face of this communication, Colonel Brooke, feeling the heavy responsibility which had so suddenly fallen upon him by an accident, determined to retreat and abandon the enterprise. Like Sir Harry Burrard at Vimiero, he might be, and perhaps was, justified on fair military grounds; but without impugning his acknowledged courage, he had not head enough for the unexpected emergency. There were active, enterprising, and daring officers about him, who were burning for the order to attack, and confident of carrying all before them; but he remained deaf to their entreaties, and marched back again to the ships, slowly and deliberately, taking with him his prisoners, not leaving a single straggler behind, and without looking on the face of a pursuing enemy. The whole army re-embarked in a state of disgust and mortification. There was but one opinion amongst them, namely, that had General Ross survived, Baltimore would have been theirs within two hours of their arrival at the foot of Clinkapin Hill. It is thus, that the superiority of one, controls the destinies of enterprises in which thousands are involved. The very last event that the Americans looked for was the retreat of the English. Their greatest apprehension was that Baltimore, containing an immense number of wooden houses, densely packed together, would be burned; and to avoid such an extremity, they would have hoisted the white flag and surrendered at discretion.

General Ross was only in his fortieth year when he

received the rifle shot which terminated his existence. In many features of character, as in his early death, he may be compared with Desaix, called by the Arabs of Upper Egypt, over whom he ruled, "the Just Sultan," and by Napoleon pronounced the truest and most disinterested soldier of republican France. Both were endowed with the same open, unsophisticated disposition, the same persevering activity, and the same undaunted courage. The honour of slaying the English general has had many claimants, and innumerable weapons have been exhibited at Baltimore as the identical one that carried the fatal bullet. The gasconade is natural and pardonable, but whether the shot was accidental or premeditated, the Americans knew nothing of the result until they received the intelligence from us. Few officers have ever been more generally beloved or lamented by those who were acquainted with his amiable qualities, or had tested his abilities as a commander. When a monument to his memory was moved in the house of Commons, a member who had been intimate with him, said, "he possessed the happy skill of conciliating by his disposition, and instructing by his example; he combined, indeed, all the varied qualifications by which alone a leader could acquire the full confidence of his men. His military knowledge was great and complete, for it had been the result of practice and constant experience; while his foresight and example in the field were such as to excite the enthusiasm and reverence of those whom he led to victory."

Colonel Brooke, who succeeded to the command on the death of General Ross, says of his predecessor, in his despatch:—"Thus fell at an early age, one of the brightest ornaments of his profession; one who, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, or a corps, had alike displayed the talents of command; who was not less beloved in his private, than enthusiastically admired in his public character, and whose only fault, if it may be deemed so, was an excess of gallantry, enterprise, and devotion to the service. If ever it were permitted to a soldier to lament those who fall in battle, we may indeed, in this instance, claim the melancholy privilege." The admiral, Sir Alexander Cochrane, thus expresses himself: — "It is a tribute due to the memory of this gallant and respected officer, to pause in my relation, while I lament the loss that his Majesty's service and the army, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, have sustained by his death. The unanimity, the zeal, which he manifested on every occasion while I had the honour of serving with him, gave life and ease to the most arduous undertakings — too heedless of his personal security in the field, his devotion to the care and honour of his army has caused the termination of his valuable life."

The body of General Ross was conveyed in a man-of-war to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and there interred. The officers of the garrison in testimony of their sense of his merit, erected by subscription a monument to his memory. Another memorial, of a more costly and imposing nature, has been raised on the family estate, in

Downshire, by the gentlemen of the county. In the church of Rosstown, a handsome tablet was erected in 1814, with the following inscription: —"Sacred to the memory of Major-General Robert Ross, late Lieutenant-Colonel and commanding officer of the 20th regiment of foot, who fell on the 12th September, 1814, in the attack on Baltimore. This monument is erected by the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of that corps, to perpetuate his worth, and in testimony of their esteem and sorrow." A third honourable record to his fame has been placed in St. Paul's, at the national expense, and in company with many of his distinguished brethren in arms, who fought in the same glorious fields, and consecrated their laurels by a death of similar heroism. In the monument itself, which is tabular, there is little to admire. Britannia is represented weeping over the tomb of the departed warrior, on which an American flag is being deposited by a naked figure, intended for Valour, while Fame descends with a wreath of laurels to crown the hero's breast. The inscription might have been easily improved. It runs thus—

Erected at the public expense to the memory of
MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT ROSS,
who having undertaken and executed an enterprise
against the city of Washington, the capital of
the United States of America,
which was crowned with complete success,
was killed shortly afterwards, while directing a successful
attack upon a superior force, near the city of Baltimore,
on the 12th day of September, 1814.

The pretensions of England in sculpture and elegiac compositions will not be estimated by a very exalted standard, if the judgment is formed from the majority of specimens hitherto contributed in our Metropolitan cathedral.

No. XIII.

SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM.

" And though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times
Shall long look back."

MOORE, *Lalla Rookh.*

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD MICHAEL PAKENHAM, G.C.B.

Born 1778. — Killed at New Orleans, 1815.

EDWARD MICHAEL PAKENHAM, named above, was the second son of Edward, second Lord Longford, and brother to the first Duchess of Wellington. The family are originally from Suffolk, and one of the oldest in that county. William de Pakenham, a judge, resided there in the reign of Edward I. The first of the race who settled in Ireland was Sir Edward Pakenham, Knt., who accompanied his cousin, Sir Henry Sidney, when the latter was appointed Lord Deputy by Queen Elizabeth, in 1576. From this Sir Edward Pakenham, the present Earl of Longford descends lineally in the direct line.

Edward Pakenham, of whom we propose to give a brief memoir, was one of the youngest major-generals in the service, having reached that rank at the early age of thirty-three. He was born at the family seat, Pakenham Hall, in the county of Westmeath, on the 19th of March, 1788; and the Army List shows that he commenced his military career in early boyhood. We find him in May, 1794, a captain in the 92nd Foot, a battalion raised on the breaking out of the French revolutionary war in 1793, and disbanded soon after-

wards. Captain Pakenham's rank in the army dates from September, 1790. It seems doubtful whether he passed entirely over the preliminary steps of ensign and lieutenant; but the rules of the service in those days were loosely attended to; and strange deviations occurred as ordinary practice. Before the expiration of 1794, and when he had not yet completed his seventeenth year, he appears to have been a major in the army; and in 1796 obtained a regimental majority in the 33rd Light Dragoons, in which corps he remained for nearly three years, when he exchanged into the 23rd, also a light cavalry regiment. On the 17th of October, 1799, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1801 joined the 64th Foot in that capacity.*

In May, 1805, he exchanged into the seventh Royal Fusiliers, and assumed the command of the first battalion at Weymouth in 1806. By his affable deportment and unremitting attention to the welfare of the corps, he soon won the esteem and confidence of the officers and men. In the beginning of January, 1807, the battalion embarked for Ireland, and landed at Dublin. Its period of service in that country was cut short by the determination of the British Government, in the course of the same year, to send a large armament against Copenhagen, in order to obtain possession of the Danish fleet, either by negotiation or force. The seventh, under the

* Sir Edward Pakenham was one of the youngest men in the service who obtained the command of a battalion. The late Sir Frederick Adam was another. He was only twenty-three when appointed Lieut.-Colonel commandant of the 21st Fusiliers.

command of Colonel Pakenham, having been previously inspected by Major-General Leith, and highly commended for its soldierlike appearance and high state of discipline, left the Irish metropolis in July, landed at Liverpool, marched to Hull, from whence it sailed to Denmark, and disembarking on the island of Zealand, joined the army under Lord Cathcart, then occupied with the siege of Copenhagen. The operations were soon brought to a close, after a bombardment of three days, by the capitulation of the city, and the delivery up of the whole Danish fleet. This was a great stroke of policy on the part of the English Government, in which if ever it was justifiable to place expediency above positive right, the end for once sanctified the means. The fleet would assuredly have fallen into the hands of Napoleon, augmenting materially his naval resources against England, had not England anticipated him by taking the fleet to herself. Our ministers incurred much obloquy for their bold and questionable measure; but they have often sustained more without such a satisfactory result to throw into the opposite scale of defence. Their work being finished, the British troops retraced their steps homeward; and Colonel Pakenham, with his battalion, who had not been conspicuously employed (the fighting altogether lay in a small compass), landed at Portsmouth in the month of November. In the following January they received orders for North America, and disembarked at Halifax towards the middle of April. After a short residence in Nova Scotia, they proceeded to the West

Indies, to take part in an expedition against the French island of Martinique. The forces employed in this enterprise, under the command of Lieut-General Beckwith, assembled at Carlisle Bay, in Barbadoes, and sailing on the 28th of January, 1809, arrived off their destined point on the following day. The 7th, under Colonel Pakenham, landed on the 30th, and immediately marched forward to take up a position in advance. On the 1st of February, a smart action was fought with the French under General d'Houdelot, who were well posted on the height of *Desfourneaux*, with a river in their front, and their left protected by artillery. Colonel Pakenham, with the flank companies of his own regiment and the rifle company of the 23rd, was directed to turn the enemy's right, which he did in the most gallant style, fording the river under a heavy fire, and driving their more numerous antagonists in confusion before them. Colonel Pakenham then continued his attack against the heights of *Suriney*, where the enemy made a second stand; and being closely supported by the 23rd, his own brave battalion carried the hill, and drove the French, by a spirited charge, to take shelter under the guns of their redoubts. In the general orders issued by the commander of the forces, Colonel Pakenham's name was distinguished by particular praise. On the following day, another severe action took place, in which he was wounded, and again drew forth public commendation by his gallant conduct. The enemy on the 2nd of February, occupied a second position, strengthened by two redoubts connected by an intrench-

ment. Colonel Pakenham led the Fusiliers, supported by the light battalion, against the advanced redoubt, which they would undoubtedly have carried; but the general commanding considered that the loss would outweigh the acquisition, and drew them off, after their casualties had amounted to twenty-one killed and three officers with sixty-three non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. The enemy afterwards abandoned the redoubt, and spiked the cannon. On the 3rd, the Fusiliers and their brave colonel were again thanked in General Orders. On the 7th of March, Fort Bourbon surrendered, the garrison laid down their arms, and the conquest of the island being completed, the Royal Fusiliers returned to Halifax in the following April. Colonel Pakenham being anxious to stimulate his regiment to systematic discipline, by marking individual excellence, established a "Book of Merit," in which the names of all the non-commissioned officers and privates were recorded, with the particular services or unusual good conduct which had entitled them to the honorary distinction. Two sergeants from amongst the number were afterwards promoted to commissions. Much has been said and written lately, to the effect that promotion from the ranks in the British service, particularly during the last war, was so unusual as to have become almost obsolete; but it occurred more frequently than many suppose who are either forgetful or slightly informed. A reference to Cannon's "Historical Record of the Seventh Fusiliers" will show that, in that single regiment, no less than twenty sergeants received commissions

for gallant conduct in the field between the years 1795 and 1815.

In April, 1809, a very unprecedented incident occurred in the seventh. The sergeants, with the sanction of their commanding officer, committed an unintentional breach of discipline in presenting an address of congratulation to Lieutenant and Adjutant Orr, on his promotion to a company. This proceeding drew forth a rebuke from Sir James Craig (at that time Commander-in-Chief in North America), in a general order, afterwards confirmed in a comment from headquarters at home. The document contains a remark on the inadvertent acquiescence of Colonel Pakenham, who had left Halifax before it was issued; but the censure is more than qualified by the complimentary terms in which it is conveyed. "While his Excellency," the order says, "does justice to the intention of the sergeants of the Royal Fusiliers, he desires at the same time very seriously to observe to them, that, in presuming to meet, in order to deliberate on the conduct of their superior officer, they have in fact, however unintentionally, been guilty of an act of great insubordination. It matters not that the design of the meeting, or in whatever manner the address was unanimously assented to, was solely to express their respect and esteem; the very circumstance implies *discussion*, and by that discussion they rendered themselves obnoxious to the imputation alluded to. Who, indeed, shall say where such a practice, if once introduced, shall end? If the non-commissioned officers of a regiment are per-

mitted to express their approbation of the conduct of the adjutant, why may they not exercise the same right with respect to their commanding officer? Or what reason can be given why they should not be equally entitled to express their disapprobation? Indeed, should the practice become general, the merely withholding the former would imply the latter." Readers who have not closely studied the minutiæ of military polity, will perceive from this instance, how very elaborately the whole fabric is constituted, and how completely it forms a system *sui generis*, exclusively applicable to military purposes. The order winds up by saying, "General Sir James Craig is more anxious that his sentiments should be distinctly understood in the Fusiliers, because it appears on the face of the address of the sergeants in question that it has been countenanced by the officer who then commanded the regiment. — Lieutenant-Colonel Pakenham will, however, believe that, though it was impossible the General should avoid this observation on his error, yet his doing so can by no means detract from the esteem with which he has been taught to view his character as an officer, or the confidence which he should be disposed to place in his service." * During the summer of 1809, Colonel Pakenham being placed on the staff of the army in Portugal, in the Adjutant-General's department, resigned the command of the first battalion of the Fusiliers. His liberality, gallantry in the field, and assiduous care of all under his

* Quoted in Cannon's "Historical Record of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers."

control, from the highest to the lowest rank, had made him a universal favourite with every member of the corps. Before he left them, the officers obtained his consent to have his portrait taken, and presented him with a sword valued at two hundred guineas, as a mark of sincere attachment and esteem, and as a token of their blended admiration of his professional and private character. To this address he returned the following answer: "I received your letter caused by my proposed departure with warmth equal to its tenor, and with satisfaction few men have had a right to experience. Friendship formed at ease, and confirmed in danger, becomes too sacred to need professions. Your cordial zeal, however, anticipated my wishes towards the prosperity of the corps, which your generosity has too much attributed to my exertions. Let my actions speak a continuance of attachment. Your gift, and desire of recollection hereafter, to me will serve as professional impellants. In leaving the Fusiliers I separate from the best comrades, from the chief source of my soldier's pride. Yet it is for the object of duty — and here I draw the line. Do you, by your usual energy, continue ripe for service; it is for me to improve to become the more honourable to lead you." * Who does not recognise the natural overflowing of a gallant Irish heart in these simple unstudied sentences?

In July, 1810, the first battalion of the seventh, one thousand strong, landed at Lisbon to join the army under Lord Wellington, then engaged on the frontiers,

* Quoted in the "Historical Record of the Seventh Fusiliers."

in opposition to the advance of Massena. At Busaco, (27th of September, 1810,) they were formed in brigade with the seventy-ninth, under their old colonel, and attached to the first division, commanded by Sir Brent Spencer. The weight of the action fell on the third and light divisions, but Colonel Pakenham received a gold medal for his conduct on that day, and subsequently another for the battle of Fuentes D'Onoro, fought on the 5th of March. He was the first officer who commanded the celebrated "Fusilier brigade," formed on the arrival of the twenty-third from America; but being early in January, 1811, placed, for the time being, at the head of the Adjutant-General's Department, he lost the opportunity of leading them where they gained immortal honour, at the sanguinary battle of Albuera. His place was well filled by Sir William Myers, who fell too soon for his country, although gloriously for himself, at the early age of twenty-eight.

In September, 1811, Colonel Pakenham was promoted to the local rank of major-general in Spain and Portugal. Being always ready to resign staff duties for the more ambitious service of leading troops, he vacated his post as deputy-adjutant-general, and returned to the command of his old Fusilier brigade in the fourth division, under Sir Lowry Cole. In this situation he distinguished himself in the sharp affair of Aldea da Ponte, fought on the 27th of November, 1811, and was mentioned with marked approbation in Lord Wellington's despatch. In 1811, Pakenham, on the temporary retirement of Sir Thomas Picton, owing to dangerous illness,

was appointed to the command of the third division. At this time he was a major-general of less than seven months' standing, having been permanently promoted to that rank on the 1st of January, 1812. Here was in truth a great opportunity opened to him, and one which seldom occurs to so young an officer. Being Lord Wellington's brother-in-law, and having much family interest besides, the selection occasioned many heart-burnings and jealousies. Those who desired the post and were disappointed in not receiving it, considered the promotion of a junior over their heads as an act of undue favour and affection. Loud were the murmurs and complainings, but there can be no doubt that Sir Thomas Picton himself requested that Pakenham might be his *locum tenens;* and that when the latter filled his place, he proved himself equal to the task. Lord Wellington was a very unlikely person to be swayed by private feelings in regulating public duties. He was often sadly pushed for generals, and thus, by the accidents of a campaign, brigades and divisions sometimes fell to men who, from seniority alone, could have but little hope of seeing themselves so preferred. Between the killed, disabled, sick, and absent on leave, vacancies and changes were continually occurring. Nearly a year before the battle of Salamanca, the commander-in-chief, writing to Colonel Torrens, says *, "As usual, all the officers of the army want to go home; some for their health, others on account of business, and others, I believe, for their pleasure. General Spencer is going

* Wellington Despatches, vol. viii.

because General Graham has come from Cadiz; General Nightingale has gone; General William Stewart, General Lumley, General Haworth, and Colonel Mackinnon likewise on account of their health; Colonel Beckwith likewise going for the same cause; General De Grey has asked to go, because he has put his shoulder out; and I have this morning an application from ———, for leave to go, as his spleen is out of order. To this list, add General Dunlop, General Hay, General Cole, and General Alexander Campbell, who have applied to go to settle their affairs, and you will see how we shall stand for want of general officers. General Leith still absent. I have also innumerable applications for leave from officers of all ranks. Till we can get the minds of the officers of the army settled to their duty we shall not get on as we ought."

The battle of Salamanca was decided almost as soon as it began, by the brilliant generalship with which Lord Wellington took advantage of Marmont's error in extending his left, and leaving his centre open to attack. The overthrow of the corps of Thomieres by General Pakenham at the head of the third division was never recovered by the French army during the remainder of the day, and excited universal admiration from the daring and decisive rapidity with which it was accomplished. From the beginning, the enemy never had a chance against these tried soldiers, and gave way before them in irremediable confusion. The execution of the movement was fully equal to the grand conception in which it had originated. From that moment, Paken-

ham's reputation was established as a bold and enterprising officer, quick to understand, and ready to carry out any important measure with which he might be intrusted. He was praised, as he deserved, in the official report of the battle, and complimented with warm enthusiasm by his friends and brother officers. The "fighting division" lost nothing of their well-earned fame while under his leadership. Lord Wellington, writing to Colonel Torrens, on the 7th of September, from Valladolid *, says, "I put Pakenham to the third division by General Picton's desire, when he was ill; and I am very glad I did so, as I must say he made the manœuvre which led to our success in the battle of the 22nd of July with a celerity and accuracy of which I doubt that many are capable, and without both it would not have answered its end. Pakenham may not be the brightest genius, but my partiality for him does not lead me astray when I tell you that he is one of the best we have. However, he keeps the division till General Colville or some other shall return to it, and he will then go to his Fusilier brigade." In Robinson's "Life of Picton" it is stated that when Lord Wellington at Salamanca addressed General Pakenham, and ordered him to attack and drive the advancing corps of Thomieres before him, his answer was, "I will, my Lord, by G—." The involuntary warmth of the expression reminds us of a similar burst by my uncle Toby, with the beautiful commentary of the author so often quoted. But it is more satisfactory to know that the words of the gallant

* See "Wellington Despatches," vol. ix.

general have been incorrectly given. Napier (who was on the field), in his answer to Robinson, corrects the preceding writer, and says that Pakenham, with the bravery of a noble gentleman who had resolved to win or perish, replied to his commander, "Yes, if you will give me one grasp of that conquering right hand." In the latter sentence, heroism and elevation of mind are blended without any alloy of coarseness or intemperance.

In the attack on the Retiro at Madrid, after the entry of the allied army, as a consequence of the great victory over Marmont, the third division under Pakenham were actively employed, and, in conjunction with detachments of the seventh, were preparing to storm the works of La China, and other defences occupied by the enemy, when a timely capitulation made extreme measures unnecessary. On this occasion, eighteen hundred excellent soldiers were taken with nearly two hundred pieces of brass ordnance in good condition, and vast magazines of clothing, provisions, and ammunition.

When Lord Wellington moved from the capital with a portion of his army, in September, to besiege the castle of Burgos, he left the third and fourth divisions behind, which he afterwards deeply regretted. General Pakenham, foreseeing that the heavy artillery to be employed was insufficient for the purpose, proposed to send from the Retiro, twelve fine Russian battering guns, and also undertook to obtain voluntarily from the officers in the garrison of Madrid animals enough to convey them to the desired point. But his offer was not

accepted.* Had it been closed with, the result of the siege might have been very different.

In April 1813, General Sir Charles Stewart, afterwards Marquess of Londonderry, who had long acted as Adjutant-General to the forces in Spain and Portugal, resigned that situation in consequence of being employed on a mission to the Court of Berlin. Lord Wellington offered the post to General Pakenham, although he had heard him say that he disliked the peculiar duties. Pakenham hesitated for a short time, in the apprehension that his health might be unequal to the official fag that would inevitably be entailed on him. But he ended by accepting the office, which he retained thenceforward until the close of the war. We find him notwithstanding, on more than one occasion, directing a division or brigade in the field with his usual ardour and exemplary courage. In May, 1813, he was appointed Colonel of the Sixth West India Regiment. General Pakenham was not present at Vittoria, being at that time in temporary command of the sixth division, which happened to be detained for some days at Medina de Pomar, to cover the march of magazines and stores. At the battles of the Pyrenees, fought on the 27th and 28th of July, General Pakenham, still commanding the sixth division, rendered most essential service. He was entrusted with an attack to turn the village of Soraunen, in which his complete success operated materially on the favourable result of the second and decisive action, and obtained for him

* Napier, vol, v. p. 369.

warm commendations in Lord Wellington's official report.

At the passage of the Nivelle on the 10th of November, and in the consequent actions from the 9th to the 13th at that of the Nive, Dec. 1813, General Pakenham again distinguished himself, and had his best charger shot under him. Early in 1814, his services were rewarded by the Order of the Bath. At the battles of Orthès and Toulouse, he was present in his staff capacity, attached to the head-quarters.

On the 14th of June, 1814, Sir Edward Pakenham signed, in his capacity of Adjutant-General, the last order issued by Lord Wellington on the breaking up of the army, which had marched with him from the frontiers of Portugal to the heart of France; through whose bravery and discipline he had won more battles than any other English general recorded in history, and with whom he himself declared in honest exultation, he could have gone anywhere and have done anything. The order was as follows: —

"Bordeaux, 14th of June, 1814.

"The Commander of the Forces, being upon the point of returning to England, again takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

"The share which the British army has had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are

to the Commander of the Forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks. Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them that he shall never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour; and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those, to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry, their country is so much indebted.

"By Order,
"E. M. PAKENHAM, Adjutant-General."

In August, 1814, Sir Edward Pakenham, finding his functions at an end, returned to England, ready and anxious for employment in any service and in any quarter of the globe to which he might be despatched. On the enlargement of the Order of the Bath, he was promoted to a Grand Cross. Much as the nation at large desired peace, the aspiring men of the army derived little satisfaction from the prospect of half-pay and obscurity. But the contest with America was still alive, and it was now thought that the whole strength of England would be hurled against the offending republic which had taken advantage of circumstances, and sought a pretext for war, when our sinews were strained to their last fibre in the colossal duel with Napoleon.

Not long after the capture of Washington in August 1814, the authorities in England received notice that

General Ross had fallen at Baltimore. It then became necessary to appoint an immediate successor to his command; one capable of carrying on the more important operations in contemplation, now temporarily suspended by the unlooked for catastrophe. The choice of the government fixed on Sir Edward Pakenham, who eagerly availed himself of the proffered opportunity. He was young, active, ambitious, full of military ardour, thirsting for employment and greedy of renown. As soon as his personal arrangements could be completed, after receiving the appointment, he embarked at Portsmouth on board the Statira frigate *, accompanied by Major-General Gibbs as his second in command, and joined the army in front of New Orleans on Christmas Day, 25th of December, 1815. Never did commander assume a responsible office under more discouraging circumstances, or a greater accumulation of difficulty. Skill, rapidity, and concentration, would have carried the place by a *coup de main*, when the troops were first disembarked, and the enemy totally unprepared. But all those qualities were wanting when they would have proved most efficient, and time had been allowed to slip by which could never be recalled. We paid dearly then for a severe and wholesome lesson, which might have taught us to avoid a recurrence of similar errors;

* A persevering fatality seems to have attended this unlucky frigate. Sir Edward Pakenham and Major-General Gibbs, who came out passengers in her, were both killed at New Orleans, a few days after their arrival. Captain Stackpoole, her commander, was shot by Lieutenant Cecil in a duel at Jamaica, and the vessel herself was lost, not long after, on a reef of sunken rocks.

but modern legislators and warriors either read our annals lightly, or pass over the pages altogether, as deeming the experience of the past inconsequential and valueless, with reference to the transactions of the future.

The arrival of Sir Edward Pakenham in the English camp revived the spirit of the troops, and restored much of their habitual self-confidence, which recent events had suspended, almost to extinction. He found his army at a vast distance from the ships, cooped up in a narrow space, scarcely a mile in width, with the broad and rapid Mississippi on their left*, an impassable marsh on their right, the enemy strongly intrenched in front, and close behind the American lines, the city of New Orleans, lying low and invisible, the coveted object of attack, and the expected reward of all their labours. Sir Edward, without losing a moment, examined with minute anxiety every point of the position in which the unskilfulness of his immediate predecessor had placed a body of the finest troops that ever drew trigger on a field of battle. They had already proved that in open combat they were capable of driving before them three times their number, and all they desired now was to be led at once against a visible enemy. The new commander immediately comprehended that to remain stationary was impossible, and that a blow should be struck without further delay by an immediate advance. The country was so flat and unbroken on

* The Mississippi is here three quarters of a mile across, and nearly one hundred fathoms in depth.

all sides, either to the front, flanks, or rear, that reconnoitring in any direction could render him no assistance. We have reason to believe, as we have been assured, that Sir Edward Pakenham saw, and said without hesitation, that he scarcely believed in the possibility of success under the circumstances; but that he would make the effort, let the consequences be what they might. He had been brought up in a daring school, and personal intrepidity was one of his most prominent characteristics. It has been said that he was deficient in powers of combination and the strategetical resources of a great general; but it would be more difficult to show how better measures than those he executed after his arrival could have been devised, unless the army had been withdrawn, and the enterprise abandoned as impracticable. Then would have ensued a popular outcry at home, such as no high-spirited English general is ever disposed to bear; while to retreat without fighting would have been the last alternative adopted by the troops themselves, had they been permitted to have a voice in the decision.

The Americans had stationed a schooner on the Mississippi, which completely enfiladed the left of our position, and had done much damage during a desperate night action which had been fought on the 22nd of December. To this schooner they had since added a large ship, which floated down the river, and cast anchor about a mile above her companion. While these vessels maintained their present station, it was utterly impossible for the British army to advance. To remove

them, therefore, without delay, was resolved upon as a preliminary measure of vital necessity. During the night of the 25th, an efficient battery was thrown up opposite to the smaller and lower vessel, which opened with red-hot shot, at the first break of dawn on the 26th. The battery consisted of nine field pieces, two howitzers, and one mortar. In about an hour, the schooner blew up, the crew escaping to the opposite bank in their boats. The guns were then turned on the ship, but cutting her cable on the instant, setting every inch of canvas, and hoisting out her boats, between the combined impetus of towing and sailing, she escaped beyond range before the guns could be brought to bear. She anchored no more until removed beyond pursuit. It seems to have been a palpable mistake not to have commenced with the ship. As she lay considerably above the schooner, the latter could not successfully pass the battery after the destruction of the first.

On the 27th, the English army advanced, and found the Americans in position, behind breastworks, with a canal running across their front at the distance of about forty yards; their right flank well protected by the ship and a flotilla of gun-boats stationed on the river. Powerful batteries were also erected on the road, and at other detached points. A general action might have been fought on the 29th, under disadvantageous circumstances undoubtedly, but less so than those in the face of which an assault was afterwards attempted. Every hour's delay added to the difficulties of the British commander, and weakened his chance of ultimate success,

while it increased the confidence of the Americans, and strengthened their resources. The troops, although discouraged and wearied, were ready and anxious to fight, and there were officers present, inferior in rank it is true, but not deficient in military penetration, who thought and said in conversation amongst themselves, that more than one opportunity was lost, which, vigorously seized, might have led to the desired result. But these were young, enthusiastic spirits who, in the ardour and presumption of inexperience, imagined themselves wiser than their seniors, and having little responsibility were ever ready for a combat, anticipating victory and promotion. At length, a bold and skilful idea suggested itself, namely, to detach a portion of the army across the river, storm the enemy's batteries on that side by a rapid advance, and turn their guns upon their own lines, while the main body attacked them in front. Nothing could be more ably conceived and more promising of success, and no time was lost in carrying out the execution. It was said at the time, we know not whether justly or erroneously, that the Admiral, Sir Alexander Cochrane, originated this happy thought, and as he had an ample proportion of mistakes to atone for, a counter-balance was assuredly wanting; but let the merit lie between him and the general, for both coincided in the plan, and worked with super-human energy to carry it out.* A certain delay now became inevitable, which still further assisted the enemy, but

* The original suggestion has also been claimed for Major-General Gibbs.

the situation permitted only a choice between difficulty and impossibility. By the labour of the troops, who were divided into regular working parties, a canal was cut across the neck of land extending from the Bayo de Cataline on the right, to the Mississippi on the left, sufficiently wide and deep to admit of boats supplied from the ships being brought up from the lake. This occupied nearly an entire week, and through unceasing exertions the object was partially effected by the 6th of January, 1815. In the meantime, Major-General Lambert arrived, bringing with him the 7th Fusiliers, and 43rd Light Infantry, two of the best and most experienced battalions of the service, mustering together, sixteen hundred effective men. The aggregate force of the British, including sailors and marines, now approached seven thousand. The numbers of the Americans have never been correctly ascertained. Some reports called them twenty thousand; others with the usual exaggeration carried them up as high as thirty thousand; but we have reason to believe that from twelve to fifteen thousand, of every description, would be nearer the correct estimate. These numbers were hourly on the increase, together with supplies and military resources for every arm; but there was no thought of failure on the part of the English, except from the tortoise-like determination of the enemy to keep within his shell.

The canal being considered fit for service on the 6th, boats were ordered up sufficient to transport fourteen hundred men to the right bank of the river; this detach-

ment was intended to consist of the 85th Regiment, the marines, and a party of sailors, the whole under the command of Colonel Thornton, a brave and distinguished officer. But accident mars the wisest combinations. The soil through which the canal had been dug was too soft to restrain the banks, which gave way, and partly choking up the channel, blocked out the passage of the heaviest boats. Thus the means of transport which reached the point of destination, instead of fourteen hundred, could scarcely accommodate four hundred men; and even these arrived many hours behind the appointed time. It was intended and arranged that Colonel Thornton's party should effect the passage of the river immediately after dark. They were to push rapidly forward, carry the batteries, and point the guns before daylight. Then, throwing up a rocket as a signal of their success, they were to open fire on the enemy's flank, which at the same moment was to be assailed in front by the main army. Sir Edward Pakenham divided his forces into three columns or divisions. General Keane, with the 95th, the light companies of the 21st, 4th, and 44th, and two black corps, was to make a demonstration to the right; while General Gibbs with the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 93rd, attacked directly the front and left as far as the river; and General Lambert with the two newly arrived regiments, the 7th and 43rd, remained in reserve, ready to support and act according to circumstances. Colonel Burgoyne of the Engineers, and Colonel Dickson of the Artillery, were at the head of their respective departments, and no

European army could produce two officers of superior ability or more tried experience. Scaling ladders and fascines were prepared to fill up the ditch and surmount the rampart. The duty of carrying these was entrusted to the 44th Regiment, and the non-performance of this indispensable service, which led most materially to the failure of the operation, should reflect, not on the corps, which had given many proofs of steady gallantry, but on the gross misconduct of their commanding officer, the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins. This fact has been placed on record beyond dispute, by the ignominious sentence of a court-martial afterwards held in Dublin on the delinquent officer. The punishment was too mild for the offence, which clearly involved personal backwardness as well as incapacity. It was a case, if possible, more glaring than that of Whitelocke, and though in a subordinate capacity, producing a greater loss of human life with superior calamity to the arms of England.

When future generations read how the ostensible causers of these national reverses were simply disgraced, while less flagrant defaulters have received condign punishment, their thoughts will recur naturally to the reasons why there should be misplaced lenity in one case, and undue punishment in another; and they will repeat the poet's question,

"Where was the pity of our sires for Byng?"

The only answer that can be supplied is — it was smothered by political expediency, and the malevolence

of party, which demanded a sacrifice to cover its own evil doings.

Everything being arranged on the night of the 7th of January, 1815, the morning of the 8th was fixed upon for the decisive attack on the lines covering New Orleans. As day dawned a thick mist hung on the ground and over the river. The English leader stood impatiently at the head of his main body, within range of the enemy's cannon, anxiously listening for the firing on the opposite bank. He soon found that the detachment of Colonel Thornton were only then crossing, partially disembarked, and at a distance of four miles from the batteries which ought to have been in their possession hours before. The enemy opened a tremendous discharge on his own column, and mowed them down by hundreds, while they were unable to return a shot. No fascines or ladders were in their places, and all his preconcerted arrangements were overthrown. Happy would it have been if, in this moment of overwhelming difficulty and disappointment, he had allowed cool judgment to prevail over constitutional impetuosity, and withdrawn his brave soldiers from the murderous fire under which they were crushed, until Colonel Thornton had carried the opposite batteries, which, notwithstanding his diminished numbers and the untoward delay, he accomplished with unsurpassed gallantry and rapidity, and with a loss of only three men killed and about forty wounded, amongst whom was the dashing leader himself. The Americans fled in the utmost confusion, leaving their tents behind

them, and eighteen pieces of heavy artillery. They expected no attack on that side, and were completely surprised. The opposite and disastrous result of the main assault is thus described by the author of the "Subaltern," who, although engaged with the 85th, has given as correct an account of the corresponding operations of the chief column as if he had been present also in their ranks: "Seeing that all his well-laid plans were frustrated, Pakenham gave the word to advance, and the other regiments, leaving the 44th with the ladders and fascines behind them, rushed on to the assault. On the right, a detachment under Colonel Rennie of the 21st Regiment, stormed a three-gun battery and took it.*

"Here they remained for some time in expectation of support, but none arriving, and a strong column of the enemy forming for its recovery, they determined to anticipate the attack, and pushed on. The battery which they had taken was in advance of the body of the works, being cut off from it by a ditch, across which only a single plank was thrown. Along this plank did these brave men attempt to pass; but being opposed by overpowering numbers they were repulsed; and the Americans, in turn, firing their way into the battery,

* It is a curious fact that the swampy ground through which Colonel Rennie marched, and turned the enemy's left, had been pronounced by the staff officers who had attempted to reconnoitre it, impassable. But he himself stoutly declared the contrary, from personal examination, and proved the correctness of his statement by falling within the enemy's lines, which he reached, and carried by that approach. Had his detachment been sufficiently supported they might have won the day by themselves.

at length succeeded in recapturing it with immense slaughter.* On the left, again, the 21st and 4th, supported by the 93rd, though thrown into some confusion by the enemy's fire, pushed on with desperate gallantry to the ditch; but to scale the parapet without ladders was a work of no slight difficulty.† Some few indeed,

* Lieut.-Colonel Robert Renny, of the 21st, who commanded this detachment, and was killed in the battery, had distinguished himself at Bladensberg and Baltimore, in both of which actions he was wounded, and received successive steps of brevet rank. He was still disabled by his hurts, and walked with difficulty, but nothing could keep him from the battle-field. The American general was so struck with his daring valour, that he sent a flag of truce to the British encampment, after the action, with Colonel Renny's epaulettes, watch, and money, saying also that he was the boldest man he had ever seen. The British army contained no better or braver officer, when anything was to be done; but his opinions were extreme and dogmatical, his ruling passion being a contempt for all staff officers, whom he designated "*ex officio* fools." In argument he was as systematically wrong as in action he was sure to be right. When the writer joined his regiment, a mere stripling, in the early part of 1809, he was placed by his commanding officer under Captain Renny, and no better preceptor could have been selected to train up a young beginner in a thorough knowledge of his regimental duties. As a moral mentor, his qualifications were more questionable. He had very peculiar notions on leading subjects, and his quarrelsome temper involved him in constant duels. We never met an individual who so thoroughly illustrated the description of Achilles conveyed in the well-known line of Horace —

"*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;*"

and which Struan Robertson translates (as quoted by the Baron of Bradwardine, in "Waverley")—

"A fiery etter-cap, a fractious chiel,
As het as ginger, and as stieve as steel."

† It was found, too (as might have been expected from the nature of the ground), that the ditch was so shallow that it afforded little or no shelter from the front or flank fire of the hostile artillery and musketry.

by mounting upon one another's shoulders, succeeded in entering the works, but these were speedily overpowered, most of them killed, and the rest taken; whilst as many as stood without were exposed to a sweeping fire which cut them down by whole companies. It was in vain that the most obstinate courage was displayed. They fell by the hands of men whom they absolutely did not see; for the Americans, without so much as lifting their faces above the rampart, swung their firelocks by one arm over the wall, and discharged them directly upon their heads. The whole of the guns likewise upon the opposite bank kept up a well-directed and deadly cannonade upon their flank; and thus were they destroyed without an opportunity being given of displaying their valour, or obtaining so much as revenge."

Sir Edward saw how things were going, and did all that a general could do to rally his broken troops. Riding towards the 44th, which had returned to the ground, but in great disorder, he called out for Colonel Mullens to advance, but that officer had disappeared and was not to be found. He therefore prepared to lead them on himself, and had put himself at their head for that purpose, when he received a slight wound in the knee from a musket-ball which killed his horse. Mounting another, he again headed the 44th, when a second ball took effect more fatally, and he dropped lifeless into the arms of his aide-de-camp. General Gibbs then hastened to the front and assumed the command; but in a few minutes he fell, mortally wounded, and was carried

to the rear.* General Keane succeeded him, and was also stricken down. Colonel Patterson, commanding the 21st, and the two Majors, Ross and Whitaker, had been disabled previously. There were no staff officers to issue orders, or assume responsibility. The enemy continued to plough the shaken ranks with round shot, grape shot, and musketry in ceaseless volleys.

Scarcely half an hour of close action had elapsed, and nearly two thousand brave men had fallen. Without leaders, without orders, ignorant of what was to be done, the troops first halted, then wavered, and finally retired. At first something like order was attempted to be preserved, but finally the retreat was changed into a flight, and the battle-field presented a mingled mass of slain, wounded, and fugitives. The confusion was covered with steady resolution by the battalions held in reserve. Making a movement in advance, the 7th and 43rd, who had hitherto taken no part in the action, presented the appearance of a renewed attack, which completely checked the enemy, and prevented them from venturing the slightest movement in pursuit beyond their lines. They were quite as much astonished at their own success as we were at our uncalculated discomfiture. Heavy loss had been anticipated, for all engaged felt that the attempt was daring and difficult; but defeat was a novelty as bitter as it was incomprehensible.

* It was reported that General Gibbs as he fell was overheard to say, in his bitter anguish, and with reference to the misconduct of one individual already named, "If I live till to-morrow, I'll hang that cowardly rascal, M——, on the highest tree in the country."

It was thought by many that, in despite of the reverse, a renewed attack, on the same evening or the following day, would have succeeded, if Colonel Thornton had been maintained and reinforced on the ground he had won on the opposite bank of the river; but General Lambert, who had been called so unexpectedly to the command, was afraid to risk such a tremendous responsibility. On fair military grounds he decided wisely, and no imputation attaches to his character for giving up any further renewal of offensive operations. The British forces were withdrawn to the position they occupied before the action, and the 85th were recalled. A truce of eight and forty hours was then agreed on to bury the dead; and at the end of ten days, on the evening of the 18th of January, the whole of the survivors began a slow and difficult retreat, which the enemy made no attempt to impede. The wounded had been removed during the interval, together with all stores, baggage, and implements of war, and no trophies were left behind, except ten iron eighteen-pounders (ship guns), which were in battery in the front. These were previously rendered unserviceable, and would scarcely have been worth removal had the means of transport existed. No action of greater severity had been fought during the war. The loss of the English in killed, wounded, and prisoners exceeded two thousand men, or one-third of their entire force. That of the Americans was almost nominal, and according to their own reiterated and loudly vaunted accounts, fell below the trifling aggregate of fifty. Thus ended the most

disastrous enterprise in which England had been engaged during the entire war; a failure more signal than even the Cabul campaign of later date, for it was unredeemed by subsequent and retributive triumph. There was also another lamentable peculiarity attending the slaughter of New Orleans. As at Toulouse, the blood was shed superfluously, for peace had been signed at Ghent on the 24th of December, 1814, a fortnight before the battle; but in those days of tardy locomotion there were neither express trains nor submarine electric telegraphs, to convey intelligence with the rapidity of a flash of lightning.

General Lambert, in his despatch to the war minister, detailing the events we have briefly recapitulated, thus speaks of the death of Sir Edward Pakenham and the consequences of his untimely fate. "The brave commander of the forces, who never in his life could refrain from being at the post of honour, as soon as from his station he had made the signal for the troops to advance, galloped on to the front to animate them by his presence; and he was seen with his hat off, encouraging them on the crest of the glacis. It was then (almost at the same time) he received two wounds, one in the knee, and another, which was almost instantly fatal, in his body. He fell into the arms of Major M'Dougall, his aide-de-camp. The effect of this in the sight of the troops, together with Major-General Gibbs and Major-General Keane being borne off wounded at the same time, with many other commanding officers,—and further, the preparations to aid

in crossing the ditch not being so forward as they ought to have been, caused a wavering in the column which in such a situation became irreparable. As I advanced with the reserve, at about two hundred and fifty yards from the line, I had the mortification to observe the whole falling back upon me in the greatest confusion. In this situation, finding that no impression had been made, though many men had reached the ditch, and were either drowned or obliged to surrender, and that it was impossible to restore order in the regiments where they were, I placed the reserve in position, until I could obtain such information as to determine me how to act to the best of my judgment, and whether or not I should resume the attack. If so, I felt it could be done only by the reserve. The confidence I have in the corps of which it was composed would have encouraged me greatly, though not without a loss which might have made the attempt of serious consequence, as I know it was the opinion of the late distinguished commander of the forces, that carrying the enemy's first line would not be the least arduous service.

"After making the best reflections I was capable of, I kept the ground the troops then held, and went to meet Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, and to tell him that, under all the circumstances, I did not think it prudent to renew the attack that day. At about ten o'clock I learnt the success of Colonel Thornton's corps on the right bank. I sent the commanding officer of the artillery, Colonel Dickson, to examine the

situation of the battery, and to report if it was tenable; but on his informing me that he did not think it could be held with security by a smaller force than two thousand men, I consequently ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, on whom the command had devolved (Colonel Thornton being wounded) to retire. The army remained in position until night, in order to give time to destroy the eighteen-pounder battery we had constructed the preceding evening in advance. I then gave orders for the troops to resume the ground they occupied previous to the attack.—It is not necessary for me to expatiate to you upon the loss the service has sustained in Major-General the Honourable Sir Edward Pakenham, commander-in-chief of this force, nor could I in adequate terms. His actions and merits are so well known, that I have only, in common with the whole army, to express my sincere regret, which may be supposed at this moment to come peculiarly home to me."

Whether the example, ready resources, and personal energy of the commanding general would have turned the tide and won the day, in spite of multiplied difficulties and mistakes, if he had escaped injury, is a question which has been frequently put and discussed; but it was not so decreed, and as a matter of argument only is it profitable to speculate on contingencies which were not and never can be brought to the test of experiment. After Mr. Glegg's book on the campaigns of Washington and New Orleans had appeared, Major M'Dougall*

* Now Colonel Sir Charles M'Dougall, and late commanding the 79th

published a review of it in the "Literary Gazette" (April 12th, 1828), which bears strongly upon this particular point. The reasoning and references are stated with much force and perspicuity, and coming from a distinguished officer who was present on the personal staff of Sir Edward Pakenham, who bore him from the field in his arms when he received his death-wound, and who could not fail to be intimately acquainted with his plans and intentions, what he has written establishes itself as a most interesting document, entitled to the sound consideration of all impartial readers. He says, —

"Few who have treated on military events have succeeded in throwing so great a degree of interest on what they relate, as the author has effected in his account of the American campaigns; but it is greatly to be lamented that he did not, in a work obtaining so extensive a circulation, enter more fully into all the circumstances influencing the unhappy termination of the New Orleans expedition, as, if such had been the case, he could not have failed to have led every soldier to the conviction that Sir Edward Pakenham, under the peculiar and unprecedented combination of difficulties incident to the position in which he found the troops on his assuming the command, had yet completely succeeded, notwithstanding the heavy loss sustained on the left bank of the Mississippi, in rendering the position of the enemy utterly untenable, and had thereby laid the basis of the fullest, the most inevitable, and most immediate success.

Highlanders, who has kindly permitted the writer to use his name on this occasion.

To prove all which strong and perhaps, to some, unexpected assertions, we shall adduce the incontestable evidence of General Jackson himself, in his public despatch, and of the American chief engineer, in his official account published of the operations.

Intimately acquainted as we are with the truly extraordinary concatenation of untoward events which occurred to render unavailing the judicious plan of attack and operations of the 8th of January, we deeply regret that our limits do not permit us to enter into those details in our possession, which are calculated so fully to explain and to make apparent all the circumstances which led to the unfortunate result of the expedition, and thereby to render such ample justice to the memory of one of the most accomplished soldiers that ever graced the profession of arms.

But although our space does not admit of our doing that which our feelings would dictate, yet it is sufficient to enable us to place this matter in a true and, to the public, entirely new light, and beyond all question to substantiate the facts, that the general result of the combinations of the British leader was eminently successful; and that if the advantages he had secured had been followed up, after his lamented fall, and irreparable loss to the army, General Jackson must have been compelled to abandon his position, and to resign to us the possession of New Orleans.

Before, however, the irrefragable proofs alluded to are produced, it is necessary to bear in mind, that, ac-

cording to the plan of attack for the 8th of January, a corps was to cross over to the right bank of the Mississippi, so as to reach and carry the enemy's works there, a little before daybreak, that being the period fixed on for the assault of the American lines on the left bank of the river, which were ordered to be attacked in three columns, supported by a strong reserve.

It is likewise proper to call the reader's attention to the fact, that the heavy loss sustained by us in the latter attack was, as stated by the author, mainly attributable to the misconduct and disobedience of the officer commanding the battalion, whose duty it was to carry the fascines, &c. In redeeming the pledge we have just given, we now submit to the reader the following decisive extract from General Jackson's despatch: "Simultaneously with his advance upon my lines, the British general had thrown over in his boats a considerable force to the other side of the river. These having landed, were hardy enough to advance against the works of General Morgan; and, what is strange and difficult to account for, at the very moment when their entire discomfiture was looked for with a confidence approaching to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements, in whom so much reliance had been placed, ingloriously fled, drawing after them, by their example, the remainder of the forces, and thus yielding to the enemy that *most formidable position.* The batteries, which had rendered me, for so many days, the most important service, though bravely defended, were, of course, now abandoned; not, however, until the guns were spiked. This unfortunate rout *had totally changed*

the aspect of affairs. The enemy now occupied a position from which *they might annoy us without hazard,* and by means of which they might have been *able to defeat,* in a great measure, the effects of our success on this side of the river. I need not tell you with *how much eagerness* I immediately regained possession of the ground *he had then happily quitted.*"

General Jackson's above frank and ample admissions are fully supported by the American chief engineer, who says: "After having perused with pleasing sensations the recital of the brilliant defence made by our troops on the left bank, every American, whose bosom glows with the love of his country, must learn with pain the contrast exhibited in what took place on the right, the consequences of which were likely to have been *so disastrous,* that even now my mind shudders at the recollection of that moment, when seeing our troops on the right bank fall back in disorder, while the enemy was rapidly advancing towards the city, *all of us,* who were at Jackson's lines, *were suddenly hurried from the transporting joy of victory, to the fear of shortly seeing all its advantages wrested from our grasp.*"

After the unanswerable testimony contained in the two preceding documents, it may be considered unnecessary, perhaps, to add the following extract from the "Life of General Jackson," by his aide-de-camp, Major Reid: "The heartfelt joy at the glorious victory achieved on our side of the river, was clouded by the disaster witnessed on the other. A position was gained that *secured to the enemy advantages the most important,*

and whence they might annoy our whole line on the left bank. But for the precaution of Commodore Paterson in spiking his guns and destroying his ammunition, it would have been in the power of Colonel Thornton to have *completely enfiladed*, and rendered it altogether untenable.*

"The opportunity thus afforded of regaining a position, on which, in a great measure, depended the safety of those on the opposite shore, was accepted of with an avidity its importance merited.

"Thus have we irresistibly demonstrated, on the overwhelming evidence of our enemies, that Sir Edward Pakenham fell, not as has been usually supposed, after an utter and disastrous defeat, but at the very moment when the arms of victory were extended towards him; and that if, on grounds on which our present limits do not permit us to enter, it were deemed advisable, after the death of the lamented commander of the forces, to relinquish our 'most fortunate and commanding attitude,' not the remotest blame can, by possibility, on that account attach to his memory.

"But to enable the military reader to judge more fairly on the subject, we would only add that, at the moment of this abandonment of our vantage ground, we had an effective force of six thousand four hundred men (besides the 40th regiment, which was then hourly expected); and eight heavy guns, out of the

* Eight of the guns were unspiked by us, and enfiladed the American lines; therefore, according to the authority of General Jackson's own aide-de-camp, the American lines were *altogether untenable.*

sixteen captured on the right bank, had been turned upon the reverse, and in enfilade of the enemy's lines; while our armed boats, then floating on the Mississippi (the entire command of which river, for an extent of five miles, we had just succeeded in acquiring), could have rendered us the most important co-operating aid towards the accomplishment of the certain success that the combinations of the gallant Sir Edward Pakenham had placed within the grasp of the British arms."

When the lamented general closed his career in the manner we have related above, he had not yet completed the thirty-seventh year of his age, and was the youngest as well as the last British general (except Sir Thomas Picton) who fell in the command of a division during the war. His body, with that of his brave second-in-command, General Gibbs, was preserved in spirits, and brought home in a fast-sailing frigate, for interment in the family vault in Ireland. A joint monument, executed by Sir R. Westmacott, at the cost of two thousand guineas, has been erected to their memory in the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. In this, the two generals are represented at full length, in complete uniform, the arm of the one resting affectionately on the shoulder of the other. The figures are well designed, and there is something graceful as well as touching in the idea of thus uniting two warriors who fell in the same field, and very nearly at the same moment. But there was nothing of the Orestes and Pylades between them, which the association may suggest. They had cultivated no particular intimacy during their preceding

lives, neither had the course of their services brought them into frequent contact. The inscription, like nearly all the rest in the same illustrious mausoleum, is as meagre and unsatisfactory as cold formality could readily devise. It runs as follows: — "Erected, at the public expense, to the memory of Major-General the Hon. Sir Edward Pakenham, K.B., and of Major-General Samuel Gibbs, who fell gloriously on the 8th of January, 1815, while leading the troops to an attack of the enemy's works in front of New Orleans." Where monumental honours are decreed it would be well if some classical pen were employed which could give a little dignity and interest to the few lines which are usually added to identify the name and services of each individual subject.

We wind up this memoir of a brave and lamented officer with the opinion expressed by the historian of the Peninsular War, in which all who remember Sir Edward Pakenham will cordially agree: "That amiable man's character was composed of as much gentleness, as much generosity, as much frankness, and as much spirit as ever commingled in a noble mind. Alas! that he should have fallen so soon and so sadly!"

Our selected series closes here, less appropriately than we could have desired, — with a failure, where a triumph would have been more exhilarating. But war is a chequered as well as a difficult game, and the most skilful players sometimes make a false move. Providence has vouchsafed to the arms of England many signal victories, and the occasional reverses which our

military annals present, have, in the greater number of instances, been produced by overweening confidence or unpardonable neglect. We are once more engaged in a deadly conflict, of which no human foresight can predict the duration or the issue. Grave errors have already been committed and remedied; but more may be avoided by studying the past in application to the future, and by a profitable remembrance of what our countrymen have achieved under greater difficulties, and where opposed to an enemy infinitely more formidable than the grasping autocracy with which we are now at issue.

THE END.

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